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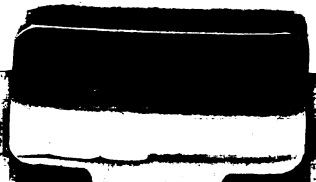
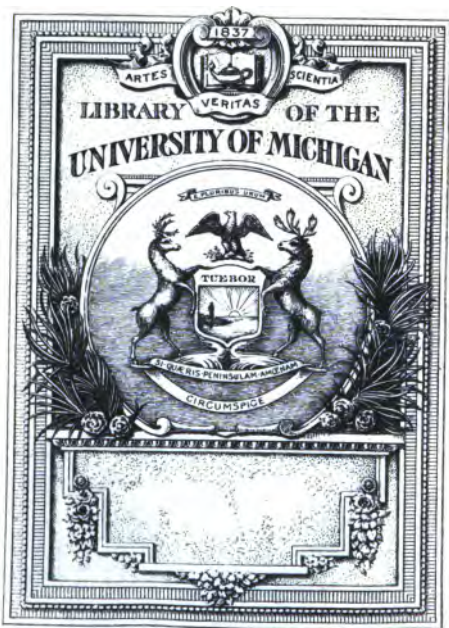
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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for ensuring transparency and accountability in financial operations. This section also highlights the role of internal controls in preventing fraud and errors.

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THE

AMBER WITCH;

The most interesting Trial for Witchcraft ever known.

EDITED FROM A DEFECTIVE MANUSCRIPT OF HER FATHER,
ABRAHAM SCHWEIDLER,
PASTOR OF COSEROW, IN USEDOM.

BY
W. Meinh.
W. MEINHOLD,
DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, AND PASTOR, ETC.

“ Ordinary minds make every thing in the trials of witchcraft to be the work of imagination. But he who has read many such trials finds that impossible.”—JEAN PAUL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,
BY
E. A. FRIEDLÆNDER,

LONDON:
H. G. CLARKE AND CO., 66, OLD BAILEY.

1844.

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P R E F A C E.

IN submitting to the public this deeply affecting and very romantic trial of witchcraft, which in the foregoing title-page, I have probably not unjustly called "the most interesting hitherto known," I offer in the first place, the following account respecting the history of the manuscript.

In Coserow, upon the Island Usedom, in my former parish and the same, over which upwards of two hundred years ago our venerable author presided, there was under the singers' seat of the parish church, and almost level with the ground, a sort of niche or closet, in which, though I have often seen a number of written papers lying about, I on account of my short-sightedness, and the darkness of the place, took for old hymn-books, as indeed a number of such were lying scattered about. One day however, when engaged in instructing the children at the church, I was seeking for a

paper-mark in the catechism of one of the boys, and not being able to find it immediately, my old Sexton, more than eighty years of age, (who was called Appelman, but altogether unlike his namesake in our biography, and although poor was yet a very excellent man), went under the choir and returned with a folio book, which I had never seen before, and out of which he without any more ado, tore a strip of paper and handed it to me. I immediately laid hold of the book, and I cannot say whether after a few minutes I was more astonished or provoked at the treasure I had found. This manuscript bound in pig's-leather was not only defective at the beginning and at the end, but, I am sorry to say, there was also in the middle here and there some leaves torn out. I gave the old man such a sound talking to, as I had never done before; but he excused himself by saying that one of my predecessors had given him the manuscript for waste paper, as it had been lying about since time immemorial, and that he had often been at a loss for a little paper to wrap round the altar-tapers, etc. The gray headed half-blind pastor must have taken it for old church-accounts, which were of course no longer of any use.*

Scarcely arrived at home I set about deciphering

* In the original a few accounts in fact occur which at first sight might very easily lead to this error, and the handwriting

my new found treasure, and after I had with much difficulty read through the book, I was powerfully excited by the matters recorded therein.

I soon felt the want of more light respecting the nature and circumstances of these trials for witchcraft, and indeed respecting the whole period, in which such proceedings took place. But the more I read of these truly astonishing histories, the more I became lost in amazement, and neither the trivial *Becker* (*Die bezau-berete Welt*, the enchanted world), nor the more considerate *Horst* (*Zauber-bibliothek*; magic-library) and other works of the kind to which I had referred, were able to relieve my embarrassment but only served to increase it.

There runs not merely so deep a demoniac feature through most of these shuddering histories as fills the attentive reader with horror and dismay, but even the eternal and unchangeable laws which govern our feelings and actions, are also frequently interrupted in such a violent manner as to bring the understanding in the proper sense of the word to a stand still; as for instance, in one of the original trials, which a legal friend in our province had picked up, the relation is found, that a mother, after she had already endured the rack, par-

moreover is very difficult to read, and in several parts turned quite yellow and rotten.

taken of the Sacrament, and was about mounting the scaffold, so greatly set aside all maternal feeling, as to feel herself in conscience bound to accuse her only tenderly beloved daughter, a girl of fifteen years, against whom nobody cherished any suspicion, of being also a witch, in order, as she said, to save her poor soul. The court justly astonished at this probably never again paralleled case, caused her state of health to be investigated by ministers and the physicians, whose original testimonies are still found among the legal documents, and purport favourable throughout. The unfortunate daughter who singularly was called *Wise* Elizabeth Hegel, was in consequence of this maternal declaration really executed.*

It is by no means sufficient to explain these phenomena according to the notions of the most modern times, as of the nature of animal magnetism. How, for instance, would this account for the deep, demoniac nature of old Lise Kolken, which is incomprehensible, and renders it quite clear, that the old pastor in spite of the horrible deception played upon him and his daughter, remained as firm in his belief of the existence of witchcraft as in that of the gospel.

The earlier centuries of the middle age knew little or

* This trial likewise I intend yet to publish, because of its uncommon psychological interest.

nothing of witches. The crime of witchery where once it occurred was punished with lenity. Thus, for instance, the council of Ancyra (314) made the whole punishment of those women to consist in mere excommunication from Christian fellowship; the West-Goths punished them with scourging, and Charles the Great, on the advice of his bishops, caused them to be kept in prison until they did sincere penance.* Only a short time before the reformation, Ignatius VIII. laments that the grievances of all Christendom about the nuisance of these women were becoming so generally clamorous, and to such a degree, that some most decided step must be taken against them; and at the end of 1489, he caused the most notorious Witch-hammer (*malleus malleficarum*) to be prepared, according to which inquisition was made not only in all Catholic, but especially also in Protestant Christendom, which in all respects abominated everything savouring of Catholicism; and, in fact, with such fanatic zeal that the Protestants far outrivalled the Catholics in cruelty, until on the part of the Catholics, the noble Jesuit, J. Spee, and on that of the Protestants, although not until seventy years later, the excellent Thomasius, gradually put a check to this nuisance.

* Horst's *Zauberbibliothek*.

After a close investigation of the subject of witchcraft, I soon perceived, that among all these somewhat so daring adventurous histories, not one would excel in lively interest my "Amber-Witch," and I determined to throw its fates into the form of a novel. Luckily, however, I soon said to myself: "Why should I do so? Is not the history itself the most interesting novel? Leave it perfectly in its original form; throw out what to the present reader no longer is of any interest, or is otherwise generally known, and though indeed you may not be able to restore the missing commencement and the missing end, see if the context will render it possible for you to supply the missing leaves from the middle, and then go on in the same strain and language of your ancient biographer, so that at least the difference of the representation and the insertions made do not immediately strike the eye.

This, then, with much trouble, and after many fruitless attempts, I have done, but silently pass over the places in which the scenes have taken place, in order not to cloud the interest of the greatest number of my readers. For to criticism, which, however, has never attained to a more admirable height than in our time, such a confession would here be perfectly superfluous, since without this it will very easily distinguish

where Pastor Schweidler and where Pastor Meinhold* is the speaker.

Of that, however, which I have omitted, I owe the public a more particular notice. To these pertain :

1. Long prayers, in as much as they were not distinguished by Christian unction.

2. Generally known histories of the thirty years war.

3. Miraculous signs in the clouds, said to have happened here and there, and which other writers of Pomerania on this age of terror also report ; as, for instance, Micraelius ; † such statements, however, as stood in connection with the whole ; for instance, the cross upon the Streckelberg, and, therefore, I have of course let them remain.

4. The specification of the whole income of the church of Coserow before and during the reign of terror of the thirty years war.

5. The account of the number of dwellings which after the devastation of the enemy had remained standing in every village belonging to the parish.

6. The statement of the places whither this or that member of the church had emigrated.

* There were already preliminary specimens in the *Christen-terpe*, 1841 and 1842.

† Of ancient Pomerania.

7. A ground plan and a description of the old parsonage, etc.

In the language, too, I have taken the liberty of here and there making a few alterations, my author himself not being very consistent in language and orthography. The latter I have retained, with but few exceptions.

And now I submit to the gentle reader this work, glowing with the fire of heaven and of hell.

MEINHOLD,

THE AMBER WITCH.

INTRODUCTION.

The descent of our biographer cannot, on account of the beginning of his work being lost, be any longer determined with accuracy. At all events, he appears not to have been a Pomeranian; for at one time he speaks of Silesia, where he had been in his youth; then he mentions far-dispersed relatives, not only in Hamburg and Cologne, but even in Antwerp, and betrays principally by his Southern German language his foreign origin. I have remarked especially the expressions, such as *ein* for *etnem*; and the peculiar derivation of many adjectives, viz.: *tancin* from *Tanne*; *seidin* from *Seide*; a kind of dialect, which, as far as I know, has never been used in Pomerania, but rather in Swabia. Yet at the period of the composition of his work, he must have already lived a long time in Pomerania, because he still more frequently intermixes low German expressions, (*platt deutsche*) in every respect, just as native Pomeranian writers of that time were also wont to do.

As, according to his own statements on various occasions, he is of ancient and noble descent, it is probable that some further particulars may be found in the records of the nobles of the seventeenth century, respecting the family of the Schweidlers, and conse-

quently also respecting his probable fatherland ; but I have searched in vain among all the sources accessible to me, for that name, and should therefore conjecture that our author, as has so frequently been done, has put off his title and changed his name on his becoming a pastor. But enough, I will not here venture on further conjectures. Our manuscript, in which the large number of six chapters are wanting, and which on the immediate foregoing leaves indisputably extended over the outbreak of the thirty years' war on the island Usedom, begins with the words : " Imperials (soldiers) quartered at my house," and then proceeds as follows :

* * * Trunks, drawers, cupboards, were altogether broken open and knocked to pieces ; my priest-gown was torn to atoms, so that I was in the greatest distress and tribulation. Yet had they not found my poor little daughter, for as much as I had hidden her in a stable where it was dark, or else I fear they would have inflicted on me still more sorrow of heart. These scabby dogs wanted already to begin with old Ilse, a woman nearly fifty years of age, had not an old cornet bidden them to let her alone. I therefore thanked my Maker when these wild guests were off, that I at least had saved my poor child from their clutches, although not a particle of flour, nor the smallest grain of corn, nor a bit of meat the length of a finger was left ; and I wot not how to keep myself and my poor child alive. *Item*, thanked God that I had hidden the *vasa sacra*, which, with my two churchwardens—Hinrich Seden and Clans Bulken, of Usteritz—I had hidden in the church in front of the altar, committing them to God's care. But, as aforesaid, I

suffered bitter hunger, so wrote I to his worship the chief-justice of the district, Wittich von Appelmann, of Pudgla,* that for the sake of God and his holy gospel he would, in such my heavy need and tribulation, grant me what his grace the Prince Philippus Julius, had laid by for me out of the præstanda of the Convent of Pudgla; to wit, 30 bushels of barley and 25 marks of silver, but which his worship had tarried to pay me even until now. (For he was almost a hard and inhuman man, inasmuch as he despised the holy gospel and the preaching of the word, and openly and without shame made a mock of the servants of God,—namely, that they were unprofitable gormandizers, and that Luther had but half purged away the hogsties of the churches.—May God make it better!)—But he answered me not, and I should have sheer perished if Hinrich Seden had not made intercession for me to the parish. God reward the honest fellow in eternity! He was the while already getting old, and was sorely tormented by his wicked wife, Lise Kolken. It be-thought me when I married them, that it would not go over well with them, seeing that by common report she had lived in unchastity with Wittich Appelmann, who ever was a notorious arch deceiver, and above all a terrible —monger, for such the Lord never blesses. The same Seden brought me five loaves, two sausages, and a goose, of which the good wife of Loddin had made him a present; *item*, a side of bacon from Hans Tewert the farmer. The good man must, however, take care not to let his wife know, who wanted to keep

* astle in Usedom, formerly a famous convent.

half for herself, and when he refused it, cursed him and wished him a racking head-ache,* whereat he immediately felt a swelling in the right cheek which grew thereafter very hard and troublesome. At such terrible tidings I waxed wroth, as becometh a good pastor, and asked him, whether peradventure he thought she had any wicked fellowship with that abominable Satan, and was a witch? But he was silent and shrugged up his shoulders. I badè him therefore call old Lise, who was a tall meagre wench about sixty years old, with glaring eyes, which never could look anybody straight in the face, *item*, with red hair such as her old man had also. But although I admonished her diligently out of God's word, yet she let not her voice be heard, and when firmly I said: "Wilt thou unbewitch thy old fellow (for I saw him in the street through the window raving already like a madman) or wilt thou that I inform of thee to the magistracy," she at last gave in and promised that he should soon be better; (and so indeed he was,) *item*, she besought that I would let her have a little bacon and bread, since she also for three days had had nothing between her teeth than her tongue. Accordingly my dear daughter gave her half a loaf and a piece of bacon of about two hands breadth; but this she did not consider enough, but muttered between her teeth, whereupon my little daughter said; "If thou a'nt content, thou old witch, (sack), then be off and look first after thy old man; look how he has laid his head over Zabel's fence and is knocking about his legs with woefulness!" Whereupon she went away, but again muttering between her teeth; "Yes, I will look after him and you too!"

* In the original *Kopf-gicht* literally signifies head-gout.

CHAPTER VII.

How the Imperialists robbed me of everything ; also broke into the church, and took the vasa sacra ; also what other things happened.

After a few days when our provision was almost consumed, my last cow also perished, (the others, the wolves as above said, had already devoured), not without particular suspicion that Lise had done something to her, seeing that she had eaten bravely the day before. But I will let that pass as it liketh me not to backbite anybody ; it might also have happened through the visitation of the righteous God, whose anger I have doubtless deserved—*Summa* : I was again in great tribulation, and my little daughter Maria rent my heart yet more by her sighing and groaning, when a shout was raised that again a troop of Imperialists had come to Nekeritze, and had been marauding yet more terribly than the first, also set half the village on fire. Wherefore I thought me no longer safe in my hut ; but after I had commended everything to the Lord in fervent prayer, I arose and went with my little daughter and old Ilse into the Streckelberg*, where I had sought us out a hole, like unto a cave, and overgrown with bramble bushes, where we might take refuge if persecution should drive us away. We, therefore, took with us whatever remained to us of the necessaries of life, and ran with lamentation and weeping into the wood,

* A considerable mountain situated at the sea side near Coserow.

whither, however, the old men and women-folk with their children, followed us, raising the while a great cry of starvation. For seeing that my little daughter sat down upon a stump, and eat a piece of meat and bread, therefore the little worms came running with their outstretched little hands, and screaming: "Me have some too, me have some too!" Wherefore since such great sorrow justly grieved me, I restrained not my little daughter from dividing all the bread and meat which was left among the hungry little children. But first made them pray: "The eyes of all wait upon thee," etc.*, on which words I then delivered a comforting address to the people, that the Lord who had now fed their little ones would also know how to fill their own bellies, if they would only not become weary of trusting in Him.

But such consolation endured not long. For after we had encamped in and around the cave near upon two hours, the bells in the village began to toll so dolefully that it almost broke every one's heart, seeing also the while a loud sound of shooting was heard; a screaming of people, and barking of dogs, so that we readily concluded that the enemy was in the midst of the village. I had, therefore, enough to do to quiet the women, that they might not by their thoughtless lamentations and wailings betray our hiding-place to the furious enemy, especially as it began to smell smoky, and soon after the bright flame glimmered through the trees. Wherefore I sent old Paasch up to the mountain, that he should see how matters stood, but to take good care that they did not spy him out in

* Psalm cXLv., 15. 16.

the village, seeing that it only began to glimmer. The same he promised, and soon came back with the tidings, that about twenty troopers had been galloping out of the village against Damerow, but that half of the village was in red flames. He said that by the rare providence of God, very many birds had made their appearance in the juniper bushes and elsewhere, and thought if they could only be caught that they would yield excellent food for us. Then I ascended upon the mountain myself, and after I had found everything thus, and likewise perceived that through the help of the merciful God the fire in the village had abated; that my little hut also, contrary to my desert and worthiness, was yet standing. I thenceforth descended, comforted the people, and said: "The Lord hath given us a sign, and will feed us, as once he fed the children of Israel in the wilderness: for he has sent us an excellent flock of fieldfares over the desolate sea, which twitter forth out of every bush, as one goes near to it. Who among you will now run into the village and cut off the hair from the mane and the tail of my perished cow, which lies behind in the cow-house?" (For horse-hair there was none in the whole village, forasmuch as all the horses had already long since been taken or killed by the enemy.) But there was nobody to be found; seeing that their fear was still greater than their hunger, when my old Ilse lifted up her voice and said: "Then I will go; for I fear not, while I am in God's ways; only give me a good staff." Now when old Paasch had reached to her his staff, she began to sing to herself: "God the father us do help!" and soon ran into the wood out of our sight. In the meantime I exhorted the folk to begin the work by cutting little

rods for the springes and to gather berries, while it was moonlight, and there were a great many elder and ash-trees upon the mountain. But I and my Maria watched over the little children, while the country was not safe for fear of wolves. Wherefore we made a brisk fire, around which we seated ourselves and examined the little folk in the ten commandments, when, lo, we heard a creaking and a crackling behind us, and my little daughter jumped up and ran into the cave with the words: *proh dolor, hostis!** But it happened to be only the expeditious churl that remained in the village, and now came to bring us tidings of the state of things there. Wherefore I immediately called to her: *emergas, amici!* † whereupon she also jumped forth again with great joy, and sat herself down by us near the fire. Then began my church-warden, Hinrich Seden, to recount what had happened meanwhile, and how he had saved his life solely through his wife, Lise Kolken. Jurgen Flatow, Chim Burse, Claas Peer, and Chim Seideritz, however had been slain, and the last of them lay right across the church font. These ferocious incendiaries had reduced to ashes twelve houses, and it would not have been their fault that the whole village was not consumed; the wind was not favourable to them. Furthermore, for derision and mockery they even had tolled the bells, and when he and the three other young fellows had come rushing forth they had fired off their muskets at them, but with the help of the great God had hit nobody. There-

* Oh, what a calamity, the enemy is at hand!—Respecting the wonderful training of the girl, our author explains himself in the sequent part of his history.

† Don't be afraid—come forth again—they are friends!

upon his companions had jumped over the fence, but him they had caught, and already levelled a blunderbuss at him, when his wife, Lise Kolken, had stepped forth out of the church with another troop, and beckoned to them so that he was let alone. Lene Hebers, however, had they stabbed in her child-bed, speared the little babe, and thrown it over Claas Peer's wall among the nettles, where it was as yet lying, when they ran away. Whence there was now in all the village not a living soul, and what was more grievous still, not a morsel of bread, so that if the Lord had not compassion of their distress, they would all have to perish miserably with hunger.

(Well, did ever any body hear the like—and be those Christian-men!)

I now asked, when he was silent (not, however, without much groaning and lamenting, as one may easily guess) about my hut, of which albeit they knew nothing, except that it was standing; therefore I thanked the Lord, groaning in spirit, and forthwith asking old Seden what his wife had done in the church. I was ready to perish with great trouble, when I heard that the knaves, as they walked out, had carried away both the cups together with the patins in their hands. Wherefore I spoke very wrathfully to old Lise, who now came sneaking along through the bushes, but whereupon she frowardly answered, that the foreign folk had constrained her to unlock the church, since her old fellow (husband) had verily crept behind the wall and nobody else had been there. The same had forthwith trodden before the altar, and as a stone had not well been fitted together (the which, however, was an arch lie) they then began to dig with

their swords, until they found the cups and the patina. Peradventure some other body had betrayed the spot to them. Therefore I ought not always to impute the trespass to her and snarl at her so violently,

Meanwhile came also the old men and women with very many berries;—*item*, my old maid with the cowtail and the mane, who told that the whole house had been ransacked, the windows all broken to pieces, the books and writings thrown into the street and trampled in the dirt, and the door lifted off the hinges. These things, however, were a less trouble to my mind than the cups, wherefore I only exhorted the folk to make bows and snares, in order that we might the next morning with the merciful God's help perform our hunting-work. Therefore I clave the rods myself till midnight, and when we had prepared a goodly number, I bade old Henrich Seden to offer up the evening prayers, to which we all gave ear, kneeling upon our knees; whereupon I finally offered up another prayer, and then exhorted the folk to shelter themselves, the men apart, and the women likewise apart, from the cold, (for it was already in the month of September, and was blowing very keenly from the sea-coast) among the bushes. I myself, however, went with my little daughter and the maid into the cave, but had not slumbered long before I heard old Seden whining very sorely, having been seized by the cholic, as he complained. I therefore rose up again and gave him my place, and seated myself again near the fire and cut springes, till I fell asleep for half an hour, and the morning dawned, whereupon he had become better, and I now forthwith got up and roused the folk to meet together for the morning worship. This time old Paasch offered up

the prayer, but could not rightly get into the spirit of it, wherefore I was obliged to help him out. Whether he had forgotten it, or it arose from fear, I will not say. *Summa*, after we all had prayed right heartily, we rose up, and forthwith went to our work; I knocked the springes into the trees, and hung them over with berries, whilst my dear daughter was watching over the children and gathering bramble-berries for their breakfast.—But now should it be known, that we beat our way right across the bush on the way going to Nekeritz, and there (observe again the marvellous gracious providence of the merciful God.) For, when I with the hatchet in my hand, (it was Seden, his hatchet that he had fetched early out of the village,) trod upon the aforesaid way,—perceived upon the earth a loaf, about the length of my arm, whereat a raven was pecking, and which, without doubt, an imperial trooper had the day before lost out of his knapsack, for there were yet fresh horse foot-prints by it in the sand. I buttoned it therefore privily under my waist, so that nobody could mark anything, albeit as aforesaid Paasch strode close behind me; *item*, all the rest following him at not a very great distance. When we had thus set the snares very early in the morning, there were already towards the blessed dinner-time so great a number of birds in them, that Kate Berow, who strode by the side of me, when I loosened them, could not hold them all in her apron, and at the other end old Pagels drew forth not many less from his side and coat pockets. My little daughter sat down therefore with the other women-folk to pluck the birds, and as there was a lack of salt, (for the most of us had not tasted any for a long time), she exhorted a couple of men to go towards the sea,

and in an iron pot which had yet been hidden by Staffer Zuter, to fetch a little salt water, which accordingly they did. In this water then we now dipped the little birds, and thereafter roasted them by a large fire, whereby already from the sweet savour all our mouths began to water, as we had not tasted any food for so long a time.

Quoth I then, when all was ready, and the people were all seated on the ground: "Behold, now, how the Lord yet feedeth his people Israel in the wilderness with fresh quails; should he even do more, and send us also a little bit of manna bread from heaven; what think ye? Would ye ever be weary in believing, and not the rather be willing to endure all manner of distress and tribulation, thirst and hunger, that he may hereafter lay upon you according to his gracious will? Whereupon they all answered and said; "Yea, verily." *Ego*: Will ye faithfully promise me this? Whereupon they again said: "Yea, that will we!" Then drew I forth with tears the bread from my pocket, lifted it up on high, and cried: "Now see, thou poor believing little flock, what a sweet manna bread thy faithful Redeemer has sent thee by me." Whereat they all shrieked out, groaned, and wept; and the little children, too, came jumping up, and stretched out their little hands, crying: "Me bread, me bread!" But when I for trouble of mind could not pray myself, I bade Paasch's little girl say the *gratias*, the while my Maria cut up the loaf and gave every one his portion. And now we are all joyously sate down to the blessed God's meal in the wilderness.

Meanwhile I was constrained, that I should here recount the manner in which I found the precious

manna bread, whereby I did not neglect to exhort them again, that they would ponder in their hearts on the great miraculous sign, which the merciful God hath done to them as he did in the days of his servant the prophet Elijah of old, seeing that in the great famine a raven brought him bread in the wilderness, likewise hath the Lord sent me this bread by a raven, so that it should come to pass that I should find it, for had not the Lord opened mine eyes, I should have passed by it and never seen it by the way.

As we had finally filled our stomachs with the necessary food, I held forth a thanksgiving sermon on Luke xii. v. 24, where the Lord speaks: "consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls?" But our sins rose as a loathsome savour before the Lord. For as that old Lise, as I soon found out, had not eaten her birds, because they were not savoury enough for her, but had thrown the same into the juniper-bushes, his wrath waxed sore against us, as against the children of Israel of old; and at night we had only seven birds in our snares, and the morrow only twain, also no raven came again to show us any bread. Wherefore rebuked I old Lise, and admonished the people to take upon them patiently the righteous chastisement of the Most High God, and to pray diligently and fervently that he would return into his forsaken tabernacles, and to see if haply the heart-blessed God would vouchsafe more unto them upon the sea. I also would call upon him in my prayer day and night; albeit I tarried yet awhile with my little daughter and the maid in the cave and watched the springes, if haply his wrath may

be turned away. Meanwhile they were to make ready my parsonage again with all diligence, so that I might soon be able to remove thither again, seeing that the cold troubled me sorely. Such they also vowed to do and departed thence with lamentation. What a little flock!—found only yet twenty-five heads, whereas there had been formerly above eighty: all the rest had perished by hunger, the sword and the pestilence.* I tarried therefore yet in prayer before God for a time, lonely and dreary in the cave, and only sent my little daughter and the maid to the village, that they should look about and see how things stand in the parsonage;—*item*, to gather up again the writings and books, and also to bring me tidings whether Hinze, the carpenter, whom I sent back forthwith into the village, had nailed up the coffins for the poor carcasses, that I might bury them the next day. Thereupon went I to the springes, but there seemed only one single bird in them, wherefrom I then marked that the wrath of God was not yet overpast. I met, however, with a goodly bramble-berry-bush, wherefrom I plucked about a metze† of berries, put them with the bird into Staffer Zuter's iron pot, which the good fellow had yet left with us, and set them upon a fire for our supper, when my child would come back with the maid. It was not long before they broke through the bush and recounted of the abomination of the desolation which Satan with permission

* Which took place in the year 1628, and increased the misery of the thirty years' war on the island here in the most intolerable manner. Pity that the description of the venerable pastor, which he had no doubt given in the foregoing pages, is lost.

† The sixteenth part of a German bushel.

of the righteous God had wrought in the village and the parsonage. My little daughter had yet gathered up a few books which she carried with her, among others a *Virgillium* and a Greek Bible. And when thereupon she said that the carpenter would not be ready till the morrow, as soon as we had satisfied our craving appetite I made her read to me once more for the strengthening of my faith, the *locum* of the blessed ravens, Luke c. xii. from the Greek;—*item*, the fine *locum parallelum* Matt. c. vi. whereupon the maid offered up the evening prayers, and we betook ourselves to the cave to rest for the night. As on the morrow I awoke just when the blessed sun broke forth from the sea and looked over the mountain, I heard that my poor hungry little daughter stood already before the cave and recited the sweet little song of the joys of paradise, which *St. Augustinus* had written and I had taught her*. She sobbed woefully as she spake those words :

“ Uno pane vivunt dives utriusque patriæ
 avidi et semper pleni, quod habent, desiderant
 non *sacietas* fastidit, neque *fames* cruciat
 inhiantes semper edunt, et edentes inhiant
 flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,
 Candent lilia rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum,
 virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt
 pigmentorum spirat odor liquor et aromatum,
 pendent poma floridorum non lap sura nemorum
 non alternat luna vices, sol vel cursus syderum
 agnus est *felicitis* urbis lumen innociduum.”

At these words I myself became deeply moved, and

* This is an error. The following song is composed by the Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia, Peter Damianus (23rd Feb. 1072) after the prose version of St. Augustin.

when she was silent I asked: "What art thou doing there, my dear daughter?" whereupon she answered: "I am eating, father," which then drew forth my tears the more earnestly, so that I began to praise her for what she would feed her poor soul, seeing that she could not do so to her poor body. I had, however, not spoken much, when she cried aloud that I should but come and behold the great marvellous work which was arising out of the sea, and was breaking in already upon the cave. For lo! a cloud formed quite like a cross, came over us, and let thick heavy drops of the size of a large pea and more fall down upon us, whereupon it forthwith sank behind the hedge. Wherefore I immediately rose up and ran with my dear daughter speedily up the mountain to look after it. It moved towards the Achter-water,* where it widely parted, and forthwith formed thitherwards a great blue streak, which the sun wondrously shone upon, so that it almost was to look upon "like a golden bridge," as my little daughter said, "whereon the blessed angels danced." Whence I instantly fell upon my knees with her and praised the Lord that our cross had overpast; but, ah! our cross was only just going to commence, as we shall read further.

* A gulf, which the river Peene forms near there.

CHAPTER VIII.

How our distress becomes yet greater ; I send old Ilse with another epistle toward Pudgla ; and what greater sorrow yet ariseth to me therefrom.

As I the next day with the common outcry of the whole village buried the miserable carcasses—(mark, there where the linden* shades over the wall are they all buried.) I heard with many groanings that neither the sea nor the Achter-water would yield anything. This lasted about ten days, the poor people could not catch sight of even a fish's eye. I went therefore into the field and meditated how the anger of the righteous God might be turned away from us ; while for that the sharp winter was at the door, and neither corn, fish, fruit, nor meat was any longer to be found, neither in the village nor in the whole parish. Albeit of game there was sufficient in the forests of Coserow and Nekeritz ; but the old forester Zabel Nehring had died last year of the pestilence, and there was no new one there yet. Moreover there was not to be found in all the parish a single musket or any powder, for the enemy had plundered and broken every thing. Wherefore we were constrained to see every day, how the stags, roes, hares, boars, etc. were jumping past us, while we had rather had them in our stomachs, but in our helplessness were not able to get them ; neither would they

* Now no longer in existence.

let themselves be taken in pits. Albeit, Claus Peer had caught a roe in one, and honoured me with a piece of it, for which may God reward him. *Item*, of tame cattle there was almost nothing at all left in the parish, neither a dog, nor a cat, which the people in the sore famine had in part eaten, but in part also long before killed or drowned. Old farmer Paasch, however, had yet two cows,—*item*, another old man in Nekkeritz was said to have had a little pig, which was all. Wherefore all the folk almost lived on bramble and other wood-berries, which, however, also began to become scarce, as one may easily foretell. Also a boy about fourteen years old (old Labahn's boy) had lost himself, and never anything was again heard of him, so that I am almost afraid that the wolves have devoured him.

Herefrom a Christian heart may judge for itself, in what sorrow and tribulation I had taken my staff, seeing that my little daughter wasted away to a shadow for very hunger; albeit, I myself, as an old corpus, through the grace of the merciful God, do not yet feel any particular diminution of my strength. The while I thus went in constant groaning to the Lord, perceived I on the way toward Nekkeritz, which I had taken, a beggar; the same sat with his knapsack upon a stone eating a small piece of rare God's gift, that is to say, a small piece of bread. Ah, me then, poor man, my cheeks ran so full of water, that I was constrained to stoop first, and let it run down to the ground before I could ask: "Who art thou? and whence comest thou, that thou hast bread?" whereupon he answered: "that he was a poor man, from Bannemin, from whom the enemy had taken everything, and as he got to know that the

Liepor corner had had peace for a long time, he had set out to go and beg there.”—“Then!” said I; “thou poor beggar-man, give to an afflicted servant a Christ, who is poorer than thou, only a small cut of bread for his little daughter, for thou shouldst know that I am the parson of the village here, and my child is ready to die of hunger. I adjure thee by the living God that thou wilt not let me go except thou hast compassion on me as thou hast had compassion shown unto thee.” But the beggar-man would not give me any thing, whilst he spake: “that he himself had a wife and four children that were in like manner tottering to a bitter death by hunger, seeing the distress is yet much greater in Bannemin than here, where we had berries at least; and if I had not heard that a few days ago a woman there (calling her also by name, but the which, stricken with horror, I did not then regard, had killed her own child, and devoured it for hunger? * Wherefore He could not help me, and said I had better go myself to the Liepor angle.”

I shuddered at this speech, as may easily be imagined, not having heard any thing thereof in our misery; also there being little or no moving to and fro from one village to another, and remembering Jerusalem,** and almost despairing that the Lord was visiting us as he hath done of old to this godless city; albeit, we had neither betrayed nor crucified him, I almost forgot my misery and set down my staff in order to go onward. But scarcely had I gone a few yards, when lo, the beggar-man called after me, that I should

* This revolting occurrence is also mentioned by Micraelius in his History of Pomerania.

** Where according to Josephus the same occurred.

stay. Wherefore I turned me round again, when he came up towards me with a good cut of bread, the which he had fetched out of his wallet and spake: "There! for this pray also for me that I may get home safe, for were any of them to get to know anywise that I had some bread, even my own brother would slay me, that you may believe." The same I promised joyfully, and speedily turned round in order to bring to my dear daughter the holy Christ,* the which I had hidden in my pocket. But lo, as I came on the way as thou goest to Loddin (in my trouble I had not seen it before), I could hardly trust mine own eyes, when I there saw my field, circa seven bushels large, ready plowed, harrowed, sown and formed into blades; so that the blessed rye-seed was already shot up delightfully a finger's length. I could not believe otherwise than that the very Satan had thereby been beguiling me; albeit how much soever I rubbed my eyes—it was rye and rye it remained. And while old Paasch's piece of land which bordered so near to it, was sown in like manner, and the little blades were shooting up to the like height as mine, I could very readily judge therefrom, that the good fellow had done it, seeing that the other pieces were altogether lying waste. Wherefore I forgive him gladly, for not knowing how to offer up the morning prayer, and thanking the Lord for so much love among my parish children, and fervently supplicating him; "that he would vouchsafe me some strength and faith thenceforth to continue among them without weariness even to the end, and willingly to endure all the afflictions and tribulations which according to his heart-

* A term used among children in Germany for *Christmas box*.

gracious will, he may further please to lay upon us, I ran rather than walked back to the village, and in old Paasch's court, where I found him cutting up his cow, the which for grim hunger he had now also slaughtered. "God bless thee!" said I, "thou godly man, in that thou hast husbanded my field! How am I to reward thee for it?" But the old man answered, "never heed that, only pray for us!" And when I gladly promised the same, and asked him; "how he had hidden his corn from the destroying enemy," he recounted to me; that he had privily put it in the cave in the Streckelberg, but that now also all his store was consumed. In the meantime he also cut a goodly piece of meat, the best part out of the loin, and spake: "There is something for thee too, and when that is eaten, thou canst come again." When I was now going away with much thankfulness, his little Marie laid hold of me by the hand, a little child *circa* seven years, that had prayed the *Gratias* in the Streckelberg and would go to my daughter to school. The while there as aforesaid my *custos* in the time of the pestilence had also blessed these temporal things, she was constrained to instruct the few little children in the village, the which however, had been neglected very long. I would not for this reason forbid her do so, albeit I the while feared that my dear daughter would divide the bread with her, seeing that she greatly loved the little damsel, as she was her god-child. And so verily it came to pass. For as the child saw, that I reached forth the bread she shouted at that moment for joy, and began to jump upon the bench. Wherefore she, received part of the cut, our maid another part, and the third part my little daughter pu into her mouth, as I would not have

anything, but said: "I feel no hunger and would wait until she had cooked the meat" which I now also threw upon the bench. Then might one have seen what joy my poor child felt, moreover when I told her also of the rye she fell upon my neck, wept, sobbed, then lifted up the little damsel in her arms, danced with her in the room, and thereupon recited after her wise all manner of Latin *versus* which she knew. Now would she verily make ready a right goodly supper, as in a meat-cask that the Imperials had broken, a little salt clave yet to the bottom. Wherefore I let her go on in her own wise, and scraped a little soot from out the chimney the which I mingled with water, then rent a very white leaf out of the *Virgilio*, and wrote to the *pastorem Liepensem*, Rev. Abraham Tiburtius: "That for God's sake he would take to heart our distress, and exhort his parishioners to save us from the cruel death of hunger, and charitably send us some food and drink, which the heart-gracious God had saved for them, seeing that a beggar-man has recounted to me that they had had peace for a long time from the terrible enemy, but I wot not wherewith to seal the letter, when lo! in the church I found a little wax by one of the wooden altar candle-sticks, the which the Imperials did not think worthy to take up, and only carried away with them the brass candlesticks. With this letter three churls and the warden Henrich Seden had to get into a boat and set forth to Liepe.

But before that I communed with my old Ilse, the same being born in Liepe if she would not rather go along with them to her own home, forasmuch as she saw how we were placed, and that I could not yet awhile give her a mite of wages. (Mark: she had

saved together a goodly little sum, seeing that she had been more than twenty years with me in service, but the war-folk had taken everything from her.) But I could not prevail upon her, but she wept bitterly and entreated that I should only let her stay with the good young mistress that she had known from her very cradle. She would willingly hunger with us, if needs be, would I only not thrust her out. Wherefore I let her abide with us, and the others went forth alone.

In the mean time the soup was ready. But hardly had we prayed the *gratias* and wanted to take something, when lo! all the little children out of the village *circa*, seven in number, came in at the door and would have the bread whereof they had heard from my daughter's little god-child. Then her heart melted again, and though I prayed her to harden herself, she nevertheless comforted me with the Lieper message, and poured out to each little child her portion of soup upon a wooden platter (for these the enemy regarded not) and put also a bit of meat in their little hands so that our provision was consumed at once. Wherefore we remained fasting till the morrow noon, when the whole village assembled in the field by the sea-shore, at which time the boat came back. But, God have mercy upon us!—our hopes were quite in vain!—only six loaves and a sheep—*item*, a quartern of baking-apples was all that they had. For *Rev. Abraham Tiburtius* wrote to me after the rumour of their wealth had spread over the whole island, so many beggar-folk had run about among them that they could not possibly do justice to them, seeing that they themselves wot not how it would go with them in the end in this troublesome time. Albeit he would see, if happily he might raise yet more.

Then I bade them carry the little provision into the parochial ground, and although two loaves, as *Pastor Liepensis* wrote, should be for me alone, nevertheless I gave them along with the division, wherewith also all were perfectly satisfied, excepting old Seden's glare-eyed wife, who wanted something besides for her husband's journey, which, however, as may readily be imagined, was not done; wherefore she again, as she went away, mumbled a few words between her teeth, but the which nobody understood. It was a very wicked woman that would not suffer the word of God to come nigh her.

But now it may readily be judged, that such provision did not hold out long. Whereas now at the same time a fervent desire also after spiritual food was perceived among all the parishioners, and I and the wardens could only raise eight wittes* in the parish, the which did not suffice therewith to get bread and wine, the thought came into my mind to report our distress again to the *amtsauptmann* (the chief governor). With what a heavy heart I did this, may be readily judged. But necessity knows no law. Whence I tore out a leaf from the end of the *Virgilio*, and prayed, for the blessed Holy Trinity's sake, that his worship would take to heart mine and the common distress of the whole parish, and give forth a little money for the holy *sacrament*, for the comfort of the afflicted souls; also, if possible, to buy a cup, even were it only of pewter, seeing that the enemy had stolen the one we had; I otherwise should be compelled to consecrate the holy communion in a pot. *Item*, that he would have com-

* About twopence.

passion also on our bodily necessity, and at length give up to me my money outstanding since so many years ; I wanted it not for myself alone, but would gladly divide it with all the parish, until the infinite gracious God would vouchsafe to give us more.

While I was writing thus, a considerable blot dropped upon the paper, for, as the windows were blocked up with boards, the room was dark, and only a little light came in through two small pains of glass, which I had taken out of the church and put in. Such might probably be the cause that I did not take better heed. But seeing that I could not raise another morsel of paper I let it pass, and charged the maid, the same that I sent with the little letter to Pudgla, to have me excused for this to his worship, the Lord Chief Governor ; the which she also promised to do ; seeing that I myself could not add thereunto the least word upon the paper, which was all full written ; and I sealed it, as aforesaid.

But this poor person returned trembling with fear and weeping, and spake thus : that his worship had kicked her with his foot out of the castle-gate, and threatened to have her put in the pillory, if she shewed her face before him again. Did the priest think he was so flush of money, as he was with the ink ; he surely had water enough to administer the sacrament. For if the Son of God had once changed water into wine, he might indeed often do it. If I had no cup, I should give my sheep to drink out of a *trough*, as he did ; and what more, there were of such like blasphemies, the which he afterwards also wrote himself to me, and whereat, as may readily be guessed, I was sorely grieved.

In such my great trouble of body and soul the

blessed Sunday drew nigh, whereon almost all the congregation willed to go to the table of the Lord, but could not. Wherefore I spake on those words of *St. Augustinus' crede et manducasti*,* whereby I explained to them, that the fault was not mine, and faithfully recounted how my maid had fared in Pudgla, hiding at the same time much of what had happened from them, and only prayed to God that he would awaken the heart of the civil authority to the wisdom of the just. It may indeed be true, that I had spoken stronger than I thought, but what I no longer know, for I spake what was in my heart. At the conclusion all the congregation were constrained to fall on their knees for the space of an hour, and call upon the Lord for his holy sacrament;—*item*, for the relief of their bodily necessity, the which had in like manner been hitherto done every Sunday, and commonly in the daily hours of worship, which I had been wont to hold during the troublous time of the plague. Finally I gave out that precious hymn: "When in the greatest need we are," which was no sooner ended than my new warden, Claus Bulk, of Neckeritz, that in former time had been a trooper to his worship, and whom he had now installed as a farmer, ran toward Pudgla and told him what had taken place in the church. This vexed his worship sorely, insomuch that he called together the whole parish, yet *circa* 150 heads, not reckoning in the children, and *ad proto collum* wrote down what they had retained of the sermon, as he was minded to inform his princely Highness the Duke of Pomerania what blasphemous lies I had railed forth against him, whereat every christian heart must be shocked; *item*,

* Believe, and thou hast eaten.

what a covetous man I was, that I was for ever troubling him for money, and in this grievous and troublous time, was, so to speak, daily assailing him with filthy letters, while he himself had nothing to eat. This was to break the priest's neck, for that his princely Highness did everything that he proposed and needed never man in the parish to give me henceforth anything more, but if they would only turn me out, he would take care, never fear, that they should have a better priest given to them than I was.

(But I should truly like to see that man that would be prepared to run into such a calamity.) These tidings were brought to me even that self-same night, whereat I was very sorely affrighted, forasmuch as I well perceived that I had now gotten me, not a gracious Lord in his Worship, but should have for the time of my miserable life, if verily I should be able to prolong it, an unmerciful tyrant. Nevertheless soon a something comforted me, when Chim Kruger, of Neckeritz, the same that privily brought me these tidings, drew forth a little piece of his young pig out of his pocket, wherewith he presented me. Thereat came also old Paasch, saying the same thing and reached forth a piece more of his old cow;—*item*, my other warden, Henrich Seden, with a cut of bread, with a braxen* that he had in his wicker-basket, all of them saying that they wanted no better priest than I, and that I need only pray that the merciful God would vouchsafe to give them more, and I should also have lack of nothing; but in the mean time I should be still and not betray them. All this I vowed to do, and my little daughter Maria forthwith lifted up the blessed God's-

* A species of carp.

gift from the table and carried it into the room. But, O, the sorrow! on the morrow, as she was a going to put the meat into the pot, lo! all was gone. I wot not who has prepared me this new heart's sorrow, but I verily believe that Henrich Seden's wicked wife had done it, forasmuch as he cannot hold his tongue, and tells her, as I believe, doubtless, every thing. Also his little damsel Paasch had seen that she had meat in the pot for the morrow's dinner,—*item*, that she had striven with her husband, and thrust at him with the fish-board, whereunto fresh fish scales were yet cleaving; but had recollected herself on getting sight of them. (Eye upon thee, thou old hag!—it may be true enough!) Wherefore nothing was remaining to us than to feed our poor souls with God's word. But they also were so cast down, that they, like our stomachs, would receive nothing more. For my poor dear daughter in particular, became from day to day paler, greyer, and yellower, and ever vomited her food again, as she had taken every thing without salt and bread. For a long time the bread that I had from Liebe never came to an end: but I had had a little piece thereof every day to my dinner until now. I had oftentimes asked, "whence gettest thou evermore this blessed bread; peradventure thou savest all for me alone, neither takest thou a morsel unto thyself, nor givest any thereof unto the maid." Then the twain ever took up a little piece of fir-bark, the which they had cut ready, and laid before their plates, and as it was dark in the room, I did not mark the deception, but thought they also were eating bread. But at last the maid came and told me of this thing, and that I ought not to suffer her to do so any longer, for my little daughter would not

hearken to her. Let a man judge from this how I felt at my heart, as I saw my poor child lying upon her moss-bed and wrestling with grim hunger. But sorer things yet were appointed unto me, for the Lord would dash me to pieces like a potter's vessel in his sore displeasure. For behold, at eventide of the self-same day, cometh old Paasch, running, and lamenting that all his corn and mine in the field had been cut down and miserably destroyed, and this none other could have done but Satan himself, forasmuch as there was not a mark to be seen of the feet of an ox, or of a horse; whereat my poor child cried aloud, and fell down fainting. Wherefore I would have sprung to her help, but for horrible woe I myself fell to the ground. True, we came to ourselves again, when the maid and old Paasch raised a great scream, but nevertheless I could no longer lift up myself from the earth, thus sorely had the Lord broken my bones. Wherefore I prayed, as they hastened to my help, that they would only suffer me to lie, and seeing that they refused to do this, I cried that I must needs still remain on the ground to pray, if they would only all go out of the chamber, saving my little daughter.

This did they, but I could not rightly pray. I fell into bitter unbelief and despair, and murmured against the Lord for tormenting me more grievously than Lazarus and Job. "For," cried I, wretched man that I was, "to Lazarus thou didst leave the crumbs that fell from the table, and the pitiful dogs; but to me hast thou left nothing, and I am even esteemed worse before thee than a dog: and Job thou didst not afflict until thou hadst mercifully taken his children from him, but to me thou leavest my poor little daughter, that her sorrows

may increase my own yet a thousand fold. Wherefore, I can pray to thee for nothing more, than that thou wouldst speedily take her away from this earth, that my grey head may joyfully go down after her into the grave! Woe is me, wicked father! What have I done? I have eaten bread, and left my child an hungered! O Lord Jesus, thou that hast said: '*What man is there of you that if his children ask bread will give them a stone?*' Lo, I am that man! Behold, I am this wicked father! I have eaten bread, and given my daughter wood. Punish me, I will patiently bear thy just chidings! O my righteous Jesus! I have eaten bread and given my daughter wood!"—As I did not speak this, but cried it out aloud, wringing the while my hands, my dear daughter fell sobbing round my neck, and rebuked me for murmuring against the Lord, seeing that she herself, only a weak and frail woman, did not faint in believing in his mercy, so that I soon came to myself with confusion of face and repentance of heart, and humbled myself before the Lord, because of this my transgression.

In the meantime, however, the maid ran with a great cry into the village to see if she could get a little for her poor mistress. But the folk had already consumed their dinner, and were for the most part upon the sea to seek for themselves some blessed food for the night, wherefore she could get nothing, seeing that old Seden's wife, who alone had yet some provision, would not give her any thereof; albeit, she had begged the same for Jesus' wounds' sake.

While she was recounting this we heard a racketing noise in the chamber, and forthwith her good old husband, that had privily climbed into the window, brought

us a pot of nourishing soup, the which he had taken off the fire from his wife, who had only gone awhile into the garden. He wist well, that his wife would repay him for this smartly, but that should not trouble him, and he prayed that the virgin would only drink, —it was made ready with salt, and quite savoury. He would only immediately hasten back through the window, and get into the house before his wife, that she might not mark where he had been. But my dear daughter would not take the pot, which vexed him exceedingly, so that he sat it down, cursing, on the ground, and ran back again into the chamber. Not long afterwards entered also his glowering-eyed wife at the front door, and as she saw the pot upon the ground yet smoking, cried she: "Thou thief! thou accursed thievish raven!" and wanted to lay hold of my maid's cap. Wherefore I threatened her, and told to her what had happened; if she would not believe it, then might she go into the chamber and look through the window, where she might perhaps yet see her husband running along; the which she also did, and we then heard her screaming after him: "Wait, the devil shall rend out thy arms if thou only comest to me again into the house!" whereupon she again came in, and mumbling, lifted up the pot from the ground. I prayed her for God's sake that she would let my little daughter have a little, but she mocked me, and said: "troth, ye can preach something to her the like you have to me," and went with the pot to the door. Albeit, my dear daughter prayed me that I should let her go, but I could not forbear calling after her: "for God's sake only one good drink, for if thou doest it not, my poor child must give up the ghost; wilt thou, that God should have

mercy upon thee at the last day, then have thou mercy to-day on me!" But she mocked us again, and called out, "troth, ye can cook some bacon for ye," and went forth out of the door. Wherefore I sent the maid after her with the hour-glass, the which stood before me upon the table, that she would offer her this for a good drink out of her pot. But the maid came back with the hour-glass, and said she would not have it. Ah! how cried and sighed I now again, when my poor starving child hid her head again with a loud sigh in the moss.

But the merciful God was more gracious than I deserved for my unbelief. For, as the hard-hearted woman had given a little soup to old Paasch her neighbour, he brought it at once to my little daughter, for he knew from the maid how she stood, and I look upon it that this soup, through God, had alone preserved her soul alive; for from thence she again held up her head, and, an hour after she had taken it, she could go about the house again. God reward the honest fellow! Wherefore I yet had to-day great joy in my distress; but when I sate down at eve by the chimney-fire, and thought of the trouble that yet awaited me, my sorrow broke forth again, and I now resolved to run away from my house and my parsonage, and wander as a beggar, with my daughter, through the wide world. Of course there was room enough to think. For whereas now all hope was woefully removed from me, moreover my whole field was ruined, and the *Amtshauptman* had become my bitterest enemy, also I had not had within five years, on e wedding;—*item*, within one year only two christenings, I saw my death and my child's clearly before my eyes, meanwhile I could not foresee, that

things would better in awhile. For through God's marvellous mercy they already began to make many a good draught both in the sea and in the Achter-water, and many had had salt, bread, grit, etc, given to them by the folk coming from Anklamm and Lass, from off their polten and quätzen* for their fish, nevertheless they brought me nothing, while they feared that the rumour thereof might reach Pudgla, and their ungracious master. Wherefore I beckoned my little daughter to come to me, and revealed to her what was in my thoughts, verily the infinite gracious God, said I, could still vouchsafe to me another flock should I be found worthy of such favour before him, seeing that this time of plague and war had called off many a servant of his word; *item*, I did not run away like an hireling from his flock, but had till *dato*, shared tribulation and death with it. Then I asked her if she would be able to wander one or two miles † a day? for then would we beg our way on to Hamburg to my wife, (God rest her soul) her step-brother Martin Behring, who is a great merchantman there.

Thereat she marvelled at the first, seeing that she had come so little out of our parish, and her blessed mother and little brother lay in our church yard. "Who," said she, "should then make up her grave and bedeck it with flowers?"—*item*, as the Lord had given her a smooth face, what I would do, if in this wild wrathful time, she should be fallen upon on the

* A people, who to this hour daily navigate the Achter-water in little boats (Potten and Quätzen) and purchase the capture of fish from the peasants.

† A German mile about four English.

high road by roving troopers and other knaves, seeing that I was a weak man, and could not shield her,—*item*, wherewith were we to shelter ourselves as winter was coming on, and the enemy had robbed us of our clothes, so that we had not wherewithal to cover our nakedness?"

All this I had not thought of, wherefore I was constrained to say she was right, and after much disputing that at night we would bring the thing before the Lord, and whatsoever he should put into our hearts on the morrow, that would we do. Albeit, we well saw that we could in no wise keep the old maid any longer. Wherefore I called her out of the kitchen, and shewed unto her that she must arise on the morrow by the break of day and go to Liepe, whilst there was yet something left to eat, for she would perish with hunger here, seeing that we ourselves, on the morrow, peradventure, would have fled from the parish and the country; I thanked her also for the love and faithfulness she had shown unto us, and prayed her at the last, amid the loud sobbing of my poor daughter, that she would go away privily forthwith, and not make both our hearts the heavier by her departure; for old Paasch would go a fishing, on the Achter-water, that night, as he had told me, and would assuredly right willingly set her on shore in Gruszow, where, indeed, she had her friends, and could eat and be satisfied. But she could bring forth never a word for much weeping; nevertheless, seeing that it was my earnest wish, she went out of the room. Not long after, we heard also the house-door-latch shut too, whereat my dear daughter whimpered, "she goeth already," and speedily ran to the window, to look after her: "Yes," cried she, as she

peered through the little pane of glass, "she goeth already!" and wrung her hands, and would not be comforted. At length, however, she resigned herself, when I came to speak to her of the maid Hagar, that Abraham also had thrust out, and of whom the Lord, notwithstanding, had had compassion in the wilderness, and thereupon we committed ourselves unto the Lord, and lay down upon our moss-couch.

CHAPTER IX.

How the Old Maid humbled me with her faith, and the Lord, nevertheless, blessed me, his unworthy Servant.

“ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.”—*Psalm 103, i.—iv.*

Ah, poor wretched man that I am, how shall I understand all the loving kindness and mercy which the Lord did shew unto me, even on the morrow. I cried out for joy, as aforetime, for sorrow; and my little daughter danced in the room like a young roe, and would not go to bed; she could only weep and dance, as she said, and then pray the 103rd psalm, and then again weep and dance until the break of morn. But as she was yet very weak, I forbid her this presumption, seeing that this was also tempting the Lord. And now mark what happened:

After we had both awoke with great sighing in the morning, and called upon the Lord, that he would reveal unto our hearts what we should do, we, nevertheless, could not come to a determination; wherefore my child thought, that if indeed she should feel so much strength within her, as to leave her bed and throw fuel in the oven,* our maid being gone, then would we

* The Saxon word for “stove.”

further consider the matter. Accordingly she arose, but hastily returned, with a shout of joy, that the maid had again stolen into the house, and already made a fire in the oven. Wherefore I bade her come to my bedside, and marvelled at her disobedience; what could she want here any longer, but to torment me and my little daughter yet more; and why she did not go away yesterday with old Paasch? But she lamented and groaned so, that she could hardly speak, and I only understood thus much: that as she had eaten with us, therefore would she also starve with us; and if I would not thrust her out, she never more should leave the dear mistress that she had known from her cradle. Such love and faithfulness so moved my bowels of compassion, that with very tears I said: "But hast thou not heard that my dear daughter and I are purposed to wander about the country as beggars? where wilt thou then abide?" Hereupon she gave answer: that she would not go a begging; albeit, it was more seemly for her, than for us; but she did not see wherefore I should go into the wide world. If I had already forgotten that in my sermon I had said: that I would abide by my flock in tribulation and death.—Wherefore I ought yet to tarry awhile, and send her to Liepe, where she hoped that she would get something good for us among her friends and kinsfolk, or elsewhere. This speech, particularly about my introductory sermon, fell heavily upon my conscience, and I was ashamed at my unbelief, seeing that not only my little daughter, but likewise my maid servant had a stronger faith than I, who would fain be accounted a minister of the word. Whence I judged that the Lord, in order to hold me, a poor, timorous hireling back, and likewise to humble

me, had raised up this poor maid to tempt me, as aforetime the maid in the palace of the High Priest did the timorous *St. Petro*. Wherefore I turned my face like *Hiskias* towards the wall, and humbled myself before the Lord, which I had scarcely done when my little daughter again came running in at the door with a scream of joy. Behold, a Christian heart had in the night privily entered into the house, and set down for us in the chamber two loaves, a large piece of flesh, a bag of grits—*itèm*, a bag of salt *circa* a *metze*. One may judge what a shout of joyfulness we all raised together. And I was not ashamed to confess my sins before my maid servant; and in our morning family prayer, which we offered up devoutly kneeling upon our knees, we renewed our vows unto the Lord that we would be henceforth more obedient and faithful unto him. Thereupon this morning we had a delicious breakfast, and moreover sent some of it to old Paasch; *itèm*, my dear daughter (before any one could speak a word) let all the children come again, and fed them with our provision; and as my heart of little faith sighed thereat, though I spake not, she smiled and said: "*Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.*" (Matt. vi. 34.)

This prophecy spake the Holy Ghost by her, as I cannot believe otherwise, nor thou either, my dear reader, for mark what came to pass: After mid-day she, that is to say, my dear daughter, had gone to the Streckelberg to seek bramble-berries, because old Paasch had sent word to her by the maid, that there were a few bushes yet remaining there. The maid hacked wood in the court, whereto she had borrowed for herself old Paasch's axe, for mine had the Imperial

robbers taken away, as it was no where to be found; but I, myself, wandered to and fro in the room, and planned out my sermon,—when my dear daughter came speedily again running in at the door with a long apron, and quite ruddy, and with sparkling eyes, but could not for joy say more than: “Father! father! what have I?”—“Well,” answered I, “what hast thou then, my child?” Whereupon she opened the apron, and I scarcely trusted mine eyes, when I, in the stead of the bramble-berries, the which she had gone to fetch, saw therein two pieces of amber glittering, each almost as large as a man’s head, not reckoning the small bits, whereof some also were of the length of my hand, and God knows I have not a very small one. Wherefore I cried: “Thou child of my heart, how camest thou by this, God’s boon?” whereupon she, as she gradually recovered breath, recounted as follows:

That whilst seeking for the berries in a *Schlucht** near to the Strand, she had seen something glisten in the sun, and when she went up to it, she had found this wonderful prize, seeing that the wind had driven off the sand from a black amber-vein.† Therefore had she broken off these pieces with a little stick, and there was yet great abundance thereof, seeing that it rattled about under the stick as she had stuck it into the sand,

* A deep dale between two hills; defile.

† A case by no means of rare occurrence, and which the Editor himself has met with. The small black vein, however, contained only a few pieces of amber mixed with charcoal; the latter a sure sign of its vegetable origin, of which, by the way, there is scarcely any doubt prevailing at present, since in Prussia, whole amber trees have even been found, and preserved in the museum at Königsberg.

the same also she could not thrust in deeper than a shoe's depth. *Item*, she recounted that she had heaped the place over with sand, and afterwards winnowed it with her apron, so that no sign might remain.

For the rest, no stranger would lightly come thither seeing that no bramble-berries grew nigh thereto, and she had gone that way more out of curiosity and to look over the sea, than out of need. But she herself never feared to find the place again, for she had marked the same herself with three little stones. What had been our first deed, after that the infinitely gracious God had taken us out of such distress, yea, as it seemed, begifted us with great riches, every man may imagine for himself. As we finally arose from our knees, my little daughter would at the first run to the maid and tell her our joyous tidings. But I interdicted her doing that, seeing that we could not know, but the maid might tell it again to her friends, albeit, otherwise she was a faithful and God-fearing woman. But if she did this, then doubtless would the *Amtshauptmann* get to know it, and take our treasure for his grace the duke—I should say for himself—and then nothing would remain for us, saving to see it all taken from us, and thence our distress would soon begin over again. Wherefore we said, if any man should ask us concerning our blessing, we would say that my brother (blessed in heaven) who had been a counsellor in Rotterdam, had left us an inheritance of a good portion of money; this also was true, for a year ago I had inherited from him *circa* 200 Fl., but which the war-folk, as aforesaid, had cruelly taken away from me. *Item*, I would myself go the morrow to Wolgast, and sell the little pieces as well as it was possible, saying that thou hadst found them on

the sea-shore; this for my part, canst thou also say to the maid, and shew them unto her, but the great pieces thou shalt not shew to any man, the same will I send to thy uncle in Hamburg to convert into money for us. Haply I may also sell one thereof in Wolgast, if I find a convenient season, in order to provide for me and thee the needful things for the body through the winter; wherefore thou mayest go with me. The tithes, the which the parish had brought together, will we first take for our fare, and thou canst order the maid to come after us toward even-tide, and tarry for us at the ferry, in order to carry the aliments. All this she promised to do, but thought, we might first break more amber, so that we might get something seemly in Hamburg; the which also I did, and abode at home yet another day, seeing that as yet we lacked not of food, and my little daughter as well as I would first thoroughly recruit ourselves ere we entered upon our journey;—*item*, we also bethought us that the old master carpenter Rothoog in Loddin, would soon knock together a little chest whereinto to lay the amber; wherefore after mid-day I sent the maid to him whiles we ourselves went to the Streckelberg, where I, with my pocket-knife that I had hidden from the enemy, cut off a piece of fir-tree, and formed it like unto a spade, that therewith I might the better get to the bottom. But before this we looked well around us upon the mount, and as we saw no man, my little daughter went right onwards to the place, which she also forthwith found again. Great God what amber there was there!—The vein went *circa* twenty feet in length, as far as I could feel, but the depth I could not fathom. Yet we broke to-day besides four

considerable pieces, albeit not so great as those yesterday, little scrapings, not much larger than what the apothecaries pound down for incense, (or smelling) powder. After we had again most heedfully covered and winnowed over the place a great mishap might soon have befallen us. For Witthansch's little wench that was seeking bramble-berries, met us, and as she asked what my little daughter carried in the apron, and she became red and hesitated, our secret would soon have been betrayed, had I not collected myself, and said, "what is that to thee, she beareth cones, wherewithal to make a fire," the which also she believed. Wherefore we resolved in future to ascend the mount only by night and by moonlight, and came home even before the maid, and hide our treasure in the bedstead, that she might not observe it.

CHAPTER X.

How we journeyed to Wolgast and made a good market there.

Two days afterwards said my little daughter, (but old Ilse thinks three days, and I wot not which is true) went we at length to the city, seeing that Master Rothoog had not the chest ready before. My dear daughter decked it over with a piece of my blessed wife's bridal garment, which the Imperials, faith, had made havock of, howbeit as they had left it on the outside, it was driven by the wind into the parsonage fence, where we found it again. It must have been spoilt before, or else I trow they would have taken it along with them.—But for the sake of the chest we took old Ilse with us forthwith, the which she had to carry, and as amber is a very light ware, she easily believed that a little eatables only were contained in the same. Wherefore at break of day, with God's help, we set our wandering-staff before us. Near Zitze,* a hare ran before us across the way, the which is said to be no good omen; ah, yea,—when we came to Bannemin, I asked a peasant if it were true, that a mother had slaughtered a child for hunger there, as I had heard. He said, "Yea, verily," and called the old woman Zisch. "But the blessed God had waxed wroth at such abomination, and it had not availed her, seeing that she spat

* A village half-way between Coserow and Wolgast, now called Zinnowitz.

so much with eating thereof, that she gave up the Ghost. As for rest, he thought things were in the parish in a better standing, the while the blessed God had blessed them abundantly with fishes as well in the sea as in the Achter-water. Albeit many folk were also starved with hunger. Of his parish priest, *Rev. Johannes Lampius*,* he related that his house was burned down by the Imperials, and that he now lay in a church-booth. I bade him greet him from me and bid him ere long arise and come to me (the which the man also promised to perform) for *Rev. Johannes* is a learned, godly man, and also composed manifold Latin *Chronosticha* on this miserable time *in metro heroico*, the which pleased me much, I must say †.

As we now came over the ferry, we turned in the Castle-square at Sehms, the same that is a tapster, and who told me, that the plague had not quite abated in the city yet, whereat I became very much affrighted, seeing that he moreover brought before mine eyes many other abominations and sorrows of this time of affliction; e. g., of the great famine in the land of Rugen, where many folk had become black as moors for hunger; a marvellous thing, so it be true, and one might almost guess therefrom how the first moors had

* In the parish records of this place, there are still a few, although very brief and incomplete notifications existing, respecting his sorrowful days during that war of terror.

† The old gentleman has even placed them among the still existing church accounts, a few of which may stand here as a specimen—

For 1620,

VsqVe qVo DoMIne IrasCerIs, sIs nobIs pater!

For 1623,

VetInq Va DeXtra fer operaM tV ChrIste benIgne!

arisen.* But that we will now leave for what it is worth. *Summa*: when Master Sehms recounted to us whatsoever news he wot of, and we thereby saw to our comfort, that the Lord had not visited us alone in this grievous time, I called him into a chamber, and asked him, if anywhere here there was not a place in which to convert a piece of amber into money, the which my little daughter had found by the sea-shore. But he said firstly, "No," but then, bethinking himself, he said: "Stop, let us see! For there are two great Flemish merchant-men abiding at the Castle Inn with Niclas Grecke, namely, Dietrich von Pehnen and Jacob Kiekebusch; the same buy tar and planks; *item*, timber and rafters; peradventure they will also bargain for your amber; howbeit go yourself to the Castle, for I wot not surely if yet they be here to day."

This also I did: albeit I had not yet spent anything with the man, seeing that I would first wait the issue of the traffic, and save the church-rates till then. Then I came into the castle court. But, merciful God, how was also this His Grace's house become in a short time a very wilderness. The *Marstall*† and the hunting-house the Danes had destroyed, *anno* 1628; *item*, ruined many rooms in the castle, and in the castle of His Grace the Duke *Philippi Locoment*, where,

* *Micraellus*, also, in his *Ancient Pomerania*, v. 171, 12., mentions this circumstance, but merely says: "Those who ran over to Stralsund were quite black to look upon from the hunger they endured." Hence probably the strange exaggeration of the landlord, and the still more strange conclusion of our author.

† Stable for the prince's horses.

anno 22, he had so graciously treated me and my little daughter, as will be read further on, now dwelt the Host Niclas Grecke, and all the fine tapestry whereon the pilgrimage of His Grace the late *Bagislaus X.* to Jerusalem had been portrayed, was torn out, and the walls left grey and marred.* This I saw with sorrowful heart; then I asked forthwith after the merchantmen, that sate behind the table, holding already their fare-well-reckoning, while their luggage lay ready around them for their departure to Stettin. As now one of them sprang up from the reckoning, a little churl, with a very shapely waist, and a black plaister over his nose, asked me, what I wanted? I took him aside to a window, and said, that I had some fine amber, if he was minded to buy it of me; the which he forthwith promised to do. And after he had muttered something into the ear of his companion, he looked quite pleasantly upon me, and first reached me the tankard before we went into my lodging. Wherefore I drank right bravely, seeing that I, as aforesaid, was yet sober, so that I felt quite comfortable about my heart. (Thou blessed God, what is better than a good drink, if taken with moderation.) Thereupon went we into my lodging, and the maid carried the chest aside into a little chamber. Howbeit, scarcely had I opened the same, and drawn off the garment, when the man (namely, Dietrich von Pehnen, as he had told me by the

* Comp. Hellier's Chronicles of the city of Wolgast p. 42, *et seq.*—This confusion originated probably from the successor of Philippus Julius (†6th February, 1625), and at the same time the last Pomeranian Duke, Bogislaus XIV. having resided at Stettin. At present the castle is a complete ruin, and several large cross-vaulted cellars only are still remaining, in which the merchants there partly had their depot of goods.

way) lifted up his hands on high for joy, and said: that he had never seen such a blessing in amber; and how had I come thereby? Wherefore I answered, that my little daughter had found it by the sea shore; whereat he marvelled greatly that there was so much amber here, and forthwith bid me 300fl. for the whole chest. I was beside me for joy at such a bid, howbeit I did not let him mark it, but haggled with him for 500fl., and he prayed me I would but come with him into the castle, and have my money there forthwith. Then ordered I a tankard of beer from the host, and a good dinner for my little daughter, and arose and went with the man and the maid that carried the chest into the castle again, praying: that he would not, lest the people should wonder, say ought of my great blessing to the host, or any man here in the city, and count down the money for me privily, as I wot not but that robbers might lurk for me on the way, if they got to know this; the which also the man did. For he muttered forthwith something into his companion's ear again, whereupon the same opened his leathern coat; *item*, his waist and his hose, and unclasped a *Katze** from his waist, which was well filled, and reached it to him. *Summa*: it was not long before I had my riches in my pocket, and the man prayed, moreover, if I had amber again, I should by all means write to him to Amsterdam; the which also I promised to do. But the good churl died, as hereafter I learned, at Stettin, of the plague, with his companion; the which I did not wish him.†

* A leathern money-girdle, worn to this day by the lower class of German travellers for greater security's sake.

† *Microaelius* also mentions these Dutch merchants, a. a. O. V.

Therefore I had nigh got into great trouble ; for as I longed to fall upon my knees, and could not await the time until I reached my lodging, I ran up the castle stairs *circa* four steps, and went into a little chamber, where I humbled myself before the Lord. But the Host Niclas Grecke followed at my heels, and thought that I was a thief, and would hold me fast ; wherefore I wot not how to get loose, having by giving forth that I had become drunken with the wine, wherewith the strange merchantmen had treated me (for he had seen what an excellent draught I had taken) seeing that this morning I was still sober, and that I was seeking a little room, for to slumber awhile ; the which lie he also believed (if so be that it was a lie ; for yea, troth I was drunken, albeit not with wine, but with thankfulness and devotion to my Creator), and therefore he let me go.

But now I must first recount my history with His princely Grace, as afore I proposed to myself. When in *anno* 22, I was haply taking a walk with my little daughter, then a child *circa* 12 years, here in Wolgast, in the castle garden, and shewed her the lovely flowers that were springing forth therein, it came to pass, that as we were turning round a bush, that we saw my Gracious Lord, Duke *Philippum Julium*, standing on a hillock, and disputing with his princely Grace the Duke of *Bogistaff*, the same that was here on a visit ; whence we would forthwith have turned back. But as my gracious Lords soon after walked

p.171 ; but mentions that the cause of their death had been doubtful, and the town physician, Dr. *Laurentius Eicheladius* in Stettin had written a peculiar medicinal discourse on the subject. Yet one of them he calls *Kiekepost* instead of *Kiekebush*.

toward the castle bridge, we went to see the hillock whereon they were standing, and speedily my little damsel lifted up her voice and shouted aloud for joy, forasmuch as she had seen a precious seal-ring lying on the earth, the same which his princely Grace doubtless had lost. Then said I, come, we will quite hastily go after our gracious Lords, and thou shalt say in Latin, *Serenissimi principes quis vestrum hunc annulum perdidit?** (For, as aforesaid, I had taught her the Latin tongue since her seventh year), and if one says *ergo*, (I), then give the ring to him. *Item*, if he should ask thee in Latin whose child thou art, be not then abashed, and speak, *ego sum filia pastoris Coserowiensis*;† then shalt thou find favour in the sight of their princely Graces, forasmuch as they are both friendly men, but specially the greater, the same being our gracious ruler of the land *Philippus Julius* himself.

The like she promised to do; but seeing that she, in going further, quaked, I exhorted her yet more, and promised to her a new garment if she did it; seeing that from a very little child she greatly esteemed goodly raiment. Wherefore coming to the castle-court, I halted by the statue of His princely Grace, the Duke Ernst Lewis,‡ and whispered to her, now to run boldly after them, as they walked only a few steps before us, and already wended themselves towards the great main-door, the which also she did, but halted suddenly, and was about turning round again, because she became affrighted at the spurs of their princely

* Worshipful princes, which of you has lost this ring?

† I am the daughter of the pastor of Coserow.

‡ The father of *Philippus Julius*, at Wolgast, June 17, 1592.

Graces, as she afterwards said, specially as they had rattled and jingled very monstrously.

Howbeit my gracious lady, the Duchess Agnes saw this out of the open window, in the which she lay and called unto His princely Grace, "behold, my lord, there is a damsel behind thee, the same would speak to thee, as it seemeth to me," whereupon His princely Grace directly turned himself round, smiling, so that my little damsel's courage speedily returned, and holding the ring on high, said, in Latin, as I had bidden her. Thereat both the princes marvelled very exceedingly; and after that His princely Grace, my gracious Duke *Philippus* had felt on his finger, he answered, *Dulcissima puella ego perdidit!** Whereupon she reached to him the same. For this he stroked her cheeks and asked furthermore, *Sed quaenam es et unde venis?*† whereupon she boldly made her answer, and therewith pointed with her finger toward me at the statue, whereupon His princely Grace beckoned unto me to come nearer. All this my gracious lady had likewise beholden out of the window, but was gone in the twinkling of an eye. Howbeit she had already come back, ere I had yet meekly approached unto my gracious lord, then she beckoned unto my little daughter, and held *Blinsche*‡ out of the window for her. As I exhorted her to go, she ran up, but her princely Grace could not reach down so low, neither could she so high above her for to lay hold of the same, wherefore my gracious lady bade her come into the castle, and as she looked

* My sweet damsel, I have lost it.

† But who art thou, and whence comest thou?

‡ Probably *Plinze*, a sort of thin fritter or cheesecake.

around after me, timorously, and also beckoned to me to come to her, as did my gracious lord himself, who forthwith took hold of the little shy maid by the hand and walked up with His princely Grace, the Duke Bogislauff. But my gracious Lady came already to meet us at the door, caressed and embraced my little daughter so that she soon became undaunted and took the *Blinche*. Now after my gracious Lord had asked me what was my name, *item*, wherefore I had in so strange a wise taught my little daughter the Latin language; I answered: that I had heard very great things through a cousin of mine in Cologne, of a certain woman called Schurmann,* and perceiving a

* Anna Maria Schurmann—born at Cologne on the 5th Nov., 1607, died at Wiewardin, the 5th May, 1678—was, according to the unanimous testimony of her contemporaries, a prodigy of erudition, and perhaps the most learned female that ever lived upon earth. *Mande*, the Frenchman, in passing his judgment of her, says: "whatever the hand can form and the mind comprehend is met with in her, all concentrated in one person. None excels her in painting, none produces superior workmanship in ore, wax and wood. In embroidery she surpasses all ancient and modern artificers of her sex. It is difficult to say in which department of learning she has distinguished herself most. Not contented with the European languages, she understands Hebrew, Arabic, Syric, and writes Latin, such as no man, who has devoted all his life to it, is better able to do." The celebrated Belgian *Spanheim* calls her "an instructor of the Graces and Muses." The still more famous *Salmasius* acknowledges, "he was at a loss to know, in which branch of learning he should give her the preference; and *Pole Rotyer* calls her even "the only exemplar of all wonders in a learned person, and a complete *Monstrum* of her sex, but without faults or blemish." For, with all her extraordinary knowledge, she maintained indeed an admirable humility, although she herself confesses that

very excellent *ingenium* in my child, also having had sufficient time in my lonely parsonage, I delayed not to take her underhand and to instruct her, seeing that I had no little lads alive. Thereat marvelled they all, and put forth a few more Latin queries to her, the which also she answered, without my whispering anything to her, whereupon my gracious Lord Duke *Philippus* said in German: "when thou art waxed great and wilt wed, then tell me thereof for then shalt thou have a ring again from me, and whatsoever things more pertaineth unto a bride; for thou hast this day done me a good service, seeing that this ring is greatly prized by me, in that I received it from my wife." Then I whispered to her to kiss his princely Grace's hand for this promise, the which she also did.

But ah, thou most blessed God!—promising and keeping are two very different things? Where is now His princely Grace? Wherefore let me ever remember; "thou and thou only art true, and whatsoever thou promisest thou dost surely fulfil."—Psalm xxxiii., 4.* Amen!

Item, when Her princely Grace furthermore also inquired after me and my parish, and heard that I was of old and noble family, and my *Salarium* was much too

the immoderate eulogies of the learned had sometimes lead her to peculiar self-satisfaction. In later years she went over to the church of the Labadists, which seems in many respects to have resembled the modern Muckers, but died unmarried, on account of an early attachment (already in her 15th year) with Cael, the Dutchman, having been broken off. As a singular fact, it is stated of her that she had been fond of eating spiders. Her collective works were first edited by the celebrated Spanheim, under the title of *Annae Marianae Schurmann opuscula*: Leyden, 1648.

* Luther's Version.

poor, she called unto her Chancellor Dr. Rungium, the same that stood without at the sun-dial and looked out of the window, and commanded him that I should have an addition from the convent at Pudgla, *item*, from the domain Ernsthoff, as aforesaid. But God only knows that I have never received the same; albeit the *instrumentum donationis** was soon afterward sent to me by His princely Grace's Chancellor.

Then were there also some Blinsche's for me, *item*, a glass of Italian wine out of a glass with the coat of arms painted thereon, whereafter I humbly took my departure with my little daughter.

But to come back to my bargain, every one may easily judge what joy my child felt, as I showed her the pretty Ducats and Guilders the which I had gotten for the Amber. Howbeit, to the maid we said, that we inherited the blessing from my brother in Holland, and after we had thanked the Lord upon our knees, and eaten our dinner, we made a good market of meat, bread, salt, stockfish—*item*, of clothes, seeing that I provided from the tailor for us three, the needful for the winter. But for my dear daughter I bought moreover a knitted cap and red silken bodice, with a black apron-piece and white skirt, *item*, a pair of fine earrings, as she besought me earnestly therefor, and after that I had also ordered the needful with the shoemaker we finally arose, as it was very near dark, to go on our way homeward, but could hardly carry all we bought. Wherefore a boor from Bannemin that had also been in the city helped us, and when I got to know from him that the churl that had given me the slice of bread was a man of the name of Pantermehl, and dwelt in a vil-

* Deed of Gift or Donation.

lage on the way, I thrust in two loaves for him at his house door, as we passed by it, without his perceiving it, and then went further on our way by clear moonlight, so that with the help of God we arrived at home, *circa*, 10 o'clock at even. To the other churl I also gave a loaf for his trouble, albeit he did not deserve it, seeing that he would not go any further with us than to Zitze. But I let him go, and verily I did not deserve to have been blessed thus!—

CHAPTER XI.

How I fed all the flock, item, how I journeyed to Gutzkow to the horsemarket, and what happened to me there.

The next morning my dear daughter divided the blessed bread, and sent every one in the village a good large slice. But seeing that our provision would soon be running down, I sent the maid again with a wheelbarrow, the which I had bought of Adam Lempken, to Wolgast, to fetch more bread; which also she did. *Item*, I sent notice around to all the parish, that on Sunday I would administer the Holy Sacrament; and in the mean time I bought all the large fish in the village which had been caught. When at last the blessed Sunday came, I firstly held a confession of all the congregation, and thereupon a sermon on Matthew xv., 32, "I have compassion on the multitude . . . for they have nothing to eat." In the first place I explained this only as a spiritual food, and there arose a great sighing and groaning among men and women, when, coming to the end, I pointed at the altar, whereon stood the blessed food for the soul, and repeated the words: "I have compassion on the people . . . for they have nothing to eat." (N.B.—I borrowed a pewter cup in Wolgast, and for the patine I bought a little earthen plate, till the time that Master Bloom should have got ready the silver cup and patine I had ordered.) When I had thereupon consecrated and administered the Holy Sacrament—and spoken the

last blessing, and every one was quietly praying his "paternoster," in order to go out of the church—I stepped forth again from the confessional, and beckoned to the people to tarry yet awhile, since the blessed Saviour would not only feed their souls but also their bodies, seeing that his compassion for his people remaineth the same to this day as it was with his people of old by the sea of Galilee; the which they should see. Then I went into the tower and fetched out two baskets which our maid had bought at Wolgast and I had caused to be privily put away, put them down before the altar and took off the cloth wherewith they were covered, whereupon there was a loud outcry, inasmuch as they saw the one full of broiled fish and the other full of bread, which we had secretly put in. Thereupon I did as my master, the Saviour: I gave thanks and broke it, and gave it to my churchwarden, Henrich Seden, for him to hand to the men; and to my daughter to carry round to the women; whereupon I applied the text: "I have compassion on the people . . . for they have nothing to eat" also bodily, and going up and down the church, I exhorted them, amidst a general cry, to trust in the mercy of the Lord for ever, to pray without ceasing, and diligently to labour, working with their hands, and not to indulge in any sin. That which was remaining over and above, they had to take home with them for their children and old people, who had stayed at home.

After church, and when I had scarcely put off my surplice, came Henrich Seden's glower-eyed wife, and frowardly asked for some more for her husband to take with him on his journey to Liepe; moreover, she herself had received nothing as yet, seeing that she had

not been at church to-day. I became almost wrathful thereat, and I said to her: "Wherefore hast thou not been at church? Nevertheless, hadst thou come humbly, thou shouldest even now have gotten something, but now that thou comest so impudently, I will give thee nothing. Remember what thou hast done to me and to my child." But she kept standing at the door, and glowering impudently round the room, till my dear daughter took her by the arm, saying: "Hearest thou? thou shalt first come again, humbly, before thou gettest anything; but comest thou so, then shalt thou also have thy portion, and we will no longer reckon with thee *an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;*' that the Lord may do if it pleaseth him, but we will readily forgive thee!" Hereupon she went at last out of the door, muttering, as she was wont, to herself, but she spat at different places in the street, as we saw through the little window.

Soon thereafter I purposed to myself taking a young man *circa* twenty years old, named Claus Neels, into my service, and seeing that old Neel's, in Loddin, his father, entreated me very exceedingly to take him, and the lad also pleased me well in manners and otherwise. And as there was a good harvest this year, I resolved moreover to buy me two horses, and to sow my land again; for though it was already late in the year, nevertheless I thought that the infinitely gracious God might yet bless the same, if it seemed good in his sight.

Neither was I greatly troubled about fodder for the horses, seeing that there was a great abundance of hay in the parish for as much as all the cattle, as aforesaid, had been stricken or driven away. Wherefore I purposed in the name of God to go with my tillersman to-

ward Gutzkow, whither many Mecklingburg horses had gone to the Jahrmaket,* seeing that so far times were better there. † But, in the meantime, I went with my little daughter sundry times to the Streckelberg in the night season, and at moonlight, but found nought to speak of, so that we believed our blessing to be at an end, when in the third night we broke off great pieces of amber, far greater than the two Hollanders bought. The same I now resolved to send to my brother-in-law, Martin Behring, to Hamburg, for as much as skipper Wulff of Wolgast, as I had heard, would sail thither this autumn to carry over tar and timber. Wherefore I packed all into a well made chest, and took the same with me to Wolgast, where I went with my husbandman toward Gutzkow.

Of this journey I will only recount thus much: that in that place there were many horses, but few buyers. Then bought I two fine black horses at twenty fl. each; *item*, a waggon at five fl.; *item*, twenty-five *Scheffel* ‡ of rye, the which had also been brought from Mecklenburg at one fl., as there was no more to be picked up in Wolgast, and it would then cost more than three fl. Wherefore I might have made a good business here in rye, if that had been my vocation; neither did I fear that the little robbers, which had greatly multiplied in this grievous time, would have taken away my corn from me, and perchance moreover evil-entreated me, as they had done to others. For such robberies were, specially at this time, carried on at Gutzkow, in the

* Annual Fairs in small towns of Germany.

† Wallenstein having been enfeoffed with Mecklenburg by the Emperor, spared the country as much as possible.

‡ A bushel, equal to a sack English nearly.

forest of Strellin, with many stories about ghosts and apparitions; but with the righteous God's help it was just brought to the blessed light of day, at the very time that I had journeyed thither with my boor-lad to the fair, and this will I here yet make mention of. Several months ago a fellow had been racked on the wheel in Gutzkow, because he had been tempted by that wicked Satan to slay a wandering handicraftsman. But the same thenceforth began to haunt the place so terribly, that even in the night time he sprang down from the wheel with his *Sunderkittel** whensoever a waggon passed by the gallows, which stands on the way going toward Wolgast, sat himself behind the people, which made them drive on their horses with much horror and dismay, so that it made a great noise in the billet dam which leads from the gallows into a little wood called Kraulin. And a wondrous thing it was, that in the same night the wayfaring men were almost all plundered or murdered. Wherefore the magistrates caused the fellow to be taken down from the wheel, and buried him under the gallows, in hope the ghost would rest. But he still sat on the wheel at night time, snow-white as before, so that never man would henceforth go that way to Wolgast. Then it came to pass, that in the aforesaid fair, toward night time, the young Rudiger of Nienkerken, laying betwixt Mellenthin and Usedom, the same that had studied in Wittenberg and elsewhere, now wishing to return home with his carriage, went this way. I had, myself, exhorted him shortly before in the inn, that on account of the ghost, he would tarry that night in Gutzkow, and go

* Literally signifying sinner's smock frock; properly *Sunderhemd*, dress of a sentenced malefactor.

with me on the morrow, which however, he refused to do. Now as the same yonker came riding along the way, he forthwith beheld the ghost again sitting upon the wheel, and hardly had he passed by the gallows, when the ghost sprang down and set after him. The driver became mightily dismayed, and did as all others, whipped the horses on, the which had become very shy, and voided for fright, and began to run furiously with a great noise over the billet-dam. But in the mean time the younker marked by the moonlight, that the ghost had trodden flat a horse—dung-ball, over which he was running, and forthwith concluded that this was no ghost. Wherefore he called the driver to halt, and as he did not hear him, he sprang from the waggon, unsheathed his thrusting sword, and ran up to the ghost. When the ghost perceived this, he wished to turn back; but the younker smote him with his fist in the neck, so that he fell to the ground and raised a loud wailing. *Summa*, after that the younker called his coachman, he then speedily brought the ghost back, dragged him into the city, and thus it was seen that the same was a shoemaker, named Schwelm. (This *Schelm** has had the *w* well patched in by the devil!) So then with the great throng I also ran up with the rest and saw the fellow. He quaked like an aspen leaf, and when he was sharply exhorted, that he would of his own will confess, seeing that he might then peradventure save his life, if it should be found that he had not slain any man, he also confessed, that he had a malefactor's dress made for him by his wife, arrayed himself therein, and seated himself at night (and specially when he had heard that there was a waggon *koirz* to *Wolgast*), before the fellow upon the wheel,

* Knave, scoundrel.

where in the darkness and distance it could not be seen that they were sitting together there. Now when a waggon came, and he sprang down and ran after it, all were forthwith dismayed, and no longer had their eye-mark upon the gallows, but on him only, and whipped on the horses and drove them over the billet-dam. But his companions in Strellin and Dambeck (two villages about three quarters of a mile apart) heard thereof, and held themselves ready to take off the horses of the wayfarers, after they had come up to them, and plunder them. When by and bye they had buried the fellow, this ghost-acting was easier still, etc. All this was the truth and nothing but the truth, and he himself had never taken ought from any man, nor slain any man; wherefore he prayed that they would forgive him, the while he was quite guiltless, and whatever had come to pass of robberies and murder had been done by his companions alone. Ay, thou cunning (Schelm) knave, the devil has not patched in the *w* for thee for nought! For as I afterwards learned, he, together with all his companions, were put to the rack on the wheel again, as they righteously deserved.

But to return to my journey, the younker now tarried with me over night in the inn, and early on the morrow we both rose up, and as we made good acquaintance with one another, I got into his coach as he had bidden me, to hold converse together on the way, and my Claas got up behind. But I very soon remarked that he was a fine, respectable, well-informed young man; seeing that he not only despised the wild student's life and rejoiced that he had now escaped the wicked drinking-bout, but spake Latin also fluently. Wherefore I had a good deal of pastime on the way

with him. Howbeit at Wolgast the rope of the ferry-boat brake in twain, so that the stream bare us down to Zeuzin * and we at length reached the shore not without great trouble. In the mean time it had become very late, and we did not arrive in Coserow before nine o'clock, when I besought the younker to take up his abode with me that night, whereto he consented. My little daughter sate before the fire, and stitched for her little god-child, a small vesture out of her old garments. Wherefore she became greatly affrighted and blushed, as she beheld the younker entering in with me, and heard that he would tarry there over the night, seeing that we hitherto had no more beds than what we needed and bought of old Zabel Mering, the forester's widow at Uekeritze. Wherefore she took me aside directly, asking, what is to be done? My bed had been so put out of order to-day by her little god-child, that she laid thereon, and in her's she could not possibly let the younker lay, even did she herself willingly creep into the maid's bed. And when I asked her, wherefore not? she blushed again like a red cloth, and began to weep, neither did she show her face again the whole evening, so that the maid had to look after everything, and at length to cover afresh her, namely, my little daughter's bed with white sheets for the younker, as she herself would not do it. I here mention this, in order that one may see what is the manner of virgins. For on the morrow she entered into the room with her red silken waist, with the hood and the apron, *summa*, arrayed with all that I had bought her in Wolgast, so that the younker was amazed and conversed much with her at breakfast, whereupon he then took his farewell and besought me to pay him a visit some day at his castle.

* Now Sauzin.

CHAPTER XII.

What joyous and grievous things further heppened ; ITEM, how Wittich Appelman rides toward Damerow to the wolf-hunt, and what he insinuated to my little daughter.

The Lord blessed my parish-flock marvellously this winter, seeing that they not only caught and sold a good quantity of fish, but the men of Coserow also slew four sea-dogs ; * *item*, the great tempest of the 12th *Decembris*, driving a tolerable good deal of amber to the strand, many people now also found amber, albeit not of special magnitude, and began again to buy for themselves cattle, such as cows and sheep, at Liepe and other places, as I myself also got two cows more. *Item*, my bread-corn, one half whereof I scattered upon my field and the other half upon old Paasch's, increased yet quite delightfully and charmingly, as the Lord had hitherto given us an open winter ; but as soon as it had sprung up *circa* a finger's length, it lay one morning trodden down again and destroyed by some evil spirit, because now as before, no mark of an ox or horse in the field was to be seen. But may the righteous God bring him to judgment, as verily now also it came to pass. Amen !

But in the mean time something strange happened. For as Lord Wittich, according to what I heard, espied one morning out of his window the little daughter of his fisher, a child *circa* sixteen years, that he diligently way-laid as she was going into the bush to gather dry

* Seals.

wood, he instanly arose.—why?—will I not say, but let every one judge for himself. Howbeit when for a while he had walked up the cloister-dam and cometh to the first bridge, where standeth the service-tree, he beheld two wolves running up to him, and as he carried not weapons of defence about him, saving a stick, he forthwith climbed up a tree, whereupon the wolves trotted around the same, blinking at him with their eyes, putting forth their tongues, and at length lifting on high their fore-paws against the tree and biting it, when he perceived that the one wolf which was a male, and had been the terror of the country, had only one eye. Whereupon in his anguish he began to cry, that the great, long-suffering, and merciful God would deliver him once more ; albeit he became not wise thereby. For the damsel, that had crept under a juniper bush in the field, seeing the younker coming, ran back to the castle, whereupon much folk speedily mustered together, drove away the wolves, and delivered the younker. The same therefore proclaimed a great wolf-hunt to take place on the morrow, and whosoever would bring unto him the one-eyed scourer, dead or alive, the same should have a cask of beer for his recompense. Howbeit they did not catch him, though they found this day *circa* four wolves in their nets, and slew them. Wherefore he caused the wolf-chase to be proclaimed again even in my parish. Albeit when the churl cometh, to ring the bell in the tower, he ceased not at all, as is the wont on the occasion of a wolf-chase, but shake the bell *sine mora** ever bravely on, so that every one believed that a fire had arisen and sprang forth from their houses crying aloud. Thus my

* Without pausing.

little daughter also ran up (for I myself had ridden to a sick man, to Zempin, seeing that walking had already become somewhat troublesome to me, and for as much as I now, troth, could do better), but had not long stood and enquired after the cause, when the *Amtshauptmann* himself came galloping up on his white horse, with three waggon loads of hunting-furniture behind him, and commanded the people to arise instantly, and go to the wood to rouse the wolf. Saying this he was already about to ride off with his huntsmen and others picked up from the multitude, in order to post his men behind Damerow, forasmuch as the island there is particularly small,* and the wolf shuns the water; when he got sight of my little daughter, turning his horse round again, he seized her under the chin, and pleasantly asked her who she was, and whence she came? On finding out this, he said, that she was almost as lovely as an angel, and that he had no idea at all that the priest here had such a beautiful damsel. Thereupon he rode off, looking round to her twice or thrice, and soon found the one-eyed wolf; the which had lain in one of the nets, among the bulrushes, by the sea shore, as they immediately spied out. For the male wolf ever voids upon a stone, but the female on the middle of the road; besides it is plashy, whereas his is ever very solid. This greatly delighted the younker, and he made the huntsmen fetch him forth out of his retreat, and secure him with iron hooks; whereupon, for about an hour, he deliberately and cruelly tortured him to death, amid great laughter—a *prognosticon* of the wise in which he afterward treated my poor

* The breadth, which is gradually diminishing, scarcely extends at present beyond a gun-shot.

child; for wolf or lamb were both alike to this wicked servant. Ah, thou righteous God!—Howbeit, I will not speak before the time of that matter.

On the morrow cometh old Seden's gloaring-eyed wife, just as a lame dog threatens with his hind part, and asked my little daughter if she was not desirous of entering the *Amtshauptmann's* service, praising him as godly and virtuous, and saying: all wherewith the world backbite him were stinking lies, whereof she herself could bear witness, seeing that she had been more than ten years in his service. *Item*, praised the food she had there, and the pretty *Bier-geld** the which great lords that often tarry awhile there, gave for their being waited npon, as she herself had more than once gotten from His princely highness, the Duke Ernst Louis, a rose-noble.† Moreover it was wont to be frequented by many goodly young men, so that it might prove a lucky thing for her, forasmuch as she was a fair young woman, and only had to choose whom she would marry; but that at Coserow she might be sitting till she was crooked and stupid, before she got married, etc. Thereat my little daughter waxed wroth mightily and answered; "Aye, thou old hag, who hath told thee that I wish to go to service, in order to get married. Be off, and never come into our house again, for I have nothing to do with thee!" whereupon she directly went away again, muttering all the while to herself.

But scarcely had a few days passed over, and I was

* Literally beer-money, the common expression among Germans for menial fees or perquisites.

† An old English coin, in value anciently sixteen shillings. The succeeding kings coined *rose-nobles* and *double rose-nobles*.
—*Camden*.

standing with the glazier that had been putting in new windows for me, when I heard my little daughter screaming in the chamber near to the kitchen. Wherefore I immediately ran in, and was solely afraid on beholding the *Amtshauptmann* himself in the corner, holding my child clasped round the neck. Howbeit, he directly let her go again, and said: "Aye, Reverend Abraham, what a shy little silly thing your daughter is!" When, after my wise, I wished to give her a welcome kiss, she resisted and shrieked, as if a foolish youth who had stolen upon her, whereas I might have been her father. As hereupon I was silent, he began to say, that he wanted to have inspired her with confidence, for as much as I knew, that he desired to have her in his service; and many other things which he mentioned, but which I have forgotten. Thereupon I invited him into the room, for that he was my magistrate appointed by God, and asked humbly: what his worship desired of me? Whereupon he mildly answered: that he might, indeed, justly be sore displeased at me, seeing that I had rebuked him from the pulpit before all the congregation, but that he would not, and providing I would do his will, he would withdraw the accusatory libel *contra me* (against me), which he had already sent to Stellin to his princely highness, and which might easily cost me my situation. And when I asked: What his worship's will was, and excused myself as much as I could respecting the sermon, he answered: that he was greatly in need of a faithful stewardess to set over the other women-folk; and as he had learned that my little daughter was a faithful and honest person, I must let her go into his service. "Behold!" quoth he, and tapped her on the cheek,

thus will I raise thee to honour, albeit thou art so young; and notwithstanding thou screamest as if I would bring thee to dishonour. Fic, shame upon thee!" (My daughter knows all this, yet *verbotenus*;* in troth I might have forgotten it a hundred times over, for all the woe I had afterward endured.) But she manifested her displeasure at this by springing up from the bench, and briefly answered: "I thank you for the honour, but I will only superintend my father's household, the same will be greater honour to me!" Whereupon the younker wended himself to me, asking what I said thereto? But I must confess that I was in no little dismay, for as much as I thought of the time to come, and of the respect in which the younker was held by his princely highness. Wherefore I humbly answered: that I could not compel my daughter, neither did I wish to part with her, seeing that my blessed housewife had already departed this life during the sore plague, and I had no other child than she alone. Wherefore I prayed that his worship would not be ungracious if I could not send her into his service. This sore displeased him; and after he had disputed yet awhile in vain, he took his leave, albeit not without threatening me that he should remember me for this. *Item*, my servant, that had been in stable, heard, that on his going round the corner, he said: "I shall be sure to catch them."

This made me again quite faint-hearted, when the Sunday after his forrester, named Johannes Kurt, a tall, comely churl, and well-dressed, came to me with a roebuck tied before him on his horse, and said that his Worship had honoured me therewith, in the hope that

* Word for word.

I would reconsider the matter in question, seeing that he had ever since in vain been looking out everywhere for a stewardess. His worship would likewise, providing I would so decide, intercede for me with His princely Highness that the donation of the Duke *Philippi Julii* should be delivered up to me out of the princely *erario*,* etc. Howbeit the young man received the same answer as did his master himself, and I besought him that he would be so good as to take the roebuck back again. But this he refused to do; and as I had perchance told him aforetime, that venison was my most favourite eating, he promised to supply me therewith in time to come abundantly, forasmuch as there was very much game in the forest, that he oftentimes went to shoot deer here in the Streckelberg, and he had a special liking to (I was agoing to say—my daughter) me, seeing that I would not do his master's will, who, (in confidence be it spoken) lets no maiden have any peace, and would therefore not let my virgin alone. Although I now refused his venison, he nevertheless brought some, and came within three weeks four or five times, and became more and more friendly toward my little daughter. He talked at length also much about his excellent place, and that he was looking out for a good house mistress for himself, when we soon marked whence the wind blew. *Ergo*† my little daughter answered him, if verily he was seeking for a housewife, she was surprised that he should lose the time for nought in riding to Coserow, for here she knew of no housewife for him; which very sorely displeased him, and he never came again.

* Treasury.

F

† Therefore.

Now every body would have thought that the *Amtshauptmann* also would have smelled this rat, but nevertheless he soon thereafter came riding up again, and now freely wooed my little daughter for his forester. He promised also he would build her a house in the forest; *item*, send her pots, dishes, beds, etc., seeing that he had brought the young fellow up from the time of his holy baptism, and that he had been well rewarded for his no less than seven years' honest services. To this my little daughter answered, that his Worship had already heard that she only wished to manage her father's household; that moreover she was much too young to fill the situation of housekeeper.

But he seemed not displeased thereat; but after he had in vain discoursed a good while, he went away friendly as a cat, the which also feigns to leave the mouse, and creeps into corners, not being in earnest, and soon springs forth again. So he doubtless saw that he managed his business very stupidly; therefore went away to go better about it; and Satan went with him as he did aforetime with Judas Iscariot.

CHAPTER XIII.

What else took place during this winter ; item, how in the spring, Witchcraft began in the village.

Nothing remarkable had taken place this winter, excepting that the merciful God gave an abundant blessing on the Achter-water as well as on the sea, and good provision came again into the parish, so that of us it might also have been said, as it is written : " For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee."* Wherefore also we became not weary of praising the Lord for his goodness ; while the congregation of the people did much good to the church ; buying also a new pulpit and altar-cloth, as the enemy had stolen the other ; *item*, would give me the money back for the new ones, the which however I did not accept.

Nevertheless about ten peasants in the parish had yet not been able to get seed-corn for the spring, seeing that they had spent their gain in cattle and the blessed bread-corn. Wherefore I made an agreement with them that I would advance them money for the same, and if they could not raise sufficient wherewith to pay me this year, then might it stand over to the next ; the which offer they also accepted thankfully, and thus we sent *circa* seven waggons towards Friedland in Mecklenburg, to fetch seed-corn for us all. For my dear brother-in-law Martin Behring, in Hamburg, had al-

* Isaiah liv. 7.

ready transmitted to me per the skipper Wulf, who had sailed back here at Christmas, 700fl. for the amber; and may the Lord bless him for it.

Furthermore, this winter old Thiemke of Loddin died, who had been a midwife to the parish, and specially to my little daughter. But in the latter time she had little work, forasmuch as I have only baptized two children this year, as namely, Yung, his son of Uekeritz, and Lene Heber's little daughter, the same that the Imperialists had speared. *Item*, it is nearly five years since I wedded the last couple. Whence every one may easily guess that I might have starved to death, if the righteous God had not otherwise remembered me for good, and blessed me. To Him alone therefore be all the glory! Amen!

In the mean time it came to pass not long after that the *Amtshauptmann* had been there the last time that witchcraft began in the village.

I was just sitting and reading with my little daughter *Virgilium*, in the second book of the horrible desolation of the city of Troy, the which had been yet more fearful than ours, when the cry came that our neighbour Zabel's red cow, that he had bought a few days ago, lay stretched all fours and was about to die, and that this was a strange thing, seeing that she had been eating heartily even only half an hour ago. They prayed my little daughter would come and pluck three hairs out of her tail and bury the same under the threshold of the stable; for they had heard that, if this be done by a pure virgin that the cow would get better. Whereupon my little daughter conformed to their will, for as much as she is the only virgin in all the village (for all the rest were yet chil-

dren) and it was healed also from the self-same hour, so that every one marvelled. But it dured not long when something 'also happened to Witthahn's swine, whilst eating and in full health. Wherefore she came running that my little daughter would for God's sake have compassion and use means also for the cure of her swine, as wicked men had done something to it. Wherefore she also had compassion, and it availed immediately, as at the first time. Notwithstanding the woman being *gravida*, travailed from the freight; and hardly had my little daughter come out of the stable when she went moaning by, holding and propping herself against every wall, into her booth, calling together at the same time, all the women round about, as the true midwife, as aforesaid, had died, and it lasted not long when something shot forth from under her on to the ground. Howbeit when the women stooped down to see thereafter, there arose from the ground a devil's-spectre, having wings like a fitter-mouse, which hummed and rattled about the room, and then darted with a great noise through the window, so that the glass jingled into the street. Albeit, as they were looking after it, it vanished. Now one may sufficiently judge within one's self what a wide-spread rumour arose therefrom. And almost the whole village judged, that no one had wrought this devil's-work saving old Seden's gloaring-eyed wife.

But the parish soon became perplexed in this their belief. For the same woman's cow was soon taken in like manner as all their other cows. Wherefore she also came running up wailing, that my little daughter would have compassion on her as she had had compassion on others, and for God's sake help her poor

cow. She had rebuked her for that she said something to her touching her service with the *Amtshauptmann*, but verily it had been done from a kind heart, etc. *Summa*: she persuaded my unlucky child, so that she went with her and helped her cow also.

In the mean time, every Sunday, I, and all the congregation, earnestly entreated the Lord, upon our knees, that he would not suffer that wicked Satan to take from us again whatsoever his gracious goodness hath been pleased to vouchsafe unto us after such manifold tribulation; *item*, that he would bring the *auctorem* of such devil's-work to the light of day, to recompense him according to his deeds. But all was of none avail. For, first a few days had passed over, when something also befel Staffer Zuter, his speckled cow, and he came running to my little daughter, like all the rest. Wherefore she also went thither, but it availed not, and the beast perished almost under her hands.

Item, Kate Berow had bought unto herself with the spinning-money, which she had received from my little daughter this winter, a little pig, the which the poor wench treated like a child, and had it running about the room with her. To the same little pig it also happened like unto the others; howbeit, as my little daughter was called to it, it likewise proved of none avail, but it also perished under her hands, and the poor wench lifted up a great cry, and plucked off her hair for very anguish, so that my child's bowels of compassion were moved and she promised her another little pig as soon as my sow brought forth her young.

In the mean time, well nigh another week passed over, while I and all the congregation continued,

albeit in vain, to call upon the Lord to vouchsafe unto us His gracious succour, when something also befel Seden's little pig; wherfore she ran again with a great cry to my little daughter, and albeit she told her, that she assuredly must see, that the means she employed for the cure of the cattle was no longer of any avail, nevertheless she ceased not to entreat her with great wailing and lamentation, till she again arose to succour her with God's help. But it was also in vain, seeing that the little pig perished before she left the stall. But what did now this devil's whore?—After that she had run with much noise about the village, she said, now in troth every one could see that my little daughter was no longer a virgin; wherfore else should her means now no longer be availing, the which had availed heretofore? Doubtless she had left her virginity in the Streckelberg, whither this year she had so diligently trotted, and Heaven knows who may have gotten it! Howbeit she said nothing more as yet, and all this came not to our ears till afterwards. And true it is that my little daughter had, this spring, walked with and without me into the Streckelberg to gather flowers for herself and to survey the sea, at which time she had, according to her wise loudly recited those *versus* out of the *Virgilio*, that pleased her best, for whatsoever she read a few times, the same she also remembered.

And such walks I also forbade her not; for there were no longer any wolves in the Streckelberg, and if peradventure there had been one found therein, he would have fled from the face of man in the time of summer. Howbeit I forbade her to dig for amber; for as now it was lying too deep, and we wot not what to do with the abundance of earth dug up, so as not to be bewrayed

thereby, I therefore resolved not to tempt the Lord, but to wait till my stock of money should be getting low, before that we dug again.

But this she did not, albeit she had promised to do it, and from this disobedience arose all our misery. (Ah, thou blessed God, what a serious thing is thy holy fourth commandment!) For, as Rev. Johannes Lampius of Crummin, the same that had visited me in the spring, told me, that the Cantor in Wolgast wished to sell his *opp. St. Augustini*,* and I said in her presence that for my life dearly would I have liked to have bought them, but had not the money to spare, she arose in the night, without my knowledge, to dig for amber, to convert the same into money as well as she could, and at my birth-day, which falleth on the 28th *mensis Augusti*,† privily to present me with the *opp. St. Augustini*. But the up-dug earth she had always covered over with fir-twigs, wherein the heath abounded, that no man might mark anything.

Howbeit in the mean time it came to pass that the young *Nobilis* Rudiger of Nienkerken came riding up one day to get some information touching the great witchery, that was reported to be going on in the village here. When I had recounted to him thereof he shook his head in unbelief, and thought that all witchcraft was very lies and fraud, whereat I was sorely afraid, seeing that I had regarded the young lord as a wiser man, but now I saw that he was an Atheist. Perceiving this he asked smiling, whether I had ever read *Johannem Wierum*,‡ who would have nothing to

* The works of St. Augustin. † Of the month of August.

‡ A Netherlandish physician, who long before Spee and Tho-

do with witchcraft, and argued that all witches were melancholy persons, who only fancy to themselves that they had formed a *pactum* with the devil, and seemed to him more worthy of pity—than of punishment? Hereupon I answered, that in troth I had not read the same; (for say, who can read all that fools write?) but our own eyes verily showed here, and in all places that it was a monstrous error, to deny the existence of witchcraft, inasmuch as one might as well also deny that there was any murder, adultery, or theft in the world.

But this *argumentum* he called a dilemma, and after that he had disputed much about the devil, the which I have forgotten, for as much as it strongly savoured of heresy, he said that he would recount to me one case of witchcraft that happened in Wittenberg, and whereof he himself had been an eye-witness.

When, namely, an Imperial Captain there had one morning mounted his good steed at the Elster-gate, to inspect his little flag, it immediately began to rage so furiously, rear, shake its head, snort, roar, and run, not as horses are wont to do, in that they neigh, but this sounded as if the voice came from a human throat, so that everybody marvelled and regarded the horse as

masius attacked the nuisance of the belief in witchery of his time in a work entitled *Confutatio Opinionum de Magorum Daemonomia*, Frankfurth, 1590. He himself, however, was downcried by Bodinus and others, as the worst of all Wizards. And certainly it is strange that the same free-thinking man had in a previous work, *De Praestigis Daemonum*, treated at large of the doctrines of exorcisms of the spirits, and therein set forth the whole of hell, with the names and surnames of its 572 princes of devils.

bewitched. Indeed it threw the captain off forthwith, and and as he lay on the ground it trod on his skull with its hoof, kicked violently, and would have done more mischief had not a trooper fired off his pistol at the bewitched steed, so that it instantly dropped down dead. He went up also with the rest; for inasmuch as the colonel had forthwith given orders to the field-surgeon to cut open the steed, for to see how it was within. But all was right, and both field-surgeon and field-physician testified that it was a thoroughly sound horse; wherefore all the people clamoured yet more grievously against witchcraft. In the mean time, however, he himself (understand; the young *Nobilis*) had seen that a fine smoke issued from the nostrils of the steed, and as he stooped down, he had immediately pulled forth a lunt, almost of a finger's length, the which was yet burning, and which a knave had privily poked into his nostrils with a needle. Then all the witchery vanished in the twinkling of an eye, and they sought for the evil-doer, who was also soon found, namely, the groom of the captain himself. For his master having given him a sound thrashing, he took an oath, which the provost had heard himself, who chanced to be standing by the stall, that he would make him pay for it: *item*, another groom testified that he had seen how the fellow had cut off a piece of the lunt, shortly before he brought out the horse for his master.—Thus in like manner, thought the young nobleman, was it with all witchcraft, if searched into the ground thereof; as in troth I had myself also seen in Gutzkow, where the devil's-spectre had been a shoemaker, and so would it doubtless likewise be in the village here. Because of

this speech, however, my heart turned away from the younger from that very hour, as from an atheist ; albeit, in after-time, I saw to my sorrow that he had been quite right, for had it not been for the younger, verily, what would have become of my child ?

Howbeit I will not anticipate.—*Summa* : I walked about the room exceedingly troubled at these words, and now the younger began to dispute with my little daughter touching witchcraft, first in German, then in Latin, whatsoever came to his tongue first, and then called upon her to give her opinion likewise. But she answered that she was a stupid thing, and could have no opinion ; but that nevertheless she believed that the ghost here in the village must have something to do with witchcraft. Hereat the maid called me aside (I no longer remember what she wanted), but when I came into the room again, my little daughter was as red as scarlet, and the younger stood right before her. Wherefore I asked her, as soon as he had ridden off, whether anything had happened ; the which, however, she at first denied, but (not until) afterwards confessed : that in my absence he had said that he only knew one person that could bewitch ; and when she asked him who the same person was, he had seized her hand and said : “ It is thou, thyself, dear virgin ; for I feel thou hast wrought something in my heart.” But more than this he did not say, only he, at the same time, stared her in the face with such glowing eyes, that therefore she had thus blushed.

But such is the wise of maidens ; they ever have their secrets, whensoever one’s back is turned, and true is the proverb :

Matens to hoden
Un Kucken to moten
Sall den Duwel sulfst vertreten!*

As also it will be found by and by.

* *i.e.* To have to watch over girls and chickens is enough to provoke the very devil himself; at the same time it ought to be observed that the picturesque word *moten* has no equivalent term in the English language to express it, and which properly signifies: to guard or protect, with outstretched arms, the corn, or any other alluring object, from the intrusion of animals.

CHAPTER XIV.

How old Seden suddenly, vanished; item, the great Gustavus Adolphus afterward cometh to Pomerania, and taketh possession of the fortress of Peenemunde.

As touching witchcraft, every thing was now quiet for a good while, saving the caterpillars, that lamentably ruined my orchard, and the which assuredly was a strange thing. For the trees all blossomed so lovely and sweet, that my dear daughter one day said, as we walked about under them, and praised the almighty power of the merciful God: "if the Lord be pleased to vouchsafe his blessing unto us furthermore, then will it be *heiliger Christ* (Christmas) with us all the winter!" But the Lord had ordained it otherwise. For, on looking around, there were found so many caterpillars (great and small, also of all manner of colour and shade) upon the trees, that one might have meted them almost with bushels; and it lasted not long, ere my poor little trees looked altogether like unto besom-twigs, and the precious fruit hanging thereon fell off, and was hardly befitting my pig to eat. I will not hereby think evil of any one, albeit I thenceforth had my own thoughts thereon, and have them yet. As for the rest, my barley-corn, whereof I had scattered, *circa* 3 *Sheffels* in the fenced ground, stood very well. But I had not sowed anything in the field, seeing that I feared the wickedness of that abominable Satan. But

the parish-folk had no great blessing of corn this year, forasmuch as they, in a great measure from sore distress, had not sown any winter-seed, and the summer-seed would not thrive well. Otherwise, of fishes caught, they had, by the blessing of God, in all villages a great abundance, specially of herrings, the which, however, are cheap. Likewise they slew many a sea-dog, and I myself slew one about Whitsuntide, as I was walking by the sea-shore with my little daughter. The same lay upon a stone, close to the water, and snoared like unto a man. Wherefore I took off my shoes from off my feet, and sneaked up to him unawares, whereupon I smote him with my staff, in such a manner, over the nose (for he can bear little thereon), that he directly tumbled into the water. Stunned by the blow, I could easily dispatch him. It was a fat beast, albeit not very large, and we extracted well nigh forty pots of train-oil out of him, which we determined to preserve for winter use.

In the meantime, however, it came to pass, that something suddenly happened to old Seden, insomuch that he desired to have the holy sacrament administered unto him. He could give no reason, when I came unto him, but I rather think that he would not do so, for fear of his old Lise, who, with her gloaming eyes, ever watched him, and never went out of the room. Besides, Zuter, his little maid, a child *circa* twelve years, is said to have heard at the garden-fence in the street where she was plucking grass for the cattle, that the man and his wife had a few days before been quarrelling together again, and that the old man told her that he had now positively ascertained that she had an evil spirit, and he would forthwith go to the priest and

tell it unto him. Although these are only childish stories, they may, nevertheless, be true, seeing that children and fools, as they say, generally speak the truth.

Howbeit I leave this for what it is worth. *Summa* : matters got ever worse with my old churchwarden ; and when I, as is my wont with the sick, visited him every morn and eve for to pray with him, and oftentimes, indeed, marked that he had as yet something on his mind, he nevertheless could not bring forth anything, seeing that old Lise ever stood at her post.

Thus things remained for a time, when he one day about noon sent to me, saying, "that he wished I could scrape him a little silver out of the communion cup, for as much as he had been counselled that then he should get better if he took the same with hen-dung. I would not go about it for a long time, seeing that I directly suspected that there was some devil's work at the bottom of it, but he teased me so long, that I let him have his will.

And, lo ! it made him whole from that very hour, so that at eve, when I came to pray with him, he was already sitting upon the bench with a pot betwixt his knees, whereout he sipped his soup. Howbeit he would not pray (a marvellous thing, for that at other times he would lief have prayed, and oftentimes could hardly await till I came, so that he sent for me well unto twice or thrice, if it so happened that I was not instantly at hand, or had some business elsewhere), but said, he had already prayed ; and that for my trouble he would give me the cock for my Sunday's soup, whereof he had taken the dung, as he had nothing better. And the hens were already at roost ; he went up to the roost, the which he kept in the room behind the stove, and

reached down the cock, and put it under the arm of my maid, who had come to call me away.

I would not have eaten the cock for anything in the world, so I set him adrift. As I was going away, I asked him again whether I should return thanks unto God on the Sunday for his late mercy vouchsafed unto him; whereupon, however, he answered, that I might do as I pleased about that. Wherefore I left his house, shaking my head, and resolved to send for him directly. I got to know that his old Lise was not at home, (for she oftentimes went to the *Amishauptmann* to fetch flax to spin. But behold what happened already a few days after! There was a rumour that old Seden was missing, and no man knew what had become of him. His wife thought he had gone to the *Streckelberg*; wherefore, this accursed hag came running to me with great howling, and enquired of my little daughter whether she had not seen her old man running about there, forasmuch as she went unto the *berg* (mount) every day. My little daughter said, no; howsoever, to God be my complaint, she was to hear enough of him. For as she one morning, ere the sun had yet arisen, came back from her forbidden digging-work, and descended into the forest, she suddenly heard on one side a green-speck (the which assuredly had been old Lise herself) crying so lamentably, that she went into the bushes to see what was the matter. Thus sate this woodpecker upon the ground, before a tuft of hair, as red, and altogether like old Seden's, but on getting sight of her he made a great noise with his bill, and forthwith crept into a knot-hole. While my little daughter yet stood looking at this devil's-spectre, came old Paasch, who had also heard the noise, and had been

hewing wood for himself and with his lad shingles in the mount, also running up, and became affrighted in like manner, on beholding the hair on the ground. At first they thought that a wolf had devoured him; then they looked about all over, but found not so much as one little bone. But on looking on high it appeared unto them as if on the top of the tree above, there was also something red glimmering; wherefore they made the lad climb up the tree, where presently he cried out that here also there was a good deal of red hair lying upon some leaves, the which had been cleaving together with the leaves, as with pitch. But it was no pitch; it looked red and white, speckled like the entrails of fishes. *Item*, the leaves round about, where there was no hair, were of divers colours, and speckled, and full of horrible stench. Whence the lad at the bidding of his master, threw down the clotted twig, and at the same time called down to them both, that he was sure that this was old Seden's hair and brain, and that the devil had taken him alive, because he would not pray and thank the Lord for restoring him from his sickness. This I also believed myself, and represented it likewise to my congregation on the Sunday. But by and by it will be seen that the Lord had had other causes to give him up into the hands of the wicked Satan, seeing that he had suffered himself to be persuaded by his wicked wife to depart from his Creator only to get better again. For the present, however, this devil's-whore feigned yet, as if the greatest calamity had befallen her, forasmuch as she plucked out her red hair by whole handfuls, as soon as she heard of the green-speck through my daughter and old Paasch, and lamented that she was now left a

poor widow, and who would provide for her in time to come, etc.

In the mean time we celebrated, even at this desolate coast, (as well as we could) the 25th day *mensis Junii*, with the whole protestant church, when now one hundred years ago, the states of the holy Roman Empire laid their Augsburg Confession before the high and mighty Emperor, Carolo V. ; and I delivered a sermon on Matth. x. 32, of the right confession of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; whereafter the whole congregation partook of the sacrament. However toward even of the self-same day, as I was walking with my little daughter toward the sea, we saw about Ruden, many hundred masts of great and small ships, and also heard a notable firing, and forthwith concluded that it might be the high and mighty King, *Gustavus Adolphus*, who had now come according to his promise, to the help of poor enthralled Christendom. But whiles thus judging a boat from Oie* came sailing up, wherein sate Kate Berow's son, the same that is a boor, and wished to visit his old mother. The same recounted that it verily was the king, who had this morning run up to Ruden with his fleet from Rugen, whereat a few Oier folk, who were fishing, saw that he forthwith had landed with his officers, and then fallen on his knees with uncovered head.†

Ah! thou righteous God, then had I, thy unworthy servant, on that blessed even, a yet greater joy of jubilee, than on the blessed morn, and one may readily guess that I lingered not forthwith to fall upon my

* Ruden and Oie, two little islands between Usedom and Rugen.

† See also *The Atrum Europæum*. J. 226 fl.

knees with my little daughter, and follow the example of the king. And God knoweth, never in my life have I prayed so fervently as this even, whereon the Lord manifested unto us such a marvellous sign, in that the deliverer of his poor Christian people, should arrive on the very day wherein they were crying unto him upon their knees, with tears and supplications in all places, for his mercy and help against the murder and subtlety of the pope and the devil. Neither could I sleep that night for joy, but very early on the morrow I went to Damerow, where something had befallen Vithen's lad. I was ready to believe it to be the work of witchcraft also; but at this time it was not so, seeing that the lad had eaten something bad in the wood. What kind of berries they had been, he could no longer say; howbeit the *Malum*, that turned his skin quite red as scarlet, speedily passed over. Wherefore as I was presently after going on my way homeward, I met a messenger from Peenemunde, sent by His Majesty, the high and mighty king, *Gustavus Adolphus* to the *Amtshauptmann*, that on the 29th June, at ten o'clock in the morning, he would appoint three guides to be ready waiting at Coserow, to lead his Majesty through the woods to Swine, where the Imperialists had entrenched. *Item*, he related that His Majesty had yesterday already taken the fortress of Peenemunde (which possibly may account for the firing we heard the evening before) and that the Imperialists had all speedily dispersed, and rightly played the part of bush-troopers. For after they set their camp on fire, they sprang into the bush in order to escape part toward Wolgast and part toward Swine.

In my joy I forthwith determined to prepare a *carmen gratulatorium** for his majesty, if with the help of Al-

* A congratulatory poem.

mighty God I should see him, which my little daughter might present into his hands.

Wherefore, after I had come home, I immediately made the proposal to her; whereat for joy she clung round my neck, and then began to dance about the room. But after she had considered a little she thought that her dress was not good enough therein to wait upon his majesty; wherefore, I should buy her another blue silk dress with a yellow apron, as this was the Swedish colour, and would, doubtless, be well-pleasing to his majesty. But I could not make up my mind for a long while, for as much as I hated such pride of life, but she coaxed me so long with her sweet words and kisses that I, old fool, said *yes*, and commanded my husbandman to ride that very day with her to Wolgast to buy the stuff. Wherefore I consider that the righteous God, *who resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble*, justly chastised me because of this pride. For I myself had a sinful joy, when she came back with two women, who were to help her to sew, and shewed me the stuff. On the morrow the needle work began with the break of day, while I prepared my *carmen*; but had not gotten far when the young nobleman, *Rudiger of Nienkerken*, came riding up to enquire, as he said whether his majesty would in troth pass through Cose-row. And as I told him what I knew thereof, *item*, communicated to him our purpose, he commended the same exceedingly, and instructed my little daughter (who looked on him more friendly to-day, than pleased me) how the Swedes speak latin, as: *ratscho* for *ratio* *uet* for *ut*, *shis* for *scis*, etc., that she might not be short coming for an answer to his majesty. Moreover he had had frequent intercourse with Swedes in Wittenberg

and wherefore, if she thought good, he would try a little *colloquium*, and he himself would represent the king.

Hereupon he seated himself upon the bench before her, and forthwith they began their babbling, which very sorely vexed me, specially when I saw, that she bestirred herself not with her needle, but tell me I pray, what could I do in this matter?—Wherefore I went on with my own business and let them prate till noon, when the younker at last arose again. Howbeit he promised that on Tuesday if the king came he would also come back again, and thought that the whole island would then be flocking together to Coserow. When he was gone, and, as may easily be guessed, my *vena poetica** was stopped, I bade my waggon to be got ready, and rode through the whole parish, exhorting the folk in all the villages, that on Tuesday at 9 o'clock they should be assembled at the hen-gate of Coserow, and that there they should all fall down upon their knees when they saw the king coming, and that I would fall upon my knee; *item*, to join in singing the Ambrosian hymn, as soon as the bells begin to ring and I set the time. This they all promised to do, and after I had exhorted them once more thereunto on the Sunday at church, and most heartily prayed unto the Lord for his majesty, we could hardly await the blessed Tuesday for exceeding great joy.

* Poetic vein.

CHAPTER XV.

Of the arrival of the high and mighty king GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, and what other things happened at that time.

In the mean time I had finished my *Carmen in metro elegiaco*,* which my little daughter copied (forasmuch as her handwriting is more excellent than mine) and committed well to memory in order to recite it to his Majesty. *Item*, the clothes were gotten ready, the which befitted her very well, and the Monday before she went to the Streckelberg, notwithstanding there being so great a heat that the crow upon the wall gasped for breath. She would gather flowers for a wreath which she thought to put on, and which were to be blue and yellow. And in troth towards even she came back with an apron full of flowers of divers sorts; albeit her hair was quite wet and hung quite shaggy and clammy about her shoulders. (O God, God! thus to me, poor man, did all things work together to my ruin!) Wherefore I inquired of her where she had been, that her hair was thus dishevelled, whereto she answered that from the Kölpin,† where she had been plucking flowers; she had gone to the strand and bathed in the sea there, because of the great heat, but nobody had seen her. Now in troth, as she continued pleasantly, could she appear on the morrow as a pure virgin in the presence of his Majesty.

* In elegiac metre. † A small lake near the sea.

I did not like this exactly, so I looked grave and said nothing.

On the morrow the folk, men, women, and children, *Summa*: whomsoever could go were all already assembled, at the sixth hour, about the hen-gate; and at length my little daughter likewise was already quite festively arrayed; namely, in a blue silk vesture, yellow apron, little yellow neckerchief, and a yellow hood, whereon she placed the little wreath of blue and yellow flowers. It lasted not long, when my younker also arrived, in like manner as neat and smartly rigged out as beseemeth a nobleman, saying that he should like to know when I purposed going with my little daughter to the gate, seeing that his father, Hans von Nienkerken, *item*, Wittich Appelman, as also the Lepels of Gnitze, were likewise coming; furthermore a great multitude of people were running about everywhere on the highway, as if a fair was to be held here to-day. But I was well aware that his only aim was the damsel, forasmuch as he was soon busy with her again, and thus soon began his Latin *colloquium*. He made her repeat her *carmen* to his Majesty, whereat, playing the part of the king, he answered: *Dulcissima et venustissima puella, quae mihi in coloribus coeli, ut angelus domini appares, utinam semper tecum esses, nunqua mihi male cederet!** At these words she blushed, nor went it with me much otherwise, albeit with vexation, as may easily be guessed. Wherefore I besought his Worship that he would be pleased to arise and go to the gate, seeing that my little daughter had yet to help me to put on my robe,

* Thou sweetest and most charming maid, who appearest to me as an angel of the Lord, in the colours of heaven, wert thou but ever about me, then would no evil ever happen unto me.

whereat, however, he answered, that he would wait so long in the room, and that we might walk together. *Summa*: I excused myself again before this younker, but what availed it? As he would not go away, I was obliged to wink at it, and soon thereafter we went together to the gate, where first of all I picked three hearty churls out of the crowd, that they should go to the tower and begin to ring the bells as soon as they should see me upon the rock and waving my handkerchief. This they promised to do, and forthwith went away, whereupon I seated myself with my little daughter upon the rock, and assuredly thought the younker would maintain his dignity, but he did it not, but sate himself with us upon the rock. Thus sat we three, quite alone there, and all the people stared at us; howbeit no one came near to behold my little daughter's attire, not even the young damsels, who were wont to do so at other times, which did not strike me till afterward, when I ascertained how matters already stood with us at that time. About nine of the clock came Hans von Nienkerken and Wittich Appelman, galloping up, and forthwith old Nienkerken called his son away, in a violent tone, and as he did not hear directly, he sprang up to us near to the rock, and cried so loud, that all the world might hear: "Canst thou not hear, lad, when thy father calls thee!" whereupon he followed him loathly, and from the distance we saw that he threatened his son, and spat out at him. Howbeit we wot not yet what this meant, but soon, alas, we were to find it out from painful experience. Presently, thereafter, came also the two Lepels, of Gnitze,* from the way of Damerow, and the noblemen greeted each other upon the green sward, close by us, albeit without look-

* A small peninsula in Usedom.

ing at us. And I heard the Lepels, that had come that way, say, that there was no appearance as yet of his Majesty; but the *Scheren-fleet** about Ruden began already to move, and came sailing along, many hundred ships in number. As many had heard this, all the people forthwith rushed to the sea (which is only a very little way from the rock) and even the noblemen rode up, saving Wittich, who had dismounted from his horse, and seeing that I sent old Paasch, his boy, into a high oak, to look out for the King; he again made up to my little daughter, who sate quite alone upon the rock, asking her: "Wherefore did she not take his huntsman, and whether she would not consider the matter over again, and take him yet, or otherwise enter into his (the Amtshauptmann's) service; for if she refused to do so, he thought that she might have to repent of it." Whereat she, as she said, answered him; that she was only sorry for one thing, and that was, that His Worship should give himself so much trouble about it, and saying this, she hastily rose up, and came to me by the tree, where I was looking after the boy, as he was climbing up. But our old Ilse said, that he uttered a great curse when my little daughter turned her back on him, and forthwith went into the alderwood, that runneth up close to the highway, and where the old hag, Lise Kolken, was also standing.

Meanwhile, however, I also went with my little daughter to the sea-side, and found it to be true that the whole fleet was coming over from Ruden and Oie, and steering toward Wolgast; many ships also passed so close by us, that we could see the soldiers upon them, and their weapons glitter. *Item*, we heard the horses neigh, and the war-folk laugh. On one of them

* A fleet composed of small Swedish ships.

we heard the drums beat, and upon another sheep and cows bleat. But while thus looking on, we presently perceived some smoke issuing from one of the ships, followed by a great crack, so that we soon after saw the ball running along the surface of the water, whereby it foamed and spouted round about, and coming direct upon us. Wherefore the people dispersed in all directions, whereat we clearly heard the troops upon the ship laugh heartily. But the ball forthwith rose on high, and struck an oak close by Paasch's lad, so that about two fadders of shrubs fell to the ground, with a tremendous crash by the blow, and overstrewn the way, where his majesty had to come. Then the lad would no longer abide on the tree, how much soever I exhorted him thereto, but cried while climbing down that a great multitude of troops were now coming out of the wood of Damerow, and that this verily might be the king. Wherefore the *Amtshauptmann* speedily commanded the way to be cleared, and this lasted some time, forasmuch as the thick branches and twigs had got fastened among the trees all round; the noblemen purposed, when all was ready, to ride off to meet his Majesty, but halted upon the little sward, seeing that close before us, in the wood, a great sound of vehicles, horses, and voices were also heard.

Nor did it last long before the cannons appeared with the three guides seated thereon. As I knew one of them, who was Stoffer Krauthahn of Peenemunde, I went up and besought him to tell me, when the king was coming. But he answered, that he was going further with the cannons, even to Coserow, and that I need only have my eye upon the tall dark man, having on his head a hat with a feather, and a golden chain

about his neck, for the same was the king, who was riding immediately behind the main-flag, whereon was the golden lion. Wherefore I watched the train narrowly as it broke forth out of the wood. Thus came after the artillery, first the Finlandish and Laplandish archers, who in the middle of the summer, to my astonishment, trotted along yet clad in pelts. Thereafter came much folk, the which I did not get to know what they were. Then presently I saw over the hazel-bush, which stood in my way so that I could not observe everything at once, as it came past the bush, the great head-flag with the lion, and behind the same also the head of an exceeding dark man with a chain of gold about his neck, so that I concluded that this must be the king. Wherefor I waved my kerchief toward the tower, whereat the bells immediately struck up, and whiles the dark man rode nearer to us, I pulled off my little cap, fell upon my knee and began to sing the Ambrosian hymn, wherein all the folk joined me, also took off their hats from their heads, and sunk down on all sides singing upon the earth, men, women, and children, saving the noble folk, that quietly halted on the little grassy hill, and not until they saw that his Majesty stopped his horse (a coal black steed and just halted with his forefeet on the piece of ground where I was, the which I considered as a token for good) took they also their hats off and demeaned themselves with great humility. After we had finished, the *Amtshauptmann* dismounted speedily from his horse and would go with his three guides, that walked behind him, to the king; *item*, I had taken my little daughter by the hand and would also go to the king. Then his Majesty beckoned to the *Amtshauptmann* to go aside,

whereupon I saluted his majesty in latin and extolled his generous heart, in that he would visit the German soil for the defence and help of poor oppressed Christendom, and that I considered as a sign from God, that this should just happen at the very jubilee of our poor church. Furthermore that his majesty would be graciously pleased to accept of something which my little daughter thought of presenting to him ; whereupon his Majesty looked at her with a pleasant smile. This friendly demeanour inspired her again with confidence, as before this she had evidently trembled, and she answered, whiles handing to him a blue and yellow wreath, whereon lay the *Carmen*:—*accipe hanc vilem coronam et haec* ;* whereupon she began the carmen. Meanwhile his Majesty became more and more pleased, looked at her and at the carmen, and nodded kindly with his head when coming to the conclusion, the which was as follows :—

“ tempus erit, quo tu reversus hostibus ultor
 intrabis patriæ libera regna meæ ;
 tunc meliora student nostræ tibi carmina musæ
 tunc tua, maxime rex, Martia facta canam
 tu modo versiculis ne spernas vilibus ausum
 auguror et res est ista futura brevi !
 sis fœlix, forlisque diu vive optime princeps,
 omnia, et ut possis vincere, dura. Vale ! †

When she left off speaking His Majesty said : *pro-*

* Accept this trivial wreath, and this.

† A time will come, when thou from vanquished foes,
 Shalt bring our country Freedom and Repose,
 Then shall my Muse in loftier numbers sing,
 Thy deeds of martial prowess, mighty king.
 Despise not thou this poor and feeble lay,
 And soon, I trust, shall dawn that brighter day.
 Farewell, best Prince—Life, Valour, Fortune, still
 Be thine, triumphant o'er opposing ill.

prius accedas patria virgo, ut te osculer! * whereupon she stepped up to him blushing at the side of his horse. Then methought, he would only kiss her on the forehead as the potentates are wont to do, but no! he kissed her straight on her lips, so that it smacked, and his long hat-feathers hung down upon her neck, so as to make me feel quite uneasy about her. Howbeit he soon raised himself up again, took off his golden-chain, whereto his portrait was attached, and hung it about the neck of my little daughter, with these words :

hocce tuas pulchritudini! et si favente deo redux fuero
victor, promissum carmen et præterea duo oscula exspecto†

Hereupon the *Amtshauptmann* came up again with his three churls and bowed himself to the ground before His Majesty. But as he did not know latin, *item*, nor Italian or French, I forthwith played the interpreter. For His Majesty asked how far it was to Swine, and whether there were many foreign troops there? And the *Amtshauptmann* thought that there were still two hundred life-guards encamped there; whereupon His Majesty gave the spur to his steed, and with a friendly nod, exclaimed : *valete!* †

Now troth came forth the other troops, *circa* three thousand strong, out of the bush, which also looked well and played no tricks, as is their wont generally, whiles they passed our crowd and the women and walked along very comely to behold. Then followed we the train even beyond Coserow as far as the wood, where we commended them to the keeping of the Almighty, and every man went his way home again.

* Come nearer, patriotic maiden, that I may kiss thee.

† This for thy beauty, and should I with God's help return victorious, I shall expect the promised poem and two kisses besides

‡ Fare ye well!

CHAPTER XVI.

How little Maria Paasch becometh sorely tormented by the Devil, and all my Flock forsaketh me.

Before I go any further I will first mention that His most gracious Highness, King Gustavus Adolphus, (as the news soon reached us,) had cut down *circa* three hundred life-guardsmen, and after that set sail for Stettin. God be gracious unto him evermore. Amen!

But now my troubles increased from day to day, seeing that the devil became as busy as he had ever been before. I verily believed that God had inclined his ear to our fervent supplications, albeit it pleased him to visit us yet with greater afflictions. For a few days after the arrival of his most gracious Highness King G. A., it was rumoured that my daughter's little god-child was possessed and grievously tormented of the devil, so that no man could keep her in bed at home. Wherefore my little daughter forthwith arose and went to her little god-child, but soon returned weeping, that old Paasch would not suffer her to see her, but spake sharply to her and said, she should never come into his house again, for as much as his child had gotten it from the wheat-bread I had given her in the morning. And it is true that my little daughter had given her some, as the maid the day before had been in Wolgast, and brought back a cloth full of little wheaten loaves.

These tidings vexed me very sorely, and after I had

put on my priest-gown I arose and went to old Paasch to cast out that abominable Satan, and to turn away this reproach from my child. Whence I found the old man upon the floor weeping, and after that I had said "the peace of God," I asked him first, whether he verily believed that his little Marie had gotten it from the wheaten bread, the which my little daughter had given unto her, he said: yes! and when thereat I answered: that then I myself must have gotten it; *item*, Pagel's little maid, seeing that we also had eaten of the wheaten bread, he was silent, and then asked with a sigh: if I would not go into the room, and see how it was. As I then entered in "with the peace of God" there were about six persons standing round little Marie's bed; she had her eyes closed, and was as stiff as a board; wherefore Stoffer Wels (being a young and strong fellow) took hold of the child by one leg, stretched it out like a stake, that I might see how the devil tormented it. As I now began to pray, and Satan perceived that a servant of Christ had come, he began to make such a dreadful noise in the child, that it was grievous to look upon. For she struck about with her hands and feet in such a manner that scarcely four men could hold her; *item*, her belly heaved up and down as violently as if a living creature moved therein, so that old hag Lise Kolken at length seated herself thereon. As it became a little better, I called upon the child to say the belief* in order to see whether it was really the devil wherewith she was possessed†, but it became even

* The Apostolic Creed.

† It was supposed in that terrible time, that, if the sick could repeat the three Articles, and in addition thereto, a few texts of scripture having immediate reference to the work of redemption,

worse than before, seeing she began to gnash with her teeth, to turn up her eyes, and to knock about so awfully with her hands and feet as to throw her father, who held one of her legs, almost into the middle of the room, and then so bruised her leg against the bedstead, that the blood gushed forth; *item*, Lise Kolken rose up and down on her little belly, like unto a man sitting in a swing. And when after this I ceased not to adjure Satan to come out of her, she first began to howl and then to bark like unto a dog, *item*, to laugh, and at last spake with a gruff bass voice like unto that of an old man: "I shall not go away!" But, troth, he should have gone away, if father and mother had not adjured me by God's Sacrament to let their poor child be in peace, seeing that surely it availed nothing, but rather grew worse and worse with her. Wherefore of necessity I ceased from my purpose, and only exhorted the parents that they, like unto the woman of Canaan, should seek for help in true repentance and instant prayer, and with her also cry evermore in faith: *O Lord, thou son of David, have mercy on me; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil,** then would the Saviour's heart soon be moved with compassion, so that he would have mercy on her little daughter, and command Satan to depart from out of there. *Item*, I promised to pray for her on Sunday with all the congregation, and entreated them, if any wise possible, to carry her into the church, considering that a fervent prayer of the church passeth through the clouds and entereth into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. This she promised to he could not be possessed, forasmuch as "no man can say, that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." 1 Cor. xii. 3.

* Matth. xv. 22.

do, and now I went home sorrowful, but soon heard that she was getting a little better, whence it was again verified, that Satan hateth nothing more, (excepting the Lord Jesus,) than the servants of the gospel. But stay, he shall yet bruise thy head,* whatsoever thou mayest do!

Howbeit, even before the blessed Sunday came, I perceived that every one went out of my way in the village, as well as in all the parish, where I visited the sick. When, specially as I went to the young Tittelwitz in Uekeritz, it happened to me, as follows: Clas Pieper, the boor, was standing in his court cleaving wood, but on getting sight of me he forthwith threw away his axe, so that it stuck into the earth, and ran into his swine-stall, whilst he crossed himself. Wherefore I beckoned unto him that he should stop, and asked him: Wherefore he ran away from me, his confessor? whether he thought that my little daughter had bewitched her little god-child?

Ille: † Yes' that he verily believed, forasmuch as all the parish believed it.

Ego: Wherefore then had she been so kind to her aforetime, and in the most grievous famine treated her like unto a little sister!

Ille: She had doubtless wrought more than this.

Ego: What then had she wrought?

Ille: That signifies nought.

Ego: He must tell it unto me, or I would deliver him up to the judge.

Ille: I ought to do that by all means, and then went his way in defiance.

* Gen. iii. 15. † He, the former.

And now it may easily be guessed that I neglected nothing in finding out what it was that the folk thought my little daughter had wrought, but no man would tell me anything, so that I might have vexed and grieved myself to death because of this false and evil report. Neither came any child all this week to my little daughter to school, and when I sent out my maid to know the cause thereof, she came back with the report, that the little children were either sick, or the parents would keep them at home to work. Wherefore I guessed and guessed, but all of no avail, till the blessed Sunday came, when I thought I would administer the Holy Sacrament to all the people, seeing that many of them had already given notice before to come to the Lord's table. Howbeit it seemed strange to me that I saw none standing in the church-yard, as theretofore they were wont to do; but I thought they had gone into their houses. When, however, I came into the church with my little daughter, there were only six persons assembled, with Lise Kolken in the midst, and no sooner this cursed hag saw my little daughter coming after me, then forthwith she crossed herself and ran out of the church again, whereupon the remaining five, together with my only warden, Claus Bulken, (for I had not as yet taken one in the room of old Seden,) followed her. I waxed wroth so that my blood began to boil within me, and I shook in such a manner that I fell with my shoulder against the confessional. Wherefore my little daughter, to whom I had not yet told anything, to spare her feelings, inquired. "Father, what aileth the folk?—perchance they are also possessed?" Whereat I came to myself again and went into the church-yard to look after them.

But they were all gone, saving my warden, Claus Bulken, who was standing nigh to a linden-tree, and whistling a hymn to himself. Then went I up to him and asked what had come to the people? Whereat he answered, that he wot not. And when again I asked, wherefore then he himself had run away?—he said: what should he have done in the church alone, seeing that the *Kling-beutel** could not have gone round. Whence I conjured him to tell me in troth, what horrible suspicion against me had gotten among the people? But he answered; I should soon find it out myself, and sprang over the wall, and went into old Lise's house, the which stood close by the church-yard. My dear daughter had prepared veal broth for dinner, which at other times I preferred to everything, nevertheless I could not swallow a spoonful, but sat leaning my head on my hand, and pondering whether I should reveal to her the matter or not. In the mean time came in the old maid, quite ready for a journey, and with a cloth full of things in her hand, beseeching me, weeping, "that I should send her away." My poor child waxed pale like unto a corpse, and asked her, astounded, "what had come to her?" But she merely answered: "Nothing!" and wiped her eyes with her apron. When I had regained my speech, that had nigh left me, forasmuch as I saw that this old faithful woman had also turned against me, I began to examine her, wherefore she would go away, seeing that she had abidden with me so long, neither would leave us even in the sore famine, but faithfully endured; verily more-

* More properly *Klingel-beutel*, a purse with a bell, with which the Churchwardens go about the church during the service and collect alms from the congregation.

over had confounded and humbled me with her faith, and exhorted us steadfastly to endure to the end,—all which acts that she had done should never be forgotten while I had my being. Hereupon she began to cry, to weep, and to sob the more bitterly, and at length broke forth: “That she had yet a mother about eighty years old, abiding in *Liebe*, and she would go thither to comfort the same to her life’s end.” Whereupon my little daughter sprang up and answered, weeping: “Ah, old *Ilse*, wilt thou therefore go away? surely not, for troth thy aged mother is with thy brother; tell me then, I pray thee, wherefore it is that thou wilt leave us, and what I have done unto thee, that I may make peace between us again?” But she hid her face in her apron and sobbed, without uttering a word; whence my little daughter would draw away her apron and stroke her cheeks to make her speak. Howbeit when she saw this, she struck at my poor child’s hand, crying: “*Fie!*” and spat out before her, and forthwith went out of the door. The like she had never done before since my dear daughter was a little child; and we both were so sore vexed that we could not speak, nay, never a word.

Howbeit it lasted not long before my poor child lifted up her voice with a loud cry, and threw herself on the seat and wept, evermore calling out, “what is the matter? What has happened?” Wherefore I thought I must tell her what I had heard, namely, that she was regarded by the people as a witch, whereat she began to smile instead of to weep the more bitterly, and ran out of the door for to overtake the maid that had already left the house, as we had seen. However after an hour’s time she came back with a great

cry, that all the people in the village had run away from her, when she wished to enquire of them whither the maid was gone to. *Item*, all the little children that she taught in her school, screamed, and ran away and hid themselves for fear of her, neither did any man answer her so much as a word, but spat at her, in like manner as did the maid. Nevertheless on the way home she heard that a boat was already on the water, then she ran speedily down to the water side, and cried with all her might after old Ilse, who was already being seated in the boat. But she never heeded any thing, neither did she even once turn round to look, but beckoned with her hand for her to go away.

And now continued she to weep and to sob all the day and all the night long, so that I was more wretched than aforetime in the sore famine. Howbeit greater sorrows were yet appointed unto me, as will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

How my poor child is apprehended as a Witch, and led away to Pudgla.

The day after, Monday the 12th July, in the morning about eight of the clock, whilst sitting and talking over our troubles (and who could have wrought for us these sorrows of heart? we soon agreed that it has been none other than that accursed hag, Lise Kolken,) a carriage with four horses came driving up before my house, whereon sat six churls, who instantly sprang down. Twain of them went to take their stand at the fore-door, other twain at the back or Achter-door, and twain again (one of these being Jacob Knake, the beadle) came into the room and gave me an open writing from the *Amtshauptmann*, that my little daughter being commonly reported to be a notorious witch, should, by act of the penal laws, be taken and examined. Now every one will easily conceive for himself, how I must have felt in my heart when I read this. I fell to the ground like a hewn-down tree, and did not come to myself again till my little daughter threw herself upon me with a great cry, and her tears flowed down warm upon my face. But when she saw that I came to myself again, she began to praise God for it with a loud voice, also sought to comfort me, seeing that verily she was guiltless and had a conscience void of offence toward all men, wherewith she could appear before her judge; *Item*, quoted she to me that sweet little text,—

Matth. v. 11. "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you *falsely* for my sake."

Then she besought me that I would but arise and put on my coat and come with her, for without me she would not consent to be brought before the *Amtshauptmann*. In the mean time, however, all the village folk, men, women, and children, had rushed up to the door but behaved themselves quietly, and only looked in at the windows as if they would look through the house. When we had both made ourselves ready, and the beadle who at first would not take me with him, but reconsidered the matter on seeing the *Trink-geld*,* the which my little daughter had put into his hand, we went to the carriage, but I was so powerless that I could not get up.

Then old Paasch, seeing this, came and helped me into the carriage, saying: "God comfort ye!—what sorrows have ye to live to see on yen own child!" and kissed my hand whiles bidding me farewell.

Other folk came up to the carriage, wishing to follow it, but I besought them that they would not make my heart heavier still, and only have a christian eye to my house and the things pertaining thereunto, until my return. *Item*, that they would continue steadfast in prayer for me and my little daughter, that that abominable satan, who for so long a time had been going about in our village as a roaring lion, and is now threatening to devour me, even myself, might not accomplish his will, but leave me and my child, as he did the spotless Saviour in the wilderness. But to this

* Literally drinking-money, fee to servants and other subordinates; sometimes also a *bride*.

no man answered a word, but as we rode off, I very well heard that many behind us spat out, and one said (my little daughter thought it had been the voice of the woman Berow), "We would liever set fire to yen coat than pray for ye!"—We were yet sighing at these words when we came up to the church-yard, where the accursed hag Lise Kolken, sate at her house-door with her hymn-book before her and croked out aloud that Hymn: "God the father with us be," as we drove by; which so grieved my poor little daughter that she fainted and fell upon me as if she were dead, wherefore I besought the driver to halt, and called to old Lise, that she should bring us a pitcher of water; but she seemed as one that could not hear, and continued to sing so loud as to fill the air with the sound thereof. Then the beadle sprang off and ran, as I desired him, back into my house to fetch a pitcher of water; soon he returned with the pitcher, and all the people after him, who now began loudly to declare that it was an evil conscience that had smitten my child, and that she had already bewrayed herself. Wherefore I thanked God when she came to life again, and we got out of the village. But neither was a better lot awaiting us in Uekeritz, for there also all the folk gathered themselves together, and stood on the sward before Labahn's court, as we arrived.

These, however, behaved themselves tolerably quiet, as we passed by, saving a few who cried; "How is it possible! How is it possible!" but I heard nothing more. But in the wood by the watermill, the miller broke forth with all his *Knappen** and cried, laughing; "look at the witch, look at the witch!" whereat one

* Journeymen millers, etc.

of the men hit my poor child with a flour-bag, the which he had in his hand, so that she became quite white, and the flour rose like a cloud around the carriage. At my rebuke, the wicked rascal laughed and said: that, if she should never get any other smoke than this into her nose, it could do her no harm. *Item* it became very much worse in Pudgla, than at the mill. The people stood so thickly crowded upon the hill before the castle, that we could hardly get through, and the *Amtshauptmann* moreover as an *Aviso*, caused the *arme Sunder-glocke** to be rung in the castle tower, whereupon the people came flocking up more and more from out of the beer-houses, and their own. Some cried, "is that the witch!" Some, "look at the priest-witch," and many things more, the which I do not like to record here for very shame; they likewise gathered up mud out of the gutter, the which runneth from the castle-kitchen, and threw it upon us, *item*, a large stone, albeit the same fell upon a horse, so that it became restiff thereby, and would perchance have overthrown the waggon, had not a churl sprung up to it and held it in. All this happened before the castle-gate, whereat the *Amtshauptmann* with an heron feather in his gray hat stood smiling and looking at us. Howbeit when the horse was quiet again, he came up to the waggon and spake mockingly to my little daughter: "behold young woman! thou wouldst not come to me, and now troth thou comest after all!" whereat she answered, yea I come; and may'st thou one day come to thy judge, as I to thee!" whereat I said: "Amen!" and asked him

† The bell appointed to be rung previous to the execution of any malefactor.

how his worship would justify himself before God and men for what he was doing to me, a poor man, and my child. But he asked, wherefore had I come hither with her? and when I recounted to him the naughtiness of the people; *item* of the wickedness of the miller's-men, he thought that was not his fault, threatened also the people round about with his fist, who were making a great tumult. Then commanded my little daughter to dismount and to follow him, whiles leading the way into the castle: beckoning to the beadle who would have gone along with us, to tarry at the foot of the stairs, and began to ascend the winding staircase leading to the upper chambers with my child alone. Howbeit she privily whispered to me: "Father, leave me not!" wherefore I soon followed softly after them, and heard from the sound of their voices in what chamber they were, and laid my ear against the door to hearken. Then heard I the villain say unto her, that if she would love him, none of all those things should harm her, seeing that he had the power in his hands to save her from the people; but if she would not—then should she be brought to judgment on the morrow, and she might conclude for herself what would be her doom, forasmuch as she, according to the testimony of many, had wrought fornication even with Satan himself, and suffered herself to be kissed by him. Hereat she was silent and only sobbed, which the arch-knave thought a good sign and proceeded: "hast thou loved Satan, then canst thou also love me, never fear!" and went nearer to her to embrace her, as I marked. For she gave a loud cry and would have rushed out of the door, but he held her fast and entreated and threatened according to the suggestions of the devil. And already

it was in my thoughts to go in, when I heard, that with those words: "depart from me Satan!" she smote him on the cheek, so that he let her go. Whereupon, ere he was aware, she sprang out at the door, so that she threw me to the ground, and with a loud cry fell even over me. Hereat the *Amtshauptmann* who had followed her became horribly affrighted, but soon began to cry: "Wait priest, I'll teach thee to hearken again!" and ran down and beckoned to the beadle that was standing at the foot of the stairs. The same he charged to clap me into prison for the night, then to come again and put my little daughter into another dungeon. But he bethought himself again, as we were going down the winding staircase and said: he would forgive me this once, the beadle should send me about my business, and put my little daughter into the strong ward, then give the keys to him, seeing that she was a stiff-necked, hardened person, as he had found out at the very first examination of her.

Hereupon my poor child was torn from me and I fainted on the stairs, neither wist I how I came down, but when I came to myself again, I was in the beadle's room, and his wife sprinkled water upon my face. There I tarried sitting all night upon a chair and sorrowed more than I prayed, seeing that my faith had become very weak, and the Lord came not to strengthen it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of the First Trial, and the consequences thereof.

On the morrow, as I was walking to and fro in the fore-court, having many times, albeit in vain, entreated the beadle to lead me to my dear daughter, (but he would not even tell me where her ward was), and at last run about there for very disquietude, there arrived towards 6 o'clock a carriage from Uzdom,* wherein sat his worship, Herr Samuel Pieper *Consul dirigens*†; *item*, the *Camerarius*, Gebhard Wenzel, and a *Scriba*‡, whose name I heard, but have forgotten again. My little daughter also has forgotten it, notwithstanding she has in general a very excellent memory, and dictated to me the most of what henceforth follows; for my old head was ready to split, so that I myself remembered but little thereof. Then I forthwith went up to the carriage and prayed, that the honourable council would grant me the permission to be present at the trial, seeing that my little daughter was not yet of age, the which, albeit the *Amtshauptmann*, (who in the meantime had stepped up to the carriage, having overlooked all from the window), would not

* Or Usedom, a small town, from which the whole Island takes its name.

† *i. e.* Chief burgomaster, or Mayor.

‡ Recorder.

allow. Howbeit his worship, Herr Samuel Pieper—the same being a little, short manniken, with a fat little belly, and a beard mingled with grey, hanging down to his girdle—reached me straightway his hand, and comforted me like a Christian in my tribulation, saying, I ought in God's name to come into the judgment-hall, and he wished with all his heart that all might be proved to be but foul lies that had been raised against my little daughter. But I had yet patiently to endure tarrying two hours, ere the judges came down the winding staircase again. At length toward 9 o'clock, I heard the beadle moving the chairs and benches in the court, and thinking that the time had now come, I went in and seated myself upon a bench. Howbeit there was never a man there as yet, saving the beadle and his little daughter, who was wiping the table, and held a little rose betwixt her lips. This I begged her to give me to smell thereon; and verily I believe that they would have carried me dead out of the place that day had I not had it. Such are the ways of God, who maketh even a poor little flower the instrument in his hand wherewith to preserve a soul alive, whensoever he pleaseth!—

At length came the ministers of justice and seated themselves around the table, wherafter *Dn. Consul** first beckoned unto the beadle, and ordered him to fetch my little daughter. In the meantime he asked the *Amtshauptmann*, whether he had kept the *Rea*† in bonds? and when he said: no! he rebuked him sharply, so that it entered into my very bones and

* *i. e.* Dominus Consul, or Lord Mayor.

† The defendant.

marrow. But the *Amtshauptmann* excused himself by saying; that, in consideration of her rank he had not done so, albeit he had her put into safe ward, wherefrom it was impossible to escape; whereupon *Dn. Consul* answered: that many things were possible to the devil, and that they would then have to answer for it if *Rea* should happen to get away. This thing provoked the *Amtshauptmann* to anger, who said: he thought that if the devil could take her through the prison walls, which were *circa* 7 feet in thickness, and had three doors, he could very easily break off her bonds; whereat *Dn. Consul* answered: that he would by-and-bye go and inspect the prison himself.—And methinks that the *Amtshauptmann* would not have been so kind, had he not still hoped (as will be seen afterwards) to induce my little daughter to yield to his will.

The door, however, now opened, and my poor child entered with the beadle, albeit walking backwards* and without shoes, the which she had to leave outside. The fellow seized her by her long hair and led her thus to the bar, whereafter, and not until then, was she allowed to turn round and to look at the judges. During all this he had much to say, and was in all respects an audacious and malicious knave, as we shall soon hear further. After *Dn. Consul* had heaved a deep sigh, and inspected her from head to foot, he first asked: what was her name, and how old she was; *item*, if she knew wherefore she had been brought here? To the latter question she answered: that the

* This ridiculous procedure was generally adopted in the case of the first trial of a witch, from an erroneous supposition, that on her very first entrance she might at once bewitch the judges with her looks. Here the case might certainly have been possible.

Amtshauptmann had already informed her father hereof, and though she would not wrong any man, she nevertheless believed that the *Amtshauptmann* himself had been the chief cause of her being cried down as a witch, in order to bring her over to the fulfilment of his lustful desires. Hereupon she recounted his conduct towards her from the beginning, his desiring by all means to have her for his stewardess. But seeing that she would not do this, albeit he himself had at sundry times come into her father's house, he had at one time, when going out of the door, muttered to himself: "I shall catch thee yet, never fear!" These words had been overheard by the husbandman, Claus Neels, in the stable, where he was then standing. And this he had forthwith sought to accomplish, in that he had conversed much with a wicked woman, called Lise Kolken, the same that had aforetime been in his service. This same woman had doubtless played these tricks of witchery which were imputed to her; albeit she herself knew nothing of witchcraft. *Item*, she recounted: what the *Amtshauptmann* had done to her yesterday even, when she had hardly arrived, and that he had now again made fresh advances, in that he believed to have her in his power. Yea, this very night, moreover, had he come to her again into the prison, and again proposed to her to commit fornication; for then would he take care that she should be free again, if she would yield to his carnal purpose. But seeing that she thrust him from her, he wrestled with her, whereon she raised a loud shriek and scratched his nose, as might yet be seen; and then he let her go. Wherefore she could not acknowledge the *Amtshauptmann* as her judge, and hoped to God that he would

save her from the hands of her enemies, as he had delivered the chaste Susanna of old.

When hereupon she left off speaking for loud sobbings, *Dn. Consul*, after looking at the *Amtshauptmann's* nose, as we all had done, and finding there, in troth, the scar, sprang up from his seat and cried out as if confounded: "Speak, for God's sake speak, what am I to hear from his worship?"—whereat the *Amtshauptmann*, without blushing, answered: that albeit he had no need to speak before this honourable council, seeing that he himself was the head of the court, and that it goeth forth from innumerable *indiciis*, that *Rea* is a wicked witch and therefore no testimony against him could be borne by any man, nevertheless, not to give any offence to the court, he would answer for himself.

All the accusations, namely, which that person had brought forward against him, were vile and foul lies. Howbeit he would not deny that he had been desirous to hire her for his stewardess, inasmuch as he greatly needed such an one, as his old housekeeper was already getting too infirm. In like manner had he, it is true, yesterday privily examined her, for the purpose of kindly inducing her to a confession, that thereby her punishment might be mitigated, seeing that he had pity on her youthfulness, but never said an unbecoming word to her; neither did he come to her at night, but the scar had been made by his little lap-dog, *Below*, with which he was playing this morning. All this his housekeeper could testify, and that subtle witch had directly made use of this to set the court at variance, and thereby, with the devil's help, avail herself of her advantage; seeing that she is a crafty creature as the court will verily soon find on further scrutiny.

But now I also gathered courage, and represented

thateverything was verity and truth as my little daughter stated, and that I myself had yesterday hearkened at the door, and heard his Worship make offers to her and try all manner of stratagems with her; *item*, that in Coserow even he had once tried to kiss her; *item*, how his Worship had evil entreated me also wise, on account of the money owing me for manure.

But the *Amtshauptmann* forthwith cried me down and said: "If, as an innocent man, I had spoken evil of him from the pulpit in my church, as all the congregation could testify, it would be an easy matter for me to do so here before the court, irrespective of the further consideration, that no father can bear witness for his child."

But *Dn. Consul* became as if quite confounded, and was silent, and leaned his head on the table in deep thought. In the mean time, however, the audacious beadle began by putting his arm through his to finger his beard, and *Dn. Consul* doubtless thought it was a fly, and struck at it with his hand without looking up. But as his hand hit the beadle, he lifted himself up and asked what he wanted? Whereat the fellow answered: "Oh, it was only an insect that was crawling upon you, the which I wished to catch!"

This audacity so sorely vexed his Worship that he gave him a sound box on the ear, and threatened to punish him severely if he ever ventured to come nearer to him again than the door.

Hereupon he turned himself to the *Amtshauptmann* and cried wrathfully: "What the deuce does this mean; is this the sort of respect which his Worship trains his beadle to? Moreover all these things seem a mystery to me, which I cannot unravel!"

But the *Amtshauptmann* answered: "Can you not? Can you not make it out, when you think of the eels?"

Hereupon *Dn. Consul* all at once turned quite pale, so that he began to quake, as it appeared to me, and he called the *Amtshauptmann* aside in to another room. I have never been able to find out what was the meaning of the eels, whereof he spake.

In the meantime, however, sate *Dominus Camerarius* Gebhard Weuzel, biting a pen, and gazed the while with great wrath, first on me, then on my little daughter, but without uttering a single word, neither answered he the *Scriba* anything, who often whispered something into his ear, but only grumbled. At length the two gentlemen came in again, and *Dn. Consul* began, after he and the *Amtshauptmann* had seated themselves again, to speak very sharply to my child, that she had tried to impeach a worthy Judge, forasmuch as his Worship had shewn to him the little dog himself that had scratched him, which had also been testified by his old stewardess. (Yea, troth, neither would she bewray him; for the old slut had played her part with him these many years and had had moreover a lad by him, now half up-grown, as will be seen by-and-by!)

Item, said he, there are so many *indicia* of her evil doings, that it was impossible to give credence to any of her statements; wherefore she should give glory to God, and in all things honestly confess, in order to mitigate her punishment; for then might she yet, on account of her youth, come off with her life, etc.

Hereupon he put on his spectacles and began to examine her, from a paper which he held in his hand, for the space of four hours. And these are about the principal points, which both of us have retained thereof:

Quæstio.—Whether she could bewitch?

Responsio.—No; she knew nothing of witchcraft.

Q.—Whether she could unbewitch?

R.—That was in like manner unknown to her.

Q.—Whether she had at any time been on the Blocksberg?

R.—The same had been too far off for her, and she knew but little of other mounts, saving the Streckelberg, where she had oftentimes been.

Q.—What she had wrought there?

R.—She had looked over the sea or plucked flowers, *item*, sometimes fetched an apron full of withered brushwood.

Q.—Whether she had there invoked the devil?

R.—The like had never entered her thoughts.

Q.—Whether then the devil had there appeared unto her without invocation?

R.—God forbid!

Q.—So then she cannot bewitch?

R.—No!

Q.—What then had come to Staffer Zuter, his speckled cow, the which had perished in her sight?

R.—That she did not know, and was moreover an odd question.

Q.—Then it would in like manner be an odd question, I trow, wherefore Kate Berow's little pig had perished?

R.—Assuredly; she wondered at those things whereof she is accused.

Q.—Then had she not bewitched this either?

R.—No, God forbid!

Q.—But wherefore, seeing that she was guiltless, had she promised another pig when her father's sow brought forth her young.

R.—This had she done out of a good heart.—Hereupon she began to weep sorely, and said: she saw well that she had to thank old Lise Kolken for all this, the same having oftentimes threatened her, whensoever she would not fulfil her wishes, for that she lusted after every thing that came before her eyes. The same also had gone among the folk, when the cattle in the village were bewitched, and told them that if a pure virgin would only pluck a few hairs out of the tail of any cow, the same would be better. So then she had compassion and went thither, seeing that she knew herself to be a pure virgin; the which also availed sundry times, albeit not latterly.

Q.—In what case was it availing?

R.—In Zabel's red cow; *item*, Witthahn's swine; also old Lise's own cow.

Q.—Wherefore was it not availing in aftertimes?

R.—That she did not know, but thought, though she would not trouble any one, that old Lise Kolken, the same that had been commonly reported as a witch, had wrought all this, and bewitched the cattle in her name, and also unbewitched them, as she pleased, for nought but to bring her into trouble.

Q.—Wherefore then had old Lise bewitched even her own cow, *item*, let her own little pig perish, if she had raised the rumour in the village and really could bewitch?

R.—That she did not know; but there might be some one (then she gazed at the *Amtshauptmann*) that would recompense her double for all.

Q.—In vain sought she to ward off the guilt from her herself, for had she not bewitched old Paasch's, yea, her own father's crop, and had it destroyed by the

devil; *item*, brought the caterpillars into her father's orchard?

R.—The question was almost as monstrous as the very deed. There sat her father.—His worship might ask him himself if ever she had shewn herself wicked towards him.—Here I wished to rise and begin to speak, but *Dn. Consul* would not let me say a word, but went on with his examination, wherefore I sat down, still and confounded.

Q.—Whether furthermore she denied having been the cause whereof the woman *Withahn* brought forth a devil's-monster into the world, that forthwith arose and flew through the window, and afterward when the midwife looked after it, it had vanished.

R.—Yea verily, she had rather done good to the folk all her life-time, than harmed them, and oftentimes taken bread out of her own mouth, even in the time of the sore famine and parted it with others, specially with the little children. This the whole parish would testify if called upon. But as wizards and witches always did evil, and never good to men, as our Lord Jesus taught, (*Matth. xii.*), where the pharisees had also blasphemed him for casting out devils by *Beelzebub*; his Worship might thence judge, whether in troth she can be a witch.

Q.—He would soon shew forth her blasphemies; he could very well see that she had a fine tongue, and she must only answer the questions that may be put to her. For the question here is not about *what* good she had done to the poor, but *wherewith* this had been done. Wherefore he desired that she would declare how she and her father had so suddenly attained to such riches, as to strut about proudly in silk garments, seeing that they had been quite poor before?

Hereat she looked at me and said: "Father, shall I tell?" Whereupon I answered, "Yea, my dear daughter, now must thou tell all plainly and fairly, even were we thereby to become miserably poor again." She declared therefore how first of all, in our great need, we found the amber, and what we had gotten for it of the two Dutch merchants.

Q.—What were the names of those merchants?

R.—Diterich von Pehnen and Jacob Kieebush, who, however, as we had heard from a skipper, died of the plague in Stettin.

Q.—Wherefore had we concealed this discovery?

R.—For fear of our enemy, the *Amtshauptmann*, who, according to all appearance, would have let us perish of hunger, forasmuch as he forbade the parish, on the penalty of severe punishment, to give us any thing, and said that he would take care that they should be supplied with a better priest.

Hereat *Dn. Consul* again looked the *Amtshauptmann* hard in the face, who answered, that he certainly had said so, seeing that the priest had railed against and rebuked him from the pulpit, but that he also knew very well that they were in no danger of starvation.

Q.—Whence came so much amber in the Streckelberg? she had better confess at once that the devil had brought it thither for her.

R.—Thereof she knew nothing; howbeit, there was a large vein of amber there, the which she could point out even unto this day; she had broken pieces therefrom, and covered the hole carefully over again with fir-twigs, so that no man might find it.

Q.—When had she gone to the mount—by day or by night?

Hereat she blushed and was silent for a moment, and then answered: "Sometimes by day, and sometimes at night!"

Q.—Wherefore did she falter? She had better freely confess, that her punishment might be lighter. Had she not given up old Seden to Satan, who had carried him off through the air, so that part of his brains and his hair were still cleaving on the top of an oak-tree?

R.—She wist not whether it was his hair and brains, neither how such had come there; but having one morning heard a wood-pecker's shriek so mournfully, she went up to the tree; *item*, old Paasch also hearing this noise, straightway followed her with his axe.

Q.—Whether the wood-pecker was not the devil, who himself had come to fetch old Seden?

R.—That wist she not; but he must have been long dead, inasmuch as the brains and blood, which the young man brought down from the tree, were quite dry.

Q.—How, and when did he come by his death?

R.—That, God Almighty knows; but Zuter's little maid had said that, one day as she was plucking nettles for her cow against Seden's hedge, she had heard that the old man threatened his gloaring-eyed wife; that he would tell the priest, that she, as he now certainly knew, had an evil spirit;—whereupon the old man had soon disappeared. Howbeit, these might be children's tales; she wished to bring no one into trouble therewith.

Hereupon *Dn. Consul* again looked at the *Amtshauptmann* full in the face, and said: "old Lise Kolken must be overtaken and brought hither this very day." But as the *Amtshauptmann* gave no answer to this, he proceeded:

Q.—Whether then she meant to abide by her declaration, that she knew nothing of the devil?

R.—She would affirm it again and again, and abide by it to her blessed end.

Q.—And yet had she, as eye witnesses will testify, suffered herself to be baptized by him in the sea.

Here she changed colour for a moment, and was silent.

Q.—Why did she change colour again?—wherefore, she ought for God's sake to think of her salvation, and confess the truth.

R.—She had bathed in the sea, seeing that it was a very hot day: "that was the whole truth."

Q.—"What chaste virgin, troth, would ever bathe in the open sea? Thou liest! Wilt thou still deny that thou hast bewitched old Paasch's little maid with a cake?"

R.—"Ah, me! ah, me! yea, verily."—For she loved the child as her own dear little sister; she had not only instructed her in everything without recompense, but also in the sore famine she had oftentimes taken the bit out of her own mouth and put it into her's, how then could she have inflicted this evil upon her?

Q.—Wilt thou still persist in denying the truth?—Rev. Abraham, what a hardened child is this of yours!—Look here, then, is this no witch's salve*, which the beadle took out of thy coffer last night?—Is this no witch's salve, eh?

R.—It was only a little salve for the skin, which maketh it white and soft, as the apothecary in Wolgast, of whom she had bought it, had told her.

Hereupon he shook his head and proceeded:

* It was supposed that the devil gave the witches a salve, by the use of which they might render themselves invisible, transform themselves into animals, pass through the air, etc.

Q.—What! Wilt thou, then, last of all, deny that this last Saturday, the 10th July, about midnight, thou callest upon thy lover, the devil, in the Streckelberg with awful words; that thereafter a great and hairy giant appeared unto thee, and embraced and hugged thee?

At these words she turned paler than a corpse, and began to tremble so violently, that she was obliged to hold fast by a chair. When I, wretched man that I am, who would have sworn for her to my death, saw and heard this, I was bereft of my senses; so that I fell from the bench, and *Dn. Consul* was obliged to call in the beadle to help me up again.

When I came to myself a little, and the audacious fellow saw our general confusion, he cried out grinning at the court: "Is't out? is't out? has she confessed?" whereupon *Dn. Consul* shewed him the door again with many chiding words, as one may easily guess. This rascal presumed on being his *pander*, or else, I trow, he would not have been so forward.

Summa: I should have perished in my misery had I not had the little rose, which, with the blessing of God, strengthened me greatly; now all the court arose and adjured my drooping child by the living God, and the salvation of her soul, to lie no longer, but to have compassion on herself, and on her father, and confess the truth.

Hereupon she heaved a great sigh, and became as red as she had been pale, so that her hand upon the chair looked like scarlet, and she could not lift up her eyes from the ground.

R.—She would now verily confess the whole truth, as she saw that wicked people had stolen after her at night

and watched her. She was getting some amber from the mount, and whiles thus working had after her wise, and to banish her fears recited the Latin *carmen* which her father had composed for His Highness King Gustavus Adolphus, when the young Rudiger of Nienkerken, who had oftentimes come to her father's house and made love to her, stepped forth from the bush, and as she shrieked out for fright, had spoken to her in Latin, and taken her in his arms. The same had a great wolf's pelt on, that the people might not know him if haply they should meet him, and tell it unto his father that he had been on the mount in the night-season.

At such her confession my anger was kindled, and in my fury I cried out: "O, thou godless and disobedient child, it seemeth then that after all thou hast a lover! Did I not forbid thee to go to the mount by night? What hast thou to do on the mount by night? And I began to weep and to wail, and to wring my hands, in so much that even *Dn. Consul's* bowels of compassion were moved, and he came near to me to comfort me. Meanwhile, however, she too came up to me, and began to defend herself with many tears: that she had gone to the mount against my orders, only to get as much amber as wherewith to buy secretly the *Opera Sancti Augustini*, which the Cantor of Wolgast offered to sell, and to present them to me on my birth-day. She was not aware of the younker's design in way-laying her by night on the mount; albeit, she would swear by the living God that nothing unseemly had taken place there, and that she was unto this day a pure virgin.

Thus ended the first hearing; for after *Dn. Consul* had whispered something into the ears of the sheriff, he called in the beadle again, and commanded him to

give a watchful eye to the prisoner ; *item*, not to let her go about the prison free, but put her in bonds. These words pierced my very heart, and I conjured his worship for the sake of my rank, and my ancient noble family, not to clothe me with such shame as to have my little daughter put in bonds. I would be surety with the honourable court, even at the peril of my life, that she should not run away, whereupon *Dn. Consul*, after he had gone out and overlooked the prison, granted me my request, and charged the beadle to leave her as before.

CHAPTER XIX.

How that hateful Satan, under the sufferance of the righteous God, diligently studied utterly to oppress us; and how all hope forsook us.

On the selfsame day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, as I went to the beer-house, kept by Conrad Seep, to get a little refreshment, forasmuch as I had not tasted anything for two days, saving my tears, and the same having set before me a little bread and sausage, *item*, a can of beer, the beadle came into the room, without even taking his hat off, and said; the *Amishauptmann* sendeth greeting, and desireth to know whether I would not dine with his worship, and hoped to be excused for not having thought of it before, but that I might not yet have broken my fast because of the long hearing. Hereupon I sent my answer by the beadle, that I had my dinner already ordered before me, as he saw, and returned thanks to his worship. Thereat the fellow seemed astounded, and answered: Did I not see how well his worship's thoughts are toward me, notwithstanding I had reviled and rebuked him from the pulpit like a Turk. Whatever I did, I should at all events think of my daughter, and yield to his worship's will, for then, peradventure, all might yet have a happy issue. For his worship was not such an uncouth ass as *Dn. Consul*, and was favourably minded towards me and my child, as becometh an honourable magistrate.

When, after much trouble, I had ridden myself of this audacious fox, I tried to partake of a little refreshment, but I could not swallow anything, saving a little beer. Then began I to think again, whether I should take up my lodging with Conrad Seep, that I might ever be near my child; *item*, whether I had not better give up my poor wandering flock to *M. Vigelio*, the pastor of Beuz, so long as the Lord kept me in the furnace of affliction. After an hour's time, I perceived through the window that an empty carriage came driving up before the castle, into which forthwith the *Amtshauptmann* and *Dr. Consul* stepped, with my little daughter; *item*, the beadle, who got up behind. Then left I all standing and lying, and ran up to the carriage, humbly asking: whither they thought of taking my child? And when I heard that they would go to the Streckelberg, to look after the amber, I besought them that they would take me with them, and suffer me to sit by my child; for who could know, how much longer I might have her to sit-with. This request was granted unto me, and on the way the *Amtshauptmann* proposed that I should take up my abode with him in the castle, and eat at his table, as long as I liked, and he would also send some food every day to my little daughter. For he had a Christian heart, and knew very well that we ought to forgive our enemies. I humbly thanked him for this friendship, as did also my little daughter; but we were not so poor yet, as not to be able to keep ourselves. On passing by the water-mill, the godless miller's man again thrust his head out of a hole, and made a wry face at my little daughter. But, my dear reader, it was ordained that he should be recompensed for it!

For the *Amtshauptmann* beckoned unto the beadle that he should bring the rascal out, and after he had reproved him for his twofold vile tricks that he had played upon my child, he bade the beadle take the whip from the coachman and to give him fifty lashes, the which, God knows, were not milk and water. He roared at last like an ox, but from the noise of the wheels no one could hear in the mill, and as he pretended not to be able to walk, we let him lie on the ground, and went on our way.

In Uekeritz there was also a great concourse of people as we passed through, but they behaved themselves tolerably quiet, saving one man, who *saba venia* strutted in the way as he saw us coming.* The beadle again sprang down and ran after him, but could not overtake him, and the rest would not bewray him, but declared: that they had only been looking at our carriage and had not noticed it. This may indeed be true! when I trow it might have been Satan himself incarnate, come to mock at us; for mark, for God's sake, what happened unto us in the Streckelberg! Ah, we could not find the place again, where we had dug up the amber, forasmuch as Satan, the wicked enemy, had blinded us. For where we thought it ought to be, there was a great heap of sand, as if drifted together by a tempest, and moreover the fir-twigs, which my little daughter had strewed over it, were gone. She was nigh fainting on seeing this, and wrung her hands and cried out like her Redeemer: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!"

* Either perhaps to express his contempt, or from some superstitious motive.

Meanwhile, however, the beadle and the coachman had to dig. But not one piece of amber was found, no, not even as big as a grain of corn; whereupon *Dn. Consul* shook his head and sharply rebuked my poor child. And when I answered: that that hateful Satan had, as it seemed, filled up the pit for to get us altogether into his power, he made the beadle fetch a long pole out of the bush for to dig yet deeper therewith. Notwithstanding there was nowhere a hard *objectum* to feel; albeit the *Amishauptmann, Dn. Consul*, and even I myself, in my fear, tried all over with the pole.

Then besought my little daughter the judges to come with her to Coserow, where as yet she had a great deal of amber in her coffer, the which she had found here. For, were all this the work of the devil, then would that also be transformed, forasmuch as she heard that all presents which the devil is wont to give unto witches, forthwith transform themselves into dung or coals.

But, God 'a' mercy, God 'a' mercy! as we, to my astonishment, arrived again in Coserow, and my little daughter went to her box, all her apparel therein was torn to pieces, and the amber gone. Thereat she cried out so loud as that it might have melted a stone, saying: "that wicked beadle has done this! for when he took the salve out of the box, he also took the amber from me, wretched maid that I am!" But the beadle who stood by, seized her by her hair and cried: "thou witch, thou accursed witch, is it not enough that thou speakest evil of my master, wilt thou also bring a false accusation against me?" Howbeit, *Dn. Consul* interposed, and forbade him to molest her. *Item*, all her money that she had saved together, from the amber privily sold, which, she trowed, amounted already to 10*Fl.*, was gone.

But her garment, which she had worn on the arrival of His Highness, King Gustavus Adolphus, as also the golden chain with his likeness, whereof he had made her a present, I had locked away as a sacred treasure in my church box, with the altar and pulpit cloths, and found it yet as it was. But when I excused this by saying: that I intended to keep it here for her unto her wedding-day, she stared into the box and cried: "Yes, when I shall be burnt, O, Jesu, Jesu, Jesu!"—

Here *Dr. Consul* shuddered and said: "See, how thou ever and anon smitest thyself with thine own words! For God and thy salvation's sake confess; for if thou art without offence, how canst thou think that thou shalt burn?"

Howbeit she continued to look him stedfastly in the face and began to exclaim in Latin: *innocentia, quid est innocentia? ubi libido dominatur innocentia leve presidium est.**

Here *Dn. Consul* again shuddered so that his very beard shook, and spake; "What, knowest thou Latin in troth?" And when I had answered him this question as well as for sobbing I was able, he shook his head and said: "never in my life have I heard the like, that a woman should know Latin." Saying this, he fell upon his knees before her box, and thoroughly ransacked everything contained therein; then moved it from the wall, and finding nothing, he went to her bed, doing the same therewith. This at last vexed the *Amtshauptmann*, who asked him: whether they had

* Innocence, what is Innocence? Wherever wantonness rules, there innocence has but a weak safe-guard.—A quotation from Cicero, if I mistake not.

not better return, seeing that night was fast drawing on? But he answered: "No! I must first have the compact-paper* that Satan has given her;" and continued to rummage about all over until it was quite dark. But they found nothing, albeit *Dn. Consul* and the beadle had not spared to search every crack and corner in the kitchen and in the cellar. Thereupon he stepped grumbling into the carriage again, and ordered my little daughter to seat herself so that she could not look at him.

And now we had the same *spectalum* again with that accursed hag, old Lise Kolken, seeing that she sat again before her door as we rode by, and began to sing with all her might: "Thee, O Lord, do we adore!" Howbeit, she squeaked like a stuck calf, so that *Dn. Consul* marvelled at it, and after he had heard who she was, he asked the *Amtshauptmann* whether he would not have her instantly taken up by the beadle and tied to the carriage, to run after it, as we had no room for her. For he had often heard, that all old women that had red gloaring eyes and a pimpled throat were also witches, irrespective of that which *Rea* declares of her of a suspicious nature. But he answered, that he could not do that, because old Lise was a blameless and godly woman, as *Dn. Consul* himself might have heard. Nevertheless he summoned her to appear on the morrow with the rest of the witnesses.

Yea, verily, a pretty godly woman!—for hardly had we got out of the village when such a storm arose accompanied by thunder and lightning, tempest and

* Arising from an erroneous opinion that as man pledges himself to the devil, so also the devil pledges himself to man in *writing*.

hail-stones, that the corn round about was levelled to the ground, as by a reaper, and the horses in our carriage became affrighted; albeit this was of short duration. Nevertheless my poor little daughter was again obliged to bear the blame thereof;* forasmuch as *Dn. Consul* trowed that not old Lise, (though this was as clear as the sun), but my poor child had caused this storm. For pray tell me of what avail could this have been to her, even had she understood the craft? But this *Dn. Consul* did not see, and that abominable Satan was, by the righteous God, permitted to inflict upon us greater evils still. For no sooner had we come to the *Herrendamm*,† than he came riding over us like an *Aderbar*,‡ and threw down from above a *Pogge*§ with so exact an aim that it fell into my little daughter's lap. She cried out aloud, but I whispered to her to sit still, and that I would privily throw it away with my foot.

But the beadle saw it and cried: "Lord, O Lord! look at that accursed witch; look what the devil has thrown into her lap!" Whereat the *Amtshauptmann* and *Dn. Consul* looked round and found a toad crawling in her lap, the which the beadle first blew at thrice before he took it up and shewed it unto his lords. On seeing this *Dn. Consul* was seized with vomiting, and commanding the coachman, after it was over, to halt, went out of the carriage and said: we should straightway ride home, and, as he felt sick, he would follow on foot,

* For the origin of the like sudden storms was also ascribed to witches.

† So called to this very day, being distant about a quarter of a mile (German) from Coserow.

‡ A stork. § Low German for frog or toad.

and see if thereby he would get the better of it. But before this he whispered privily into the beadle's ear (which we, however, clearly understood,) that as soon as he came home he should forthwith bind my poor child hand and foot, however sorely she might weep and sob.

But the *Amishauptmann* also had heard what he said, and as we could not see him any longer, he began to stroke my little daughter's cheeks from behind: she might make herself easy, as he also had something to say in the matter, and the beadle should not bind her yet. But then she should cease to demean herself so coldly towards him, as she had done hitherto, and come and sit beside him, that he might give her secret counsel what was to be done. Hereupon she answered, with many tears; she would keep her seat by the side of her father, inasmuch as she did not know how long she might have to sit by him, and she entreated his Worship for this one thing only to let her remain in peace. But this he did not, but pressed her with his knees into her back and sides, and seeing that she patiently endured this, in that she could not do otherwise, he waxed bolder and took this for a good sign.

Meanwhile *Dn. Consul* cried out close behind us: (for being horribly afraid, he trotted close behind the carriage) "Beadle! beadle! come quickly hither; here lieth a hedge-hog in the midst of the way!" whereat the beadle sprang from the carriage.

But this made the *Amishauptmann* more daring still, and at length my little daughter rose up and said: "Father, we also will go on foot, I can no longer keep myself safe from him behind!" But he pulled her down again by her garment, and cried wrathfully: "wait, thou malicious witch! I'll help thee to go on

foot if thou wilt, for in troth shalt thou this very night be put to the rack!" whereat she answered: "do whatever thou canst not leave undone; the God, that judgeth righteously, will one day also do with thee, what he cannot leave undone!"

In the meantime, however, we arrived at the castle, and hardly had we got out of the carriage, when *Dn. Consul*, who had run himself into a great sweat, also arrived with the beadle, and forthwith delivered over my child into his hands, so that I had hardly time to say farewell to her. Wherefore I remained wringing my hands and standing in the dark on the floor to hearken whither they went, for I had not the courage to follow them, when *Dn. Consul*, who had gone into a room with the *Amtshauptmann*, looked out of the door again, and called after the beadle to bring hither *Rea* once more. And when he had done so, and I went in with her into the room, *Dn. Consul* held a letter in his hand, and after he spat out three times, he began: "Wilt thou still deny, thou hardened witch? Only hearken, what the old knight, Hans von Nienkerken writes to the court!" And herewith he read aloud to us: "that his son is sore grieved touching the thing which the accursed witch had wrought on him, so that from that very hour he had fallen sick, and he, the father, was not a wit better. His son Rudiger, it is true, had at sundry times, when his way led him hitherward, turned in at Pastor Schweidler's, with whom he had become acquainted while on a journey, but wished he might become black, if ever he had sported or played any foolish tricks with that accursed devil, his daughter, much less been on the mount at night-time, and there embraced her.

At such horrible tidings we both dropped down (understand, my daughter and I) fainting together, seeing that we had till then placed our last hope on the younker, and I wot not what further they did with me. For on coming to myself again, the innkeeper, Conrad Seep, stood over me and held a funnel between my teeth, into which he poured some bier-suppe;* never in my life was I more wretched. Whereupon Master Seep had also to take off my clothes for me, like a little child, and carry me to bed.

* A beverage made by boiling beer or ale with spice, sugar and sops of bread.

CHAPTER XX.

*Of the maliciousness of the Amtshauptmann and old Lise ;
item, of the hearing of the witnesses.*

On the morrow my hair, that hitherto was mingled with grey, was as white as snow, albeit in many things the Lord blessed me marvellously. For at break of day there came a nightingale into the elder-bush under my window, and sang so sweetly, that I verily believed it to be a good angel. For after I had listened to it for a while, I found the spirit of prayer and of supplication as it were return to me all at once, as if poured out upon me from on high, for I could again pray, the which I could not since last Sunday. And as the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ began to cry in my heart: "Abba, father?"* I took good courage thereby; that God would again graciously receive me, his wretched child; and after offering up my thanksgivings unto Him for so many mercies, I after a while enjoyed such a refreshing repose that the blessed sun stood already high in the firmament when I awoke.

While I yet felt this confidence in my heart I raised myself up in bed, and sang with a loud voice: "Fear not thou, O little flock!" etc., whereupon Master Seep entered into the chamber, trowing that I had called him. Howbeit he devoutly waited until I had finished, and after he had first declared his astonishment at my snow-white hair, he informed me that it was already

* Gal. iv, 6.

seven o'clock ; *item*, that half of my parishioners were already assembled here at his house, to appear as witnesses this day, among which number was also my husbandman, Claus Neels. When I heard this I made the tapster send him forthwith to the castle to enquire when the trial would begin ; whereupon he returned with the message that they could not tell him ; forasmuch as *Dn. Consul* had this morning left for Mellenthin, whither he had gone to old Nienkerken, but had not returned yet. This message cheered my spirits again, and I asked the lad : whether he had also come to bear witness against my poor child ? Thereupon he said : " No ! I know nothing of her but what is good, and verily I should like to let those fellows know it."

At this saying I marvelled greatly, and I very strongly urged him to open his heart to me. But he began to weep and at last said : he knew nothing. Ah, he knew but too much, and might now have saved my poor child, if he would. From fear of the rack he was silent, as he afterwards confessed. And here will I at once insert what had happened to him this morning.

As soon as the cock crew this morning, he came out of his house with his bride alone, who went with him a little way (she is Steffen's daughter, of Zempin ; but understand, not the boor, but the lame gouty Steffen) and arrived at Pudgla by five o'clock, but found no one at the beer-house, save old Lise Kolken, who straightway however waddles off to the castle. And as his bride returned home again, the time seemed long to him and he gat over the tapster's-wall into the castle garden, where he throweth himself beneath a bush upon his belly for to sleep. But not long after cometh the *Amtshauptmann*, with old Lise, and after they had

looked about and saw no one, they went to a bower just before him, and carried on a conversation as follows:

*Ille**.—Now they were both quite alone; what was the thing she desired of him?

Illa †—She came to receive the money for the witchcraft she had wrought in the village.

Ille.—Of what avail was all this witchcraft to him? My little daughter would not be moved nor dismayed, but waxed more stubborn and daring; neither could he believe that he should ever get her for the accomplishment of his purpose.

Illa.—He need only have patience; when once she got a taste of the rack, her copul—desire would soon come on, never fear.

Ille.—That might be possible, but not until then should she have any money?

Illa.—What? Should she do anything to his cattle?

Ille.—Yes if her *podes* was starving, she might do so. In troth, he thought that she had already done something to his own person, seeing that he felt such a burning lust to the priest's daughter, as he had never felt before.

Illa (laughing).—The same thing had he said thirty years hence, when for the first time he made up to her.

Ille.—Fye, thou old slut! don't tell me of this, but only see that thou gettest three witnesses, as I told thee the last time, for if thou dost not, I fear after all they'll stretch thy old lame limbs for thee.

Illa.—She had gotten the three witnesses, and for

* He.

† She.

the rest she relied on him. For if she should be racked, she would disclose every thing that she knew.

Illa.—She might hold her long tongue, and go to the devil.

Illa.—Yes; but first she would have her money.

Illa.—She should get no money until she brought my little daughter to yield to his will.

Illa.—Then should he at least first pay her for the little pig; the which she herself bewitched to death purposely not to get out of favour.

Illa.—Well, she might pick out another, when his swine were breeding, and all she need to say was, that she had paid him for it. Herewith, said my servant-lad, the swine were already breeding, and one of them ran into the garden, as the gate was open, and seeing that the swine-herd followed after it, they both separated, albeit the witch muttered yet something to herself: “Now help, devil; help that I——;” but more he could not understand.

All this that timorous lad kept secret, as aforesaid, and only said, with tears: he knew nothing. Wherefore I believed him, and seated myself before the window, to look out, when *Dn. Consul* should come home again. And seeing this I arose, and straight-way went into the castle, where, in the judgment-hall, the beadle already met me, with my little daughter, that he had brought in. Ah, she looked happier than I had seen her for a long time, and smiled at me with her lovely little mouth; but as she perceived my snow-white hair, she uttered a shriek, so that *Dn. Consul* threw open the court doors, and called out: “Ha, ha! thou *sarmisest* already, I trow, what manner of tidings I bring thee; only come in, thou hardened child of the

devil!" Whereupon we entered, and he began to address himself to me, after he had sat down with the *Amtshauptmann*, who was then present.

After he had had me conveyed yester-night, like a dead man, to Master Seep (said he), and restored this my hardened child to life again, he had again adjured her with all the entreaties in his power no longer to lie unto the living God, but to confess the truth, whereupon, however, she waxed quite wild, wrang her hands, wept and sobbed, and at last answered: that the young, *Nobilis* could not possibly have said such things, but that his father had written this, who is disaffected towards her, as she well marked, when the Swedish king was in Coserow. This, her statement, *Dn. Consul* had immediately doubted, but, as a righteous judge, he together with the *Scriba*, had gone over toward Mel-lenthin, early this morn, in order to examine the younker.

And now I might judge of myself what horrible wickedness reigneth in the heart of my child. For the old Knight had taken him to the bedside of his son, who as yet was lying sick with sheer vexation, and he had confirmed all things whatsoever the father had written, and cursed the infamous fiend (as he called my child) in that she would rob him of his noble reputation.—“What sayst thou now,” continued he, “wilt thou still deny thy evil deeds? Behold here the *Proto-collum*, the which the younker has subscribed *manu propria!*”—But the wretched maid had in the mean time fallen down again, and the beadle no sooner saw this than he ran into the kitchen and came back with a burning brimstone match, the which he would hold to her nose.

But I forbade him, and sprinkled a pitcher of water over her face, so that she again opened her eyes, and raised herself up whiles holding on a table. Howbeit she now stood a great while without uttering a word or regarding my woefulness; then she began to smile at me, and to speak in this manner: She saw very well how truly saith the Holy Ghost—"Cursed be the man that trusteth in man!"* and the unfaithfulness of the younker towards her would assuredly have broken her heart, if the merciful God had not graciously prevented her and given unto her a dream in the night, which she would recount, not to persuade the judge, but to uplift the hoary head of her poor father.

"After I had been sitting and watching the whole night," said she, "I heard toward the break of day a nightingale singing very sweetly in the castle-garden, whereupon my eyelids closed and I fell asleep. Presently it seemed unto me as if I were a little lamb, and was quietly pasturing in my bleach-yard in Coserow. Then leaped the *Amtshauptmann* over the fence, but transformed himself into a wolf, that took me in his mouth and ran with me up the Streckelberg, where he had his lair. I, poor little lamb, quaked and bleated in vain, and saw death before mine eyes, when he set me down before his lair, where his mate lay with her young. But lo, a hand like unto the hand of a man instantly stretched itself forth out of the bush, and seized the wolves, each one of them with a finger, and shattered them, so that nothing was remaining of them saving a grey powder. Thereupon the hand took me up and carried me again to my pasture."

Dear reader, canst thou conceive how I now felt

* Jer. xvii. 5.

within me, when I heard all this, and also about the sweet nightingale, whence I trow that thou also wilt no longer doubt, that she was a servant of the most high God. I instantly embraced my dear little daughter with a thousand tears and recounted to her how things had gone with me, and we both gained such courage and confidence as we had never had before, insomuch as *Dn. Consul* greatly marvelled, whiles the *Amtshauptmann* waxed pale as a sheet, when now she went up to the two *Domini* and spake: "Now do ye with me whatsoever ye list; the little lamb feareth none of those things that ye can do, for it standeth upholden by the hand of the good Shepherd!"

Meanwhile *Dominus Camerarius* entered in with the *Scriba*, but became affrighted as the hem of his garment chanced to touch my little daughter's apron, and stood scraping at his garment, like unto a woman scraping fish. At length, after he had first spat out thrice, he spake unto the judge asking: whether they would not begin to take the oaths from the witnesses, seeing that all the people had long since assembled in the castle and at the Inn. This proposition was gladly received, and the beadle was ordered to keep my child in ward until the court should send for her.

Wherefore I went with her; howbeit we were sorely tormented by that daring knave, forasmuch as he was not ashamed to lay his arm on my little daughter's shoulder and in *mea praesentia* ask a kiss from her. But before I could even utter a word, she tore away from him and cried: "Ay, thou wicked servant, shall I accuse thee unto the judges? hast thou forgotten what thou hast already to answer for?" Whereupon, however, he answered: "Lawk, lawk, how modest!"

and then continued to persuade her that she should be more complying and not forget her own advantage thereby ; for his intentions towards her were as good as his master's, she may believe it or not ; and more of scandalous things, which I overheard. For I took my little daughter on my lap and laid my head on her neck, and thus sate we still and wept.

CHAPTER XXI.

*De confrontatione testium.**

When we were called up again the whole court was full of people, and some shuddered as they beheld us; others grinned. My little daughter's declaration was just as before mentioned. But when our old Ilse was called up, that was sitting behind upon a bench, so that we could not see her, all the strength, wherewith the Lord had clothed her, was gone again and she repeated the Saviour's words: "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me,"† and supported herself by holding fast to my chair. Neither could old Ilse stand upright for sorrow of heart, neither again could she utter a word for tearful sobbings, but wrang and writhed before the judges like a woman in travail. But when *Dn. Consul* threatened her that the beadle would soon make her open her lips, she testified that my child had very often arisen in the night season when all men were asleep and loudly called upon the wicked enemy.

Q.—Whether she had heard that Satan answered her.

R.—That she had never heard.

Q.—Whether she had discovered that *Rea* had an evil spirit, and in what form? She should think of her oath and speak the truth.

R.—That she had never discovered.

* Of the confrontation of the witnesses. † John xiii. 18.

Q.—Whether she had heard that she has flown out of the chimney ?

R.—No, she had always gone privily out of the door.

Q.—Whether in the morning she had never missed a broom-stick, or an oven-fork ?

R.—Once she missed her besom, but she found it again behind the baking-oven, and it might be that she herself had set it there in thoughtlessness.

Q.—Whether she had never heard that *Rea* had had some doings with witchcraft, or bewitched this or that person ?

R.—No, never ; but her thoughts and wishes towards her neighbours were only for good continually ; also in the sore famine she had taken the last bit out of her own mouth and given it unto others.

Q.—Whether then she had no knowledge also of this salve that had been found in *Rea's* coffer ?

R.—O yes, the young mistress had brought it home with her from Wolgast, wherewith to rub her skin ; she had also given her some thereof, when once she had chapped hands, and it had cured them famously.

Q.—Whether she had anything else yet to say ?

R.—No, nothing ; saving all good things.

Hereupon my servant-lad, Claus Neels, was called up. The same also came forward weeping, but answered all questions with—"No!" and at last testified that he had never seen nor heard anything wrong of my little daughter, neither was he aware of her walking out at night, seeing that he slept in the stable with the horses, and assuredly believed that malicious people (wherby he looked at old Lise) had brought about this heart-rending mischievous work, and that she was quite innocent.

When now the turn came to this old tool of the devil, to perform the part of a principal witness, my little daughter again declared that she would not accept the testimony of that old Lise, and called upon the court for justice, for that from a child she had born a hatred against her, and had been longer decried as a witch than she had herself.

But that old hag cried: "God forgive thee thy sins! all the village knoweth me to be a godly woman, fearing and serving my God as becometh me!" Whereupon she called upon old Zuter Witthahn and my warden, Claus Bulk, who were also to bear witness unto her. But old Paasch stood and shook his head; howbeit when my dear daughter said: "Paasch, wherefore shakest thou thine head?" he started and answered: "Oh! nothing!"

But *Dn. Consul* seeing this, asked him: whether he had any naughtiness to bring forward against old Lise, for then he should give glory unto God and confess it; *item*, every one was at liberty to do so; yea, the court commanded him to speak, if he knew aught.

But for fear of that old dragon they all remained as still as mice, so that one could hear a fly buzzing about the inkstand. Then I, wretched man that I am, arose and stretched forth my arms over my timorous and dismayed flock, and said: can you crucify me thus with my poor child? Have I deserved this at your hands? Speak then!—ah! will no one speak? Howbeit I heard some howl, but never a one speak, and now my poor little daughter saw nothing left for her but patiently to endure.

Moreover, so great was the wickedness of that old hag that she not only accused my child of the most

horrible deeds of witchcraft, but declared even to know the exact time when she had given herself up to that hateful Satan, whereby to rob her at the same time of her virgin fame ; seeing that she maintained, that at that time Satan doubtless had taken her virginity from her, when she could no longer heal the cattle ; but they had died. Howbeit, to this my dear daughter said nothing, but only cast down her eyes and blushed at such lewdness, and to the other railing accusations, which that wretch vented with many tears, namely : that she had delivered her husband alive into the hands of Satan—she answered as afore-mentioned. But when the hag came to speak of her fresh baptism in the sea, and pretended that she had been seeking strawberries among the bushes, whereupon she forthwith recognised my little daughter's voice, and had come up softly un-awares to her and thus discovered the devil's-work—she interrupted her smiling, and answered : “ ay, thou wicked woman, how could'st thou hear my voice on the top of the mount in the wood, when I spake by the sea-shore ? Verily thou liest : for the murmuring of the waves rendered it impossible for thee ! ” This vexed the old dragon, and wishing to mend the matter, she made it still worse, by saying : “ surely thou didst move thy lips as I could see, and thence have I concluded that thou didst call upon the devil, thy paramour.”

My dear daughter instantly replied : “ O thou godless woman, thou sayest that thou wast in the wood when thou heardest my voice ; how then couldst thou see in the wood whether I was moving my lips near the water below or not ? ”

Such contradiction also astounded *Dn. Consul*, and

he began to threaten the old hag that after all her end would be the rack if she brought forward such lies, whereat she answered and said: "see then if I lie!" When she went naked into the water she had no mark yet about her body, whereas when she came out of the water again, I saw that she had a mark between her breast of the size of a *Witten*,* whence I judged that the devil must have given her it; albeit I did not see him about her, nor any other spirit or child of man, but it seemed that she was quite alone.

Hereupon the *Amtshauptmann* sprang from his seat and cried: that this thing should be examined; whereat *Dn. Consul* answered: yea, but not by us, but by two honourable women; for he regarded not my daughter saying: that it was a mole, and that she had it from the day of her birth. Wherefore the beadle's wife came, into whose ear *Dn. Consul* whispered something, and as no entreaties nor weeping availed, my little daughter was obliged to go with her. Howbeit this was granted unto her: that *Lise Kolken* should not follow her, as she in troth wanted, but our maid, old *Ilse*. And in my grief I also went with them, forasmuch as I did not know what the women would do with her. She wept bitterly as they took off her clothes, and held her hand before her eyes for shame.

Ah, God! she was just as white about her body as my blessed wife, now in heaven, while that in her youth, as far as I can remember, she looked quite yellow, and I saw to my astonishment the spot between her breasts, of the which I had before known nothing. But presently she shrieked out violently and sprang back,

* A silver sixpence.

seeing that the beadle's wife, when nobody perceived, had thrust a needle into the spot, so that the red blood ran over her breasts. Thereat my wrath was mightily kindled within me and I rebuked the woman, who defended herself by saying : that she had done according to the injunction of the judge,* as verily it was the case. For when we came into the court again, and the *Amtshauptmann* asked how the matter stood, she testified that there certainly was a mark found there of the size of a *Gulden*,† and looking yellow, but that there was feeling in it, for that *Rea* had cried out aloud when she had pricked it unawares. In the meantime however, *Dr. Camerarius* suddenly sprang up and went to my little daughter and lifted up her eyelids, whereupon he began to tremble and exclaimed : " behold here the mark which is ever infallible ! " ‡ whereupon all the judges sprang up and inspected the little spot which showed itself under the right eyelid that had proceeded from a sty, but which no one would believe. *Dr. Consul* then said : " Behold, Satan has marked thee both on body and soul ; and notwithstanding thou continuest to lie unto the Holy Ghost ; but it will avail thee nothing, and thou only makest thy condemnation to be the sorer ! O, thou shameless woman, wilt thou not receive old Lise's witness, neither the witness of these people who have all heard thee on the mount calling on thy lover, the devil, whereupon he appeared unto thee as a hairy giant, and hugged thee and kissed thee ?

* It was supposed that such like spots on witches *then* were indubitable marks of the devil when they had *no* feeling ; and this procedure was adopted with every person suspected of witchcraft.

† A silver coin value from 1s. 6d. to 2s.

‡ See among others *Delrio disquisit. magicæ lib. V. Tit. xiv. 63.*

Hereupon old Paasch, Witthahn, and Zuter, came forward and testified that this happened at midnight, and that they would live and die with this confession on their lips. Old Lise had roused them on Saturday night by 11 o'clock, put before them a pot of beer, and persuaded them secretly to go after the priest's daughter for to see what she was doing on the mount. That at first they refused to go, but in order to get at the bottom of the work of witchcraft going forward in the village they had at length, after offering up a devout prayer, consented and followed her in God's name.

They were not long before they saw the witch through the bushes in the moonlight, where she seemed as if she were digging, and talked loud in a strange language, whereupon the grim arch-fiend suddenly appeared and clasped her round the neck. Then they ran away with horror and dismay, and with the help of Almighty God, in whom they ever trusted, were also happily preserved and protected from the power of the wicked enemy. For albeit, he had looked about after them, when it rustled in the bush, nevertheless he was not suffered to harm them.

At length it was also interpreted as a *Crimen* against my poor daughter, that she had fainted when she was led away from Coserow towards Pudgla, and again no one would believe her that this arose from grievous vexation at old Lise's singing, and not from an evil conscience as the judge given it out.

Now, when all the witnesses were examined, *Dn. Consul* asked her yet: whether she had caused the storm; *item*, what was the meaning of the frog that had fallen into her lap; *item*, the hedge-hog that was lying before him in the way? Whereupon she

answered: that she had done the one as little as she knew about the other; but at this *Dn. Consul* again shook his head, and finally asked her: If she would have an Advocate, or commit every thing to the best judgment of the court? whereupon she answered: that she by all means desired to have an Advocate. Wherefore I sent myservant-lad, *Claus Neels*, on the morrow to *Wolgast* to fetch the *Syndicus Michelsen*, who was a pious man, and with whom I put up at sundry times when I rode to the town, forasmuch as he courteously invited me.

I must yet observe that my old *Ilse* now returned into our service, for after the witnesses were gone away she remained yet alone in the court, and came up to me earnestly entreating me that she might be allowed to attend again on her old master, and her dear young mistress. For now she had saved her poor soul, and revealed everything that she knew. Wherefore she could no longer endure to see her old family in such a sad state, not having even a mouthful to eat, seeing that she heard that old *Seep's* wife, that hitherto made ready the food for me and my child, had often let the grits burn; *item*, oversalted the fish and other food. Also, that I was so weak with old age and trouble, that I must have succour, and that she would faithfully render such unto me, and would even sleep in the stable, if needs be. As for wages, she desired none, would I only not reject her. Such goodness of heart melted my little daughter even unto tears, and she said unto me: "Lo, father, the good among the people are already coming to us again, would the good angels then forsake us for ever?" "I thank thee, old *Ilse*, yea, verily thou shalt make ready my food for

me, and even bring it unto me to the prison door, if thou mayest not go any further, and then mark well what the beadle doeth therewith, hearest thou?"

This the maid promised to do, and from thenceforth she took up her night's lodging in the stable. May God reward her at the judgment day for all she had done for me and my poor child!

CHAPTER XXII.

How the Syndicus Dn. Michelsen arrived, and ordered his defence for my poor little daughter.

On the morrow about three o'clock in the afternoon came *Dn. Syndicus* riding in his chariot, and alighted at my inn. He had a great sack of books with him; albeit he was not so friendly as I was wont to see him before, but looked grave and reserved. And when he saluted me in my room, and asked how it was possible for such a calamity to befall my child, I recounted to him the whole of the procedures, whereat, however, he only shook his head. On my question, whether he was minded to go to my daughter this day, he answered: No! but that he would first study the acts. After that he had partaken of a little wild duck, the which my old *Ilse* had roasted for him, he lingered not awhile but straightway went to the castle, from whence he did not return until the following afternoon. But he was not more friendly then than he was at his arrival, and I followed him sighing, when he invited me now to go with him to my little daughter. As we entered with the beadle, and I for the first time saw my poor child, who in all her life had never harmed the smallest worm, fettered in chains before me, I verily could have again given up the Ghost for bitter sorrow of heart. Howbeit she smiled, and called to *Dn. Syndicus*: "Art thou that angel who will deliver me from my bonds as

aforetime *St. Petrum*?"* whereat he replied with a sigh: "God Almighty grant it!" And as there was no other chair in the prison (the which was a filthy and stinking hole, more full of wood-lice than I had ever seen in my life), than the one she sat on against the wall. *Dn. Syndicus*, and I, seated ourselves upon her bed, which on my entreaty they suffered her to have, and he charged the beadle now to go about his business until he should call for him. Hereupon he asked my little daughter what she would bring forward for her defence, and she had not got far, when, by the shadow that moved at the door, I concluded some one must be standing before the same. Wherefore I hastily went to the door which stood half open, and hit upon the audacious beadle, who had kept standing there to listen. This so vexed *Dn. Syndicus*, that he took up his stick to give him a farewell remembrance; but the arch-knave speedily ran away as soon as he perceived this. My little daughter embraced this opportunity to inform her *Dn. Defensori* what she had endured of this rude fellow, and that another jailor ought to be given unto her, forasmuch as he in the last night had come to her with wicked intentions, so that she at last cried out aloud, and struck him on the head with her chains, whereupon he at length departed from her. This *Dn. Syndicus* promised to attend to, but as touching her defence, which she now proceeded with he thought that it would be better if no further mention was made of the *impetus* † which the *Amtshauptmann* tried upon her chastity. "For," said he, "as the princely high court of justice in Wolgast has to pass judgment upon thee, hence such declarations would injure thee more than profit thee seeing that the *Praeses* of the same is a cousin of

* Acts xii. 7.

† Attack.

the *Amtshauptmann*, and frequently converses with him whiles hunting together. Add to this, that thou as one accused of so great a crime, hast no *fidem*, especially as thou canest not raise any witnesses against him. Wherefore it never would be thought right against thee that thou shouldst confirm such declarations in the *Urgicht**, as from which to deliver thee by my defence, I have come hither. Such reasons at last appeared to us reasonable, and we resolved to leave all revenge to that Almighty God who hath said : "Vengeance is mine, I will repay,"† to Him who seeth in secret, and to whom alone we would pour out our complaints, seeing that we could not do so unto men. But whatsoever things else my little daughter declared of old Lise ; *item*, in the good repute in which she formerly stood with every one—all this he would note down on paper, and add as much of his own and as forcibly as he could, in order to deliver her from the torture, with the help of Almighty God. She should only keep herself at peace, and commit herself unto Him. Within two days he hoped to be ready with his defence, so as to be able to read it to her. When he now again called the beadle, he did not come, but sent his wife to lock the prison doors, and I took my farewell of my child with many tears, whiles *Dn. Syndicus*, in the meantime rebuked her impertinent old man, and told her what had happened, that she might tell him again. Howbeit he once more sent away the woman, and then went back again, saying : he had quite forgotten to ask the question, whether in troth she understood Latin. Wherefore she should just once try to repeat her de-

* Confession on the rack.

† Rom. xii. 19.

fence in Latin if she could. And now she began to carry on the same for a quarter of an hour and above, insomuch that not only *Dn. Syndicus*, but I myself marvelled at her, seeing that she was not short-coming, nay, not so much even as a single little word, saving the word "hedge-hog," which for the moment, troth, neither of us knew when she asked us for it. *Summa*: *Dn. Syndicus* waxed more friendly in a great measure when she ended her oration, and took leave of her with the promise forthwith to set about his work.

From that time I did not see his face again until ten o'clock on the morn of the third day, seeing that he was working in a room in the castle, the which the *Amishauptmann* had given up to him, wherein he had also eaten, as he had sent me word by old Ilse, when on the morrow she brought unto him his breakfast.

But at the above mentioned time he sent for me by the new beadle, who had already arrived from Usedom at his intercession. For the *Amishauptmann* had waxed exceedingly wrath, when he heard that daring fellow had attempted my child in prison, and exclaimed in his anger: "Zounds, I'll teach thee to caress!" whereupon he soundly scourged his back till it turned black and blue, so that she would now have some peace from him, I trow.

Howbeit the new beadle was almost worse than the old one, as alas, we shall soon hear. He was called Master Köppner, and was a tall fellow with a cruel countenance, and so great a mouth, that at every word he spoke the spittle ran out at the sides and clave to his long beard like soap-lather, insomuch that my little daughter dreaded the very sight of him. Also at every occasion he did as if he laughed one to scorn, as was

the case when he opened the prison doors for us, and saw my poor child sitting in her misery. Howbeit he went his way forthwith even unasked, whereupon *Dn. Syndicus* drew his defence out of his pocket in order to read it to us. And hereof we have only retained the principal clauses, which I will here mention, albeit we have forgotten most of the *Autores*.

1. He began: that my daughter had hitherto been in good repute, as not only the whole village, but my servants testified, *ergo*, she cannot be a witch, for as much as the Saviour hath said: "a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit."—(Matt. vii.)

2. As touching the witchcraft in the village, such might well have been wrought by old Lise, seeing that she bore a hatred toward *Rea*, and had long been evil reported, and that the people of the parish were not willing to declare the truth only for fear of this old witch. Wherefore Zuter's little maid must of necessity be examined yet, forasmuch as she had heard that her own wedded husband said to old Lise: she had an evil spirit, and that he would tell it unto the priest. For albeit the same was as yet a child, it is nevertheless written, (Psalm viii.) "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, and the Saviour himself had appealed unto the testimony of such children.—Matt. xxi.

3. Hence old Lise might well also have bewitched the piece of land; *item*, the fruit-trees, seeing that it could not be admitted, that *Rea*, who hitherto had manifested herself as a dutiful child, should have bewitched her own father's corn, or conjured up catterpillars for him; for the Scripture saith, "No man can serve two masters," Matt. vi. 24.

4. *Item*, she might in like manner have been the green-speck (wood-pecker) that *Rea* and old Paasch met in the Streckelberg, and for fear of the priest herself delivered her own wedded husband to the wicked enemy, considering how Spitzel taught *de expugnatione Orci*; *item*, the *maleus maleficarum** placed it beyond doubt that the accursed children of Satan oftentimes transformed themselves into all manner of beasts, no less than that hateful fiend himself had done even in paradise, where he beguiled our first parents under the similitude of a serpent. Gen. iii.

5. Hence might old Lise also have raised the storm when *Dn. Consul* was coming with *Rea* from the Streckelberg; inasmuch as it was impossible for this to have been *Rea*, seeing that she was sitting in the carriage; and the witches, whenever they raise a storm, always stand in water and throw the same backwards over their heads; *item*, beat the stones soundly with a stick as Haunold maintains. Whence she may also best know about the frog and the hedge-hog.

6. It hath been erroneously interpreted as a *crimen* of *Rea* which must necessarily redound to her justification, namely—her sudden wealth. For the *malleus maleficarum* says expressly that a witch never waxeth rich, but that Satan to dishonour God always buyeth them at a dead bargain, that they might not by such riches bewray themselves* but as *Rea* had waxed

* The celebrated code of laws for trials of witches by Innocentius VIII. that appeared 1489, and which prescribed the course of procedure to be observed in the trials of witches.

* The original words of the code *Tom. I. quaest 18*, on the question: *cur maleficae non ditentur* run thus: *ut juxta complacentiam daemones in contumelian creatoris, quantum possibile est, pro vilissimo pretio emantur, et secundo, ne in divitiis notentur.*

rich, she could not have gotten her property by the accursed arch-fiend, but verily found the amber in the mount. That the vein, however, was not to be found might likewise have been done by the witchcraft of old Lise, or the sea also might have washed over the foot of the mount as had often been the case, so as to have filled up the place, *thus* a mere *miraculum naturale* had happened. The proof which he brought forward from Scripture we have forgotten, as it was not particularly striking.

7. As touching her fresh baptism, the old slut had said herself that she had not seen either the devil or any spirit or man about *Rea*, wherefore she may well have bathed naturally for to greet the Swedish king on the morrow, seeing, that it was hot weather, and such a thing is not contrary to the modesty of a virgin.

For that any one could see her she would have as little suspected as Bath-sheba the daughter of Eliam, the wife of Uriah the Hittite, who had also bathed, as is written, ii. *Sam.* xi. 2, 3, without knowing that David saw her. Neither can her mole be a mark of Satan forasmuch as there was a feeling in it, *ergo*, it was a natural mark, and false that she had not had it before she bathed. Moreover that old doxy was not to be trusted to in this point, as she the while had contradicted herself time after time, as the *Acta* say.

8. *Item*, the witchcraft with Paasch's little maid cannot in like manner be justly imputed to *Rea*. For, as old Lise had also been going in and out of the room, yea, had seated herself upon the little maid's belly, when the Pastor visited her, this wicked woman, who ever bore great hatred and ill will toward *Rea* might well and truly by permission of the righteous God have

wrought this work of witchcraft through the power of the evil one. "For Satan is a liar, and the father of it," as our Lord Christ said John viii. 44.

9. Now as touching the spectre of the hateful reprobate, who appeared on the mount in the form of a hairy giant, this certainly would be the most ponderous *Gravamen*, inasmuch as not only old Lise, but also three witnesses of good report had seen her. But who could tell whether old Lise had not also called up this devil's spectre for the utter destruction of her enemy. For albeit the younker had not been this ghost, as *Rea* declared, nevertheless it was very possible that she had not spoken falsely, but regarded Satan, who had assumed the form of the younker, for the same. *Exemplum*, are even recorded in Scripture. For all the *Theologi* of the united Protestant churches agreed in this, that the apparition which the witch of Endor shewed unto King Saul had not been Samuel in troth, but that hateful Satan. Nevertheless Saul had taken him for Samuel. Thus may that old hag in like manner have called up that accursed devil, without that she perceived it was not the younker, but Satan, who had only assumed the form of the younker to lead her astray. For as *Rea* is a fair woman, it was not to be wondered that the devil should give himself more trouble about her than for an old withered doxy, seeing that he had ever lusted after fair women to lie with him. (Gen. vi. 2.)

Finally, he offered : that *Rea* was not even marked as a witch, having neither a crooked nose nor glaring eyes ; whilst old Lise had both, which *Theophrastus Paracelsus* declares as an infallable characteristic of a witch, saying, "nature never marks any man thus except it be a miscreate ; and these are the main marks

of witches when the spirit *Asiendens* has overcome them."

When *Dn. Syndicus* had finished with his defence my little daughter was so rejoiced that she would kiss his hand; but he drew back his hand and blew thrice over it, so that we could easily suppose that even he himself was not in earnest with this defence. Whence also he immediately broke off sullenly, commending her to the protection of the Most High, and beseeching me not to detain him any longer, as he would return home this very day, the which alas I was obliged to do.

CHAPTER XXIII.

How my poor little daughter is to be laid on the rack.

After the *Acta* had been sent in to the High Court of Justice it lasted well nigh unto fourteen days before that an answer came. And his Worship the *Amtshauptmann* was particularly friendly toward me; granted me also, as the court had broken up, that I could see my little daughter as often as I desired; whence I was most of the day about her. And when the beadle waxed tired of waiting so long for me, I gave him a *Trink-geld*, and made him lock me up with my child. Also the merciful God was gracious unto us, in that He inclined our hearts to frequent prayer. For we again had a strong hope, and thought that the affliction we had seen, would soon have passed over and the grim wolf would get his reward if an honorable court would look into the *Acta* and listen to the excellent defence which *Dn. Syndicus* has prepared for my child. Whence I began to cheer up again, specially when I saw that my little daughter's cheeks were waxing lovely red. However on Thursday, the 28th, *Meusis Augusti* about noon, the ministers of justice again returned to the Castle court, as I after my wise was again sitting in prison with my child and old Ilse brought us our food, who, however could not tell us these tidings for tears. But the great beadle looked in at the door and cried: "Ho, ho, now they are here;

now the tickling, I trow, will begin" whereat my poor child shuddered, albeit, more at the fellow than at the tidings. And hardly had he gone away, when he returned to take off her fetters and to fetch her. Wherefore I followed her into the Hall where *Dn. Consul* read aloud the sentence of a worthy court, that she should once more be questioned by conciliatory means touching the framed articles, and should she remain stubborn, she was to be subjected to the tortures of the rack, for the defence brought forward does not clear away, but there were *indicia legitima praeagnantia et sufficientia ad torturam ipsam**—as:

1. *Mala fama*†
2. *Maleficium, publice commissum*‡
3. *Apparitio Daemonis in monte*||

Whereat the High worthy Court cited *circa 20 Auctores*, whereof however we remember little. When *Dn. Consul* had read this to my little daughter, he again began to exhort her with many words, that she would of her own free will confess, for the truth would now surely be brought to light.

Hereupon she steadfastly answered: that albeit she had verily hoped for a better judgment from the defence of *Dn. Syndicus*; nevertheless, seeing that it pleaseth God to try and to prove her yet more sorely, she would commit herself wholly into his gracious hand; and that she could not confess otherwise than she had done before, namely, that she was innocent, and that wicked men have brought her into this trouble. Hereupon *Dn. Consul* beckoned unto the beadle, who, from a

* Lawful, preponderating, and sufficient grounds for the rack.

† Evil report. ‡ Witchcraft publicly committed.

|| The appearance of the devil on the mount.

side room, let *Pastorem Benzensem** enter in his surplice, the same being appointed by the court to exhort and admonish her the better out of God's word. The same groaned deeply and spake: "Maria, Maria, how must I see thee again!" whereupon she began to weep very bitterly and again to protest her innocency. But he took no heed of her wailings and lamentations, but after he had made her pray the "*Paternoster*;"† "the eyes of all wait upon thee," and "God the father with us be," he began to show forth unto her the abomination with which the living God looks down upon all witches, seeing that they were condemned to the judgment of hell-fire, not only in the Old Testament, but the Holy Ghost in the New Testament also plainly declared: Gal. v: "that no workers of witchcraft shall inherit the kingdom of heaven," but: "shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."—(Rev. xxi.) Wherefore, knowing this, she ought not to be rebellious, neither impute the fault unto the court, if she were thus tormented, for all this was done from Christian charity, and to save her poor soul. Then should she for God and her salvation's sake no longer put off her repentance, cause her body to be tortured, and give up her poor soul unto Satan, who would after all not give her in hell what he had promised here upon earth; for, "he was a murderer from the beginning and the father of lies."—(John viii.)

"O, Maria," exclaimed he, "my dear child, thou who hast so often sat upon my knee, and for whom I now every morning and every evening cry unto my God, wilt thou have no pity on thyself and on me,

* The minister of Benz, a village situate not far from Pudgia.

† The Lord's prayer.

then have thou pity on thy righteous father, whom I cannot look upon for tears, seeing that his hair hath waxed white as snow in so few days, and save thy soul, my child, and confess! Behold thy heavenly Father sorroweth at this time over thee no less than thine earthly father, yea, even the holy angels cover their eyes before thee, that thou, who wast once their dear little sister, hast now become a sister and bride of that hideous Satan. Wherefore turn thee and repent! Thy Saviour calleth unto thee, his wandering lamb, this day to return to his fold. Should not she be loosed, who verily is a daughter of Abraham, from the bonds with which Satan has bound her?—saith his gracious word, Luke xiii; *item*, “return, thou backsliding daughter of Israel, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon thee; for I am merciful and will not keep anger for ever; only acknowledge thine iniquity.” Jer. iii.—“Return then, thou backsliding soul, unto the Lord thy God!”—That God, who heard the penitent prayer of an idolatrous Manasseh; for, “when he was in affliction he besought the Lord his God and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers and prayed unto him, he was entreated of him and heard his supplication.”—2 Chron. xxxiii. 12, 13. “He who had graciously received the exorcists at Ephesus, at the hand of Paul.”—Acts xix. The same merciful God calleth unto thee now, as aforetime to the angels, that is, the ministers of the churches of Ephesus: “Remember from whence thou art fallen, and repent.”—Rev. ii. Oh, Maria, Maria, remember from whence thou art fallen, my little daughter, and repent!”

When hereupon he was silent, it lasted a very long time before, for tears and sobbings, she could bring

forth even the least word, till at length she answered : " If lies are not less an abomination unto God, than witchcraft, then neither dare I lie, but must for God's sake protest, as I have ever protested, that I am innocent.

Hereat the anger of the *Dn. Consul* kindled within him and his countenance fell with sore displeasure, and he asked the great beadle, whether all things were ready ; *item*, the women at hand for to strip *Rea* ? whereupon he answered in his wise, laughing : " Ay, ay, I am always ready and at hand, and, troth, shall not be far off and missing to-day. I'll tickle her confession out of her, ne'er fear !"

After he had said this, *Dn. Consul* turned himself to my little daughter again and spake : " Thou art a stupid thing, and knowest not the torture that awaiteth thee, therefore it is that thou art and remainest stubborn. But now follow me into the torture-chamber that the executioner may shew thee the instrument, if haply thou mightest change thy mind, when once thou hast seen the purport of the rack.

Hereupon he led the way into another apartment and the beadle followed him with my child. Howbeit when I would go after them, *Pastor Benzensis* held me fast and conjured me with many tears, not to do this thing but to remain here. But I hearkened not unto him, but tore myself from him, and swore at the same time that as long as I had a vein and a sinew in my poor body, I would not leave my child. Then I went into the other room and from thence down into a cellar were the torture-chamber was, but in the which there was no window, so that no man might hear the cries of the tortured from without. Wherefore two torches

were already burning here, when I entered, and albeit *Dn. Consul* would at first thrust me back, he was at length moved to compassion and suffered me to remain.

And now this hellish hound, the beadle, stepped forth and showed my poor child with fiendish joy, first the rack, saying: "See, thereupon wilt thou first be laid and thy hands and feet be bound. Then thou gettest the thumb-screws fastened on, wherefrom the blood will instantly squirt out from thy finger-ends, as thou mayest see it, yet red with the blood of the old woman, Gust Biehlk, who was burnt a year ago and would not confess at first. Wilt thou then not confess, then I'll put thee on the Spanish boots, and should they be too large for thee, then I'll knock a wedge in for thee, so that the calf from behind cometh to be before, and the blood the while shooteth out of thy feet as if thou wert pressing bramble-berries through a bag."

"Wilt thou then not confess—holla!" he now roared and kicked with his foot against a door behind him so that the whole vault shook again, and my poor child fell upon her knees with horrible dread. Not long after two women brought a caldron in which glowing pitch and brimstone bubbled; then the hellish dog bade them set the caldron upon the ground, pulled forth from under his red mantle, that he had about him, a *Flederwisch* * whereout he pulled about six quills and then dipped the same into the glowing brimstone. After this was done and he had holden it for a time in the caldron, he threw them upon the ground, whereupon they moved to and fro, and spirted the brimstone out again. He then again called unto my poor child

* A goose-wing, used for dusting among the common people in the place of a hand-broom.

"behold! these feathers will I then throw upon thy white loins and forthwith the glowing brimstone will eat up thy flesh to the bones, that thou mayst get a foretaste of the pleasures of the hell that awaiteth thee."

As he had spoken thus much with scornful laughter, I was suddenly seized with great indignation, so that I sprang forth from the corner, where I had supported my limbs by clinging to an old cask and cried: "O thou hell-hound, speakest thou this of thine own self, or have others bidden thee do it;" for which however the fellow gave me a thrust on my breast, so that I fell back against the wall, and *Dn. Consul* cried out in great rage; "Old fool, seeing thou wouldest by all means remain here, then let my beadle alone, otherwise I'll soon have thee turned out of the room. What the beadle has said, is his duty, and thus will it be done unto thy daughter, if she does not confess, and it might be supposed that the hellish-fiend would give her something against the torture."*

Hereupon the hell-hound turned himself again to my poor little daughter and said, without taking any further notice of me, than laughing at me in the face: "See, when now thy wool has been taken off thee,—ho, no, ho,—then I'll draw thee by these two rings below unto the earth, and above unto the ceiling on high, and stretch thine arms out and bind them above unto

* It was erroneously supposed, that, when the witch endured the torture with uncommon patience, or moreover fell asleep by it, as it often mysteriously happened, the devil had given them this insensibility through an Amulet, (a sort of physical composition or charm to wear about the person, as a preservative against plague, poison, enchantment, or to remove diseases etc.) which they kept concealed about some private parts of their body. See Zedler's Universal-lexicon, vol. 44. under the article Torture.

the roof; then I'll take these two torches and hold them under thy shoulders, so that thy skin forthwith waxeth like unto a sward of bacon, that hath been hanging in the smoke. Then thy hellish lover will no longer succour thee, and thou'lt confess the truth I'll promise thee. Now then thou hast seen and heard all what in the name of God and the judicial authority I'll do with thee.

Now *Dn. Consul* again came forward and exhorted her again to confess the truth. But as she remained firm to her declaration, he delivered her up unto the women that brought the caldron, that they should strip her as naked as she had come into the world and then put on her the black torture-shirt, and then once more lead her up the stairs barefooted before the worthy court. But as one of those women was the *Amts-hauptmann's* stewardess (the other was the beadle's wife) my little daughter said that she would not suffer herself to be touched saving by honourable women, and not by that stewardess; and *Dn. Consul* should send for her maid who was no doubt yet sitting in prison reading her bible, if so be that he knew of no woman of good report in the neighbourhood. Hereupon the stewardess began to give way to her tongue, and to rail and to revile her shamefully; but this *Dn. Consul* forbade, and my little daughter said: that she hoped he would indulge her in this matter also and only send the daring beadle's wife for to bring the maid hither from prison. After he had given his orders he took hold of me by the arm and entreated me, so much to go up with him, for no harm should yet be done to my little daughter, till I consented thereunto.

But not long afterwards she herself came up bare-

footed, and in the black vesture of those condemned to the rack, with the two women, albeit so pale, that I myself hardly knew her again. The abominable beadle, however, who went close behind her, seized her by the hand and placed her before the honourable court.

This being done the exhortations again began, and *Dn. Consul* said: she should only look down upon the brown spots on the vesture. These were yet the blood-stains of the old woman Biehlk; wherefore she should consider that in a few minutes her own blood would gush forth through it.

Hereupon, however, she answered: " I will consider this, nevertheless I hope that my faithful Saviour, who subjects me to this torture, will in like manner also help me to bear it, as he did the holy martyrs. For if they with God's help have overcome the torments in true faith, which the blind heathen inflicted on them, then shall I also overcome the torments which blind heathens inflict on me, who feign to be Christian, but are more cruel than those of old. For the ancient heathens verily have caused holy virgins to be torn to pieces by furious beasts; but ye, who have the new commandment: '*that ye love one another as your Saviour has loved you, that by this all men may know that ye are his disciples,*'* ye yourselves would act the part of those ferocious beasts and rend alive the body of an innocent virgin, who is your sister and has never done you any harm. Then do whatsoever ye list, according as ye will have to answer for it before your Highest Judge. Again, I say: the little lamb feareth none of

* John xiii., 34, 35.

those things that ye can do, for it is in the hands of the good and faithful shepherd."

When my unparalleled child had thus spoken, *Dn. Consul* arose and took off his black cap, that he always wore, as his hair upon his scalp had already fallen off, bowed also before the judges, and spake: "Be it known to the honourable court that the confession on the rack of the hardened and blaspheming witch, Maria Schweidler, is now about to commence, in the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen!"

Hereupon all the judges arose, save the *Amtshauptmann*, who had before already arisen, and walked to and fro in the court. Howbeit, I do not remember a word more of all that now followed, and I myself did; nevertheless I will faithfully record it according as my little daughter and other *testes* have informed me. And their testimony speaketh on this wise:

When *Dn. Consul* after those words had taken up the hour-glass that stood upon the table, and walked off foremost, I was determined to go with him, whereupon first *Pastor Benzensis* implored me with many words and tears to desist from my purpose, but as it availed nothing, my little daughter herself then stroked my cheeks and said: "Father, have ye verily read that the holy virgin was present, witnessing the scourging of her innocent son? Wherefore then go ye also now aside. But this will I promise ye, ye shall stand by my funeral pile, as the holy virgin stood under the cross, but now go, go, for ye'll not be able to bear it, neither shall I!"

But seeing that this also was unavailing *Dn. Consul* commanded the beadle to take me by force and lock me

up in a room; whereupon, however, I tore myself away, fell at his feet, and conjured him by the wounds of Jesus Christ that he would not rend me away from my dear little daughter. Such favour and kindness I promised him I should never forget, but pray for him day and night, yea even intercede for him with God and his holy angels at the last judgment-day if he would suffer me to go with her. Also that I would keep myself quite still, and not say a single word, but go with her I must, etc.

This so moved the good man to compassion, that he burst out into tears, and so trembled with commiseration for me, that the hour-glass dropped out of his hand and rolled to the *Amtshauptmann's* feet, as if our blessed God had given him a sign unto himself, that his would soon run down. And well did he understand it; for he waxed pale like chalk as he took it up and restored it unto *Dn. Consul*. He at length relented, saying: that this day would make him ten years older, but commanded the beadle, who also went with them, to take me away, as I should make an uproar amidst the torture. And now the judges descended, albeit without the *Amtshauptmann*, who said, that his head ached, and he believed that his old *malum*, the gout, was coming on again, whence he retired into an adjoining room.

Below in the cell the beadles in the first place brought tables and chairs; whereupon the judges seated themselves, and *Dn. Consul* also pushed a chair to me; howbeit I did not sit down, but had thrown myself upon my knees in a corner. This being done, those awful exhortations again began, but as my little daughter, like unto her innocent Saviour, answered

her unrighteous judges never a word, *Dn. Consul* arose and commanded the tall beadle to put her on the rack forthwith.

She trembled like unto an aspen leaf as he was binding her hand and foot, and when now he was about tying an old dirty and filthy cloth, wherein he had carried fish, as my maid had seen, and whereon the bright scales were yet sticking by handsful about her lovely little eyes, I had perceived it and took off my silk neckerchief, praying he would take this, the which also he did. Hereupon the thumb screws were fastened on her, and she was asked again kindly ; but she only shook her blinded head, and with her dying Saviour cried with a loud voice : *Eli, Eli, lama sabach-tani*, and then in Greek : *Δεῖ με Δεῖ με ἵνα τί με ἔγκραδίστες** Thereupon *Dn. Consul* started back and crossed himself (for not understanding Greek he believed, as he afterward himself confessed, that she had called upon the devil to help her), and now cried with a loud voice unto the beadle : SCREW !

But when I heard this, I gave such a dreadful shriek, that all the vault trembled again ; whereupon my poor child, dying with agony and despair, as she recognized my voice, first moved her fettered hands and feet, like a lamb upon the slaughter-bench, that is about to expire, and then cried : "unloose me, and I will confess all that ye list." This so greatly rejoiced *Dn. Consul*, that, whiles the beadle was unloosing her, he fell upon his knees, and thanked God that he had delivered him from this trouble. Howbeit, no sooner was my child unloosed, and had put off her thorn-crown (to wit, my

* That is to say : My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Matthew xxvii. 46.

silk neckerchief), when she sprang down from the rack, and rushed upon me, who, as a dead man, was lying in a deep swoon, in a corner.

This sorely vexed the honourable judges; and, after the two beadles had carried me away, *Rea* was exhorted to make her confession, as she had promised. But she, being too weak to stand upon her legs, (and, albeit *Dn. Camerarius* had grumbled,) *Dn. Consul*, notwithstanding, gave her a chair, upon which she seated herself. And these were the principal questions which, as *Dn. Consul* said, were put to her, by command of the judges, and taken *ad protocollum*:

Q.—Whether she could bewitch?

R.—Yes, she could bewitch.

Q.—Who had taught her this?

R.—Accursed Satan himself.

Q.—How many devils had she?

R.—She had enough of one.

Q.—What was the name of that devil?

Illa (reflecting).—His name was *DISIDAEMONIA*.*

Hereupon *Dn. Consul* shuddered, and said, that must be a very awful devil, as he had never heard such a name before in all his life. She must spell it, that the *Scriba* might not make an error; which verily she did, and then he continued as follows:

Q.—In what form he had appeared unto her.

R.—In the form of the *Amthauptmann*, oftentimes also in the similitude of a buck with grim horns.

Q.—Whether and where Satan had re-baptised her?

R.—In the sea.

Q.—What name he had given her.

* In Greek, and according to the pronunciation of Erasmus, *DEISIDAIMONIA*, i. e., bigotry.—What a wonderful woman!

R.—*

Q.—Whether any of her neighbours had been present on her baptism, and who they were ?

Here my incomparable child } raised her little eyes toward heaven, remained silent awhile, as if she was considering whether she should give in the name of old Lise, or not, and at length said : No !

Q.—She must have had sponsors ! Who were they, and what did they put into her *Pathen-brief*. †

R.—There were only spirits present, whence also old Lise had not seen anything, when she had come up to the baptism.

Q.—Whether the devil had been living ‡ with her ?

R.—She had never lived with any one, saving her father.

Q. She doubtless would not understand. Whether she had not committed fornication with that hateful Satan, and had fleshly intercourse with him ?

Here she so blushed with shame, that she held her eyes closed with both her hands, and then began to weep and to sob, and as after many questions she gave no utterance to her voice, she was exhorted to speak the truth, or upon the failure thereof, the executioner should lift her again upon the rack. Howbeit she at length said “no !” which however the honourable judges did not believe, but gave her up to the executioner again, whereupon she answered “yes !”

* This name cannot possibly be deciphered in the manuscript.

† A kind of paper, printed with symbols, &c., in which the present for a god-child is put at his christening.

‡ The word rendered *living* here, *beisohnen*, has a twofold signification, implying also to *cohabit* with.

Q.* ——— ———

R. That she no longer could recollect.

Q. Whether she had become *gravidatus* by the devil, or begotten an oaf, and in what form?

R. No that had never happened.

Q. Whether the evil spirit had not given her some mark or sign about her body, and where?

R. The mole the honourable judges had already seen.

Now all the witchcraft in the village was brought up again, which she confessed. Howbeit she would not acknowledge any thing touching Seden's death; *item*, about the little Paasch, her sickness, as lastly, that with the power of the wicked enemy she had cut down my field, and made caterpillars to come forth in my orchard. And, albeit, she was again threatened with the rack, and the executioner was obliged to lay her upon the bench, and put on the thumb-screws, whiles feigning to be in earnest, she nevertheless remained firm, and said: wherefore would ye torture me, seeing that I have confessed far more heinous crimes than these are, which it will not save my life if I deny.

This verily the honourable judges at last perceived, and caused her to be taken off the rack, specially as she has confessed the *articulum principalum*, † that Satan hath verily and truly appeared unto her as a giant, on the mount. Howbeit, of the weather and the frog, *item*, the hedge-hog, no further mention was made, forasmuch as the honourable court itself had seen the folly, I trow, of believing that she could have conjured

* This horrible question I can only give in Latin: "*numquam Daemonis calidum fuerit aut frigidum.*" This question in fact occurs in *all* trials of witchcraft, and is, mysteriously, *always* answered with *frigidum*.

† The principal article.

up the storm while she was calmly sitting in the carriage. Finally, she yet prayed, that they would grant unto her, that whensoever she should be brought to suffer death, she might do so in the same garment that she had on when she saluted the Swedish King; *item*, to grant unto her wretched father that he might go with her to the pile, and to stand by, at what time soever she should be burned, as, in troth, she had promised him in the presence of the honorable court.

Thereupon she was again delivered up unto the tall beadle, who received the charge to put her into another and a worse prison. Howbeit, ere he had gone out of the room with her, the *Amtshauptmann's* bastard, that he had begotten of the housekeeper, came down into the cell with a drum, drumming as hard as he could, and crying: "Come to the goose-roasting! come to the goose-roasting!" so that *Dn. Consul's* wrath was kindled thereat, and he ran after him. Howbeit he was not able to catch him, for that he well knew all the ins and outs of this the cellar. And, doubtless, the Lord sent me into this swoon, that J might not have to feel this fresh sorrow of heart. Wherefore, to Him alone be the glory. Amen!

CHAPTER XXIV.

How the devil taketh old Lise Kolken in my presence.

When I had come to myself again after my aforesaid swoon, the tapster's wife stood over me with my old maid, and poured some *bier-suppe* down my throat. That faithful old woman cried aloud for joy, when again I opened mine eyes, and then recounted to me on my enquiry that my little daughter did not let herself be racked again, but had freely confessed her iniquity, and given herself out for a witch. Such tidings were almost refreshing unto me in my state of woefulness, seeing that I regarded the fire a less punishment than the rack. But when I would begin to pray, I found I could not rightly; whereat I again fell into great sadness and doubtings, and believed that the Holy Ghost had turned away his face utterly from me, wretched man that I am. And albeit the old maid, when she perceived this, placed herself by my bed, and sought to stir up my spirit unto prayer, in that she began to pray first; it was nevertheless of no avail, and I was and remained a hardened sinner. Notwithstanding, the Lord had compassion on me, without any merit and worthiness of my own; forasmuch as I soon fell into a profound sleep, and did not wake again until the next morn, about the time the prayer-bells were ringing, when I could again pray, yea and even exult in my heart at this grace of God. Then my servant-lad, Claus Neels, entered in at the door and re-

counted that he had come yesterday to report unto me as touching my oats, for that he had now gathered in all, and the beadle that went to take old Lise Kolken, by orders of the High Court, as he gave it out, had also come with him. And thereat all the village was rejoiced; but *Rea* also had sung and jubileed, and on the way said to them and the beadle, (for the beadle had allowed her to get up a little behind) this will be a pretty thing for the *Amtshauptmann*. Let her only once come before the court, then troth she'll never fear to open her lips and speak out plainly, and everybody shall marvel at what she'll bring forward. Such a court, verily, was something ridiculous to her, and she proudly railed *salva venia* against the whole fraternity, etc.

When I heard this I again formed a strong hope and arose for to go to old Lise. Howbeit, I had not quite finished putting on my clothes, when she herself even sent the insolent beadle, praying that I would come to her with all speed, and administer the sacrament unto her, forasmuch as she had waxed very weak this night. I thought much about it to myself and followed the beadle in haste, albeit not to administer the sacrament as every one may easily guess. But I, old weak man, forgot to take witnesses with me at the same time. For all the bitter sorrows that I had hitherto endured had so beclouded my senses, that none of these things ever entered my thoughts. The villainous beadle only followed me, and further we shall hear, how this knave had sold himself, body and soul, unto Satan, to sacrifice my child, when he might have saved her. For when he opened the prison (it was the same hole where my little daughter had

hitherto been sitting) saw we old Lise lying upon the earth on a bundle of straw, and a besom for her pillow (as if thereon she would now ride down into hell, as she no longer could ride thereupon to the Blocksberg) so that I shuddered when I got sight of her.

And scarcely had I entered when she fearfully cried out: "I am a witch, I am a witch, have compassion on me and quickly give me the sacrament, and verily I will confess all unto you!" And when I called unto her "confess then!" she said that she herself had wrought all the witchcraft in the village with the *Amtshauptmann*, and that my little child was as innocent of it as the sun in the firmament of heaven. Howbeit the *Amtshauptmann* was most guilty, seeing that he was a witch-priest, and had a much stronger spirit than she, which is called *Dudaim*,* and had this night given her a thrust in the neck, so that she never could recover from it again. The same spirit it was that had trodden down the field; covered over the amber, wrought the tempest; cast the frog upon my little daughter's lap; *item*, carried off her old wedded husband from thence through the air.

* This remarkable word occurs already Gen. xxx., 15, (in the Hebrew and also in Luther's version, but in the English under the term *mandrake*) as the name of a plant exciting female profligation. commentators, however, have at all times differed in their opinions respecting the essence and nature of it. The LXX render it by *mandragoras*, and it has been understood by the most authentic ancient and modern divines as the mandrake-root, so notorious in the history of witchcraft. Moreover, strange to say, the devils always assume Christian names; whence the spirit of old Lise was soon afterwards called Stoffer, i. e. Christopher.

And when I asked how that could have been possible as the old man had almost to his very end been a child of God, and greatly delighted in prayer, albeit, I had wondered that suddenly in his last sickness he had gotten other thoughts, she answered: that he had one day seen her spirit, which she had in her box in the shape of a black cat and was called Stoffer, and as he threatened to tell these things unto me she became afraid, and she had caused him to be made so sick by her spirit, that he despaired of his recovery. Then had she beguiled him with the fair hope that she would forthwith heal him again of his sickness if he would renounce God, who could not help him, as he well saw. This he had promised to do, and as she had quickly made him hearty again, they had both gone down with the silver, that I had scraped off for him from the communion cup, at midnight to the strand, where he had to throw it into the sea with those words: "as little as this silver will come again to its cup as little may my soul come to God;" whereupon the *Amtshauptmann* that had also been there baptized him in the name of Satan, and called him Hans. Witnesses he had none excepting me, (that is to say, old Lise) alone. But when on the eve of St. John's, he was for the first time with them on the *Blocksberg*, (howbeit it was the *Herrenberg** their *Blocksberg*) they had been talking

* A hill near Coserow. In almost every trial of witchcraft hills of this kind are mentioned near the residence of the persons concerned in it, where the devil on the night of *Walpurgis*,† and St. John's day feasts, dances and carries on all manner of lewdness with them; the witch-priests also practising the Satanic Sacraments, being a mimicry of the divine.

† *Walpurgis* is a female Saint to whom the 1st May is dedicated.

of my little daughter, and Satan himself had sworn unto the *Amtshauptmann* that he should have her. He would let the old one (by which the wretch meant God) see what he could do, and the carpenter's-lad's courage should sink into his hose for vexation, (fie, thou arch wicked one, to speak thus of my Redeemer!) Hereat the old man murmured, and as she had never rightly trusted him, the spirit *Dudaim* one day carried him through the air at the bidding of the *Amtshauptmann*, because her spirit, called *Stoffer*, had been too weak to carry him. The same *Dudaim* was the very wood-pecker that had attracted first my little daughter and then old *Paasch* with its cry for to ruin her. Howbeit the giant that appeared on the *Streckelberg* was no devil, but as her spirit, *Stoffer*, said the younker, of *Mallenthin* himself.

And all this, said she, was the perfect truth, whereupon she would live and die. Wherefore she entreated me for God's sake, that I would have compassion upon her, and on this her penitent confession, grant her absolution from her sins, and administer the sacrament unto her, for the spirit stood at the *oven* there and laughed like a knave now that it was all over with her. But I answered: "I would liever administer the sacrament to an old cow than to thee, thou accursed witch, who hast not only delivered up thine own wedded husband into the hands of Satan, but tortured me and my poor child to death with the pains of hell." But before that she could answer me, it came to pass, that a worm about a finger's length, and yellow at the tail, came crawling in at the prison-door. When she saw this, she raised a shriek, the like whereof I never before heard, neither wish to hear again. For, when in the

days of my youth I saw in Silesia how a hostile soldier speared a child in the presence of its mother, I thought that was a dreadful shriek that the mother raised; but this shriek was a mere nothing compared with the shriek of old Lise. All my hair stood on end, as also her red hair waxed as stiff as the brushwood of the besom she was lying on. *Item*, she roared in like manner: "that is the spirit *Dudaim*, which the accursed *Amthauptmann* sendeth me—the sacrament!—for God's sake the sacrament—I have a great deal more that I wish to confess yet—I have been a witch these thirty years!—the sacrament, the sacrament!" Thus roaring she struck about her with hands and feet, because that the nasty worm raised itself, hummed and drummed about her where she lay, so that it was horrible to look upon and to hear. And this fiendish woman called upon God, then upon her spirit *Stoffer*, and soon upon me to come to her help, till the worm all at once ran down her open jaws, whereupon she instantly gave up the ghost, and became black and blue like unto a bramble-berry.

Thereupon I heard nothing more, than that the window jingled, albeit not very hard, but as if a pea had been thrown against it; whence I could readily conclude that Satan had passed through it with her soul. Oh, may the merciful God preserve every mother's child from such an end, for Jesus Christ our blessed Lord and Saviour's sake. Amen!

After I had come to myself again a little, which albeit was not till sometime after, forasmuch as my blood had chilled into ice and my feet were like stone, I began to call out for the rascally beadle, who, however, was no longer in the prison. Thereat I won-

dered, for that I had but shortly before seen him, ere the worm came, whence I instantly had forebodings of no good. And so verily it was. For when, on my calling, he at last came in, and I said: he should let the carcase be carried upon a barrow, that she had perished in the name of the devil, he feigned to be quite astounded; and when I gave him to understand that I should expect him to bear witness of my daughter's innocence, which the old hag had confessed upon her death-bed, he feigned to be yet the more astounded, and said: that he had not heard anything. This went into my heart like a sword, and I fell against a pillar outside, where methinks I must have stood a long while. But on coming to myself again I went to *Dn. Consul*, who was about departing for Usedom, and sat already in the carriage. On my humble supplication, however, he came again into the private court chamber with the *Camerario* and *Scriba*. Then recounted I unto them everything that had come to pass, and how that the wicked beadle denied having also heard it. In my warmth, however, I had spoken a good deal of confused stuff, and among other things said: that the little fishes had all come swimming to my little daughter into the cellar, for to deliver her. Nevertheless, *Dn. Consul*, who oftentimes shook his head, sent for the impudent beadle and asked him for his testimony. But the fellow said that he had gone away the moment he heard that old Lise wished to confess, that he might not be snarled at again; wherefore he had not heard anything. Hereupon I, as *Dn. Consul* afterwards told the Pastor of Benz, had clenched my fists and answered: "What! thou arch knave, didst thou not creep about the room like a worm?" Hence, regarding me as a

madman, he would not listen to me any longer, neither take an oath from the beadle, but left me standing in the room and stepped into his carriage again.

Neither wot I how I had come out; and on the morrow, when the sun arose, and I was laying in my bed, at Master Seep's, the tapster, the whole *casus*, seemed to me like a dream. Neither could I rise, but was constrained to lie still all the blessed Saturday and Sunday, when I talked and raved much in my sleep; and not until Sunday, toward the going down of the sun, when I had began to vomit, and brought up green gall, (no wonder!) did it get any better with me. About that time *Pastor Benzensis* came to my bed-side, and told me how wildly I had acted, but he so refreshed me, through the word of God, that I could pray rightly again from my heart, for which I hope the merciful God will reward him in the day of judgment. For prayer is almost as hearty a comforter as the Holy Ghost himself, from whom it cometh; and I am convinced, that so long as a man can pray, he cannot be in the uttermost distress, though even "His flesh and his heart should fail."—Psalm lxxxiii.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

How Satan sifteth me as wheat, but my little daughter firmly resisteth him.

On Monday, I arose in good time from my couch, and as I felt myself somewhat hearty again, I went into the castle, if haply I might get to see my little daughter. Howbeit I could not find any beadle, for whom I had taken a few *Schreckensbergers*,* as a *Biergeld*. All the folk that I met, would not tell me where she was, neither, *item*, the insolent beadle's wife, that stood in the kitchen, making match-threads. And when I asked her: when her husband would return? she thought, perchance, not before the morrow morn; neither, *item*, would the other beadle come back any sooner. Then besought I her that she would herself lead me to my little daughter, shewing her the while the two *Schreckensbergers*; but she answered, that she had not the keys, neither did she know how to get them. In like manner she pretended not to know where my little daughter's ward now was, that I might have spoken to her through the door. *Item*, the cook, the forester, and whoever else I met in my trouble, said, they wist not in what hole the witch might be sitting.

Wherefore I went all round the castle, and laid my ear against every little window, that seemed to me

* An ancient Saxon silver coin with the effigy of an angel, in value about four-pence.

likely to be her window, and called : " Maria, my dear daughter, where art thou ? " *item*, wheresoever I found a lattice, I fell upon my knees, bowed down my head, and called in like manner into the cellars. Nevertheless all was in vain ; nowhere received I an answer. This the *Amtshauptmann* at last saw, and came up to me, with a very friendly mien, from out of the castle, and took hold of me by the hand, and asked me what I desired ? And when I answered him : that I had not seen my only child since the by-gone Thursday, and that he should be merciful unto me, and suffer me to be led to her, he said : that that was impossible, nevertheless I should come with him to his own room, to speak further on the matter. On the way, he said ; " that the old hag, I trow, has told you some pretty things about me, but you see how the Almighty God hath taken her away in his righteous judgment. She has long since been ripe for the fire, but my great longsuffering, wherein a good magistrate must ever strive to imitate the example of the Lord, hath overlooked it hitherto ; and now, in thanks thereof, she clamoured against me, and spread such evil reports." And when I rejoined : " how knoweth his worship that that old witch hath spread such a rumour ? " he first began to stammer, and then said : " aye, verily, you yourself have informed the judge thereof, but, nevertheless, I am not angry against you, but God in heaven knoweth that my bowels are moved with compassion towards you, poor weak old man, and would willingly and gladly help you, if I could. Meanwhile he led me up four or five stairs, so that I, old man, at last could no longer follow him, and stood still gasping for breath. But he took me by the hand, and said :

"only come, I must first shew you how matters stand, for, otherwise, you will not after all accept of my help, as I fear, but plunge yourself into destruction."

And now we came upon the roof of the castle, whence one looketh over the water, when the villain proceeded to speak thus: "Rev. Abraham, can you see well at a distance?" and when I said: that "formerly I could, but that the many tears might have dimmed my eyes," he pointed to the Streckelberg and said: "See you nought there?"

Ergo. Nought saving a little black spot, but what it is I cannot discern.

Ille. Then know of a surety that this is the pile whereon your child is to be burned the morrow at ten o'clock and which the beadles are now preparing!

When the hell-hound said this, I uttered a loud shriek, and fell as if lifeless to the ground. "Ah, thou blessed God, I wot not how I recovered from this shock with life, but thou thyself didst strengthen me beyond the power of nature, that after so much howling and weeping thou mightest overwhelm me again with joy; for hadst thou not vouchsafed unto me thy gracious succour, I verily believe it would have been impossible to surmount such tribulations; wherefore to thy name be ascribed everlasting praise and glory, O thou God of Israel. Amen!"

When I came to myself again, I lay upon a bed in a splendid apartment, and felt a taste in my mouth as of wine; but seeing only the *Amthauptmann* near me with a pitcher in his hand, I shuddered and closed my eyes again to consider what I should do and say. Howbeit he soon perceived this and spake: "do not shudder so; my intents and purposes towards you are for good;

wherefore I will put a question to you, which ye shall answer me on your conscience as a priest. "Say, Father Abraham which is the greater sin: to commit fornication, or take the life of two men?" And when I answered him "to take the life of two men!" he continued, "aye, now see, this very thing will your stubborn child do! rather than give herself up to me, who was ever willing to save her, and can do it, even this very day, notwithstanding her funeral pile is already prepared, she will take her own life and not even save that of her unhappy father; for I verily believe that you will hardly overcome this affliction. Wherefore, for Heaven's sake, persuade her to come to a better consideration of the matter, as long as it is yet in my power to rescue her. "Behold, I have a little house about two miles hence, situate in the midst of the forest, whither no man can come; thither will I have her brought this very night, and there may you abide with her all the days of your life; if it pleaseth you, you shall have of the best of the land, and all things whatsoever your heart lusteth after, and on the morrow in the morning will I cause an outcry to be made: that the witch hath run away in the night with her father, and no man knew whither she had escaped."

Thus spake the serpent to me, as to our grandmother Eve of old, and to me wretched sinner it verily seemed as if the tree of death, which he shewed unto me, was a tree of life, thus lovely and pleasant was it to look upon. Nevertheless I answered: "This my little daughter will never do, and give up the salvation of her soul to save her life. But even then again "The serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field," (understand—me, old fool, especially,) and said: "Aye,

who sayeth then, that she should give up the salvation of her soul? Rev. Abraham, must I teach you the scripture? Did not our Lord Christ graciously receive *Mariam Magdalenam*, who verily lived in open fornication, and proclaimed forgiveness of sins to the poor adulteress, who verily had committed a far greater *crimen*; yea, saith not St. Paul plainly, that Rahab the harlot was saved.—Heb. xi.; *item*, St. James ii., the same thing? But where do you read, that a man has been saved who hath taken his own life and that of his father wittingly? Wherefore, for God's sake, persuade your child, that in the hardness of her heart she may not willingly give herself up body and soul unto the devil, but consent to be delivered whiles there is yet time. Behold, you can remain with her, and by prayer obtain pardon for whatsoever sins she may commit, and be ready likewise with your counsel to me, who gladly confess, that I am a poor sinner, and have grievously afflicted you; howbeit, (by a long way) not so grievously, Rev. Abraham, as David did *Urias*, who, notwithstanding, was saved though he had shamefully taken the life of the man and afterward lay with his wife. Wherefore, I, poor man, also hope to be saved, who, if it be possible, have a yet greater lust after your daughter than this David after Bathsheba, and gladly will I recompense you doubly for all, when once only we get into the hut."

As the tempter spake this, his words seemed unto me sweeter than honey, and I answered: "Ah, your Worship, I am ashamed to appear before her with such a proposal;" whereupon he instantly said: "then write it to her; come, here is paper, pen, and ink!"

Then took I, like Eve, of the fruit, and did eat, and

gave it to my little daughter, that she also should eat; I would say I recapitulated everything on the paper that Satan suggested to me, albeit in Latin, for that I was ashamed to write it in German, and conjured her in conclusion not to sacrifice her own life and mine, but to submit to God's wondrous appointments. Neither were mine eyes open while I was eating, (i.e., writing), nor perceived I, that not honey, but gall was under the ink; moreover I translated the purport thereof to the *Amishauptmann*, even smiling like a drunken man, (forasmuch as he understood not Latin) whereupon he tapped me on the shoulder, and after I had sealed the letter with his signet, he called his gamekeeper, and gave it to him to carry to my little daughter; *item*, he sent paper, pen, and ink, together with the signet, that she might answer me directly.

In the mean time he was very pleasant to talk with; commended me and my child, and ever and anon I was obliged to pledge him out of his great tankard, wherein he had a very delicious wine; then went he to a closet, and handed me some sweet cakes, to eat with the wine, saying: thus should I have it from henceforth, even all the days of my life. But when, after about half-an-hour, the gamekeeper returned with her answer, and I had read it, it came to pass that mine eyes were opened at once, and I knew how to discern between good and evil. Had I had a fig-leaf, surely I would in like manner have covered my shame therewith, but, as it was, I held my hand before me, and wept so bitterly, that the *Amishauptmann's* wrath sorely kindled against me, and he commanded me, with an oath, to tell him what she had written. Wherefore I interpreted the letter to him; which I here insert, that

men may learn, therefore, my foolishness, and my little daughter's wisdom. The same runneth thus;*

IESVS!

Pæter infelix!

Ego cras non magis pallebo rogum espectura, et rogos non magis crubescet, me suscipiens, quam pallui et iterum erubescui, literas tuas legeus. Quid? et te pium patrem, pium servum Domini, ita Satanas sollicitavit, ut communionem gacias cum inimicis meis et non intelligas: in tali vita esse mortem, et in tali morte vitam? Scili cet si clementissimus Deus Mariae Magdalenae aliisque ignovit, ignovit, quia resipiscerent ob carnis debilitatem et non iterum peccarent. Et ego peccarem cum quavis destatione carnis et non semel, sed iterum sine reversione usquæ ad mortem? Quomodo clementissimus deus hoc sceleratissima ignoscere posset? infelix pater! recordare, quid mihi dixisti de sanctis Martyribus et virginibus domini, quæ omnes mallent vitæ quam pudicitiam perdere. His et ego sequare, et sponsus meus, Jesus Christus, et mihi, miserae, ut spero, coranam æternam dabit, quamvis cum non minus offendi ob debilitatem carnis ut Maria, et me sontem declaravi, cum insens sum. Fac igitur, ut valeas et ora pro me apud Deum et non apud

* It is evidently written by a female hand, and most probably the original hand-writing. But there seems to be no mark of any sealing-wax, or wafer, about it; whence I should suppose that it had been delivered open; which indeed might have been very safely done, on account of its foreign contents. Besides, I purposely leave the few grammatical errors that it contains standing as they are, as every correction of this jewel would appear to me as an act of treason on the character of this incomparable woman.

Satamam, ut et ego mox coram Deo pro te orare possim.

MARIA S.,
Captiva.*

When the *Amtshauptmann* heard this, he threw down the pitcher that he yet held in his hand, with such force, that it broke, and cried out: that accursed devil! well, the beadle shall make her pipe for a whole hour for

*TRANSLATION.

JESU!

My unhappy father!

I shall not turn more pale to-morrow when at point to behold the pile, nor will the pile blush more fiery red on receiving me than did I, pale and then red again, on reading thy letter. What? thou—even thou—a loving father and loving servant of the Lord—so ensnared by Satan as to make common cause with mine enemies! not conceiving that there is death in such a life, and life in such a death? Of a truth, if God in his great pity did pardon Mary Magdalene and others, he pardoned them, for that they repented the weakness of the flesh, and sinned not again. And wouldest thou that I, howsoever detesting the flesh, should sin, and that not once only, but again and again, without return even until death? How should God—even the most pitiful—pardon mine utter wretchedness in this? Call to mind, O my unhappy father, what thou hast told me of the holy martyrs and virgins of the Lord—how they all had liefer forfeit life than purity. Them will I follow, and Jesus Christ, my Spouse, will vouchsafe, as I hope, an everlasting crown even to a wretch like me; albeit I have offended him through weakness of the flesh, no less than did Mary; and have avouched me guilty, when I am guiltless.

Take good heed to thy health, and pray for me, unto God and not unto the Evil One, that I soon may be likewise able in the presence of God to pray for thee.

MARIA S.
In bonds.

that! and many other things that he spake in wrath, and that I have forgotten. Howbeit, he soon seemed pleasant again, and said: "She is foolish, go yourself to her, if peradventure you may persuade her to your, and her own advantage; my forester shall let you in; and if the fellow should listen, then instantly give him a couple of boxes on the ear, in my name; do you hear, father Abraham! Go quickly, and bring me back an answer, as soon as possible!" So then I followed the forester, who lead me into a cellar, whereinto as much light fell from a hole, as about the size of a *Gulden*, and where my little daughter sat upon her bed, and wept; and it may easily be supposed, that I too forthwith began, and could do nothing else. Thus lay we for a long while mute in each other's arms, till I at last asked her forgiveness, on account of my letter; but of the *Amtshauptmann's* proposal, I told her nothing, as was my purpose from the first. But it lasted not long, when we heard him calling down from the top of the cellar himself: "what (here he cursed and swore horribly) are you doing so long there? This moment come up Rev. Abraham!" so that I had scarcely time to give her a kiss, when the forester was already at hand with his keys, and we were obliged to separate, albeit we had not spoken of any thing, saving what I had briefly recounted to her of what had happened to old Lise. And scarcely could one believe with what furious wrath the *Amtshauptmann* was filled, when I told him: my little daughter remained steadfast and immoveable, and would give no ear unto him. He pushed me on the breast, and cried: "then go to the devil, thou infernal priest!" And, as I turned to go away, he dragged me back again, and said: "now mark, if thou sayest one

word of all our doings, lo, then I'll have thee burnt likewise, thou gray old witch begetter, whereupon I took courage unto myself, and answered: "that, that would be a great pleasure to me, especially if that could be done on the morrow along with my little daughter!" howbeit he answered never a word, but clapped the door to after me. Aye, clap away; the righteous God, I fear, will one day also clap the door of the kingdom of heaven in thy face!

CHAPTER XXVI.

How I, with my little daughter, and the old maid, partake of the Holy Sacrament, and how she thereupon is taken, for the last time, with the drawn sword and loud outcries to the judgment seat, to receive her condemnation.

Now methinks every one would judge, that in that grievous night of Tuesday I had not closed an eye; but, dear reader, here seest thou that "the Lord is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we can ask or think, and His mercies are new every morning." For about dawn I very quietly fell asleep, as if I had no care pressing on my heart. And when I awoke, I could again pray more heartily than I had been able to do for a long time, so that in all my tribulation I wept for joy at this grace of the Lord. Howbeit, I now prayed for nothing but that he would vouchsafe power and strength unto my little daughter to endure the martyrdom, that he had appointed unto her, with Christian patience, and at the same time give me, wretched man that I am, such a sting of pain in my heart by his angel, when I should see my dear little daughter burning, that it would thenceforth cease to beat, and I be able to follow her. While I was yet upon my knees praying, entered the maid in her black attire, with my little lamb's silken robe over her arm, and proclaimed with many tears: that the *arme Sunder-glocklien* of the castle tower had already tolled for the first time; also my little daughter had sent for her to

dress her; for that the judges had already arrived from Usedom, and that in two hours she would have to take her last farewell. In like manner she charged her by the messenger, saying: that she should bring with her some little flowers, of a blue and yellow colour, for a wreath; wherefore she asked what flowers she should take. Now as there was a pot of fire-lilies and blue forget-me-not's standing at the window, which she had put in yesterday, I said: "thou canst pluck no better flowers for her than these be; wherefore take them unto her, and tell her, that I will come after thee ere the clock striketh the half-hour, to partake of the sacrament with her." Hereupon the faithful old woman prayed that she might be allowed to go with me and be a partaker of the sacrament also, the which I promised her. And scarcely had I dressed myself and put on my surplice, when *Pastor Benzensis* also entered the door, and in silence fell on my neck and wept. On regaining his speech, he recounted a great *miraculum* (i. e. *Dæmonis*) that took place at the burial of old Lise. For when the bearers were about letting down the coffin into the grave, there arose such a loud noise in the same, as if a joiner was boring into a piece of fir timber. Whence they believed that the old witch was coming to life again, and opened the coffin. But she lay as before, brown and blue in colour, and cold as ice; nevertheless her eyes had opened, so that every man was affrighted, expecting a devil's-spectre, and verily soon after a living rat sprang out of the coffin, and ran into a dead man's skull that was lying by the side of the grave. Now all the people ran away, forasmuch as old Lise had ever been evil reported, until he himself went to the grave again,

whereupon the rat vanished, and then the rest took courage again. So did the man relate unto me, and one may readily guess that this was in troth Satan, that had run down the jaws of the old hag, and taken the form of a rat; albeit, I marvel what he could have been doing so long in the carcass, except it be that evil spirits love whatsoever things are filthy, as much as the angels of God whatsoever things are pure and lovely. Be this however as it may; *Summa*: I was not a little dismayed at his report, and enquired of him what he now thought of the *Amtshauptmann*? Hereat he shrugged his shoulders and said: "He, as long as he could remember, had ever been a vile fellow, neither had he received his dues from him for the last ten years; but that he was a wizard, as old Lise said, he did not believe. For albeit he had never yet joined the table of the Lord with him; he had nevertheless heard, that in Stettin he had oftentimes gone up with His princely Grace, the Duke, which the court-chaplain there himself had proved to him by his communion-book. Hence he could not possibly believe that he would plunge my little daughter innocently into destruction, as that hag said. Moreover my little daughter had even of her own will given herself out for a witch."— Hereupon I answered: that she had done it from fear of the torture: otherwise, as concerning her death, she dreadeth not the same; whereupon I informed him, with many sighs, how the *Amtshauptmann* had yesterday tempted me, miserable and unbelieving servant, to evil; that I was nigh minded to sell my only child to him and to Satan, and was not worthy to receive the sacrament this day; but how my dear little daughter had a much stronger faith than I,

which he might see from her letter, that I had yet in my pocket. Then I gave it into his hands, and after he had read it, he sighed, and said: "were it possible, I could sink into the earth for anguish!—but, come, come, my brother, that I myself may behold her faith."

And now we went towards the castle; howbeit on the way upon the grassy hill before the forester's house; *item*, around the castle, all was full of people already, which as yet kept themselves quiet as we passed by. Then announced we ourselves again to the forester (his name I have never been able to remember for he was a Pole, albeit not the same man, that my little daughter was to have wedded, and whom the *Amtshauptmann* had driven away) who, troth, forthwith conducted us into a fine large apartment whither my little daughter had already been fetched from prison. The maid also had dressed her, and she was as fair to look upon as an angel. She had the golden chain with the miniature likeness of the King again about her neck; *item*, the wreath in her hair, and smiled as we entered, saying: "I am ready!"—Hereat, however, *Rev. Martinus* was affrighted and spake: "aye, thou godless woman; let no man henceforth speak unto me of thine innocence! Thou wilt go to the sacrament and afterward to death, and thou paradest about as a child of the world that trotteth about in the ball-room?"

Hereupon she answered: "Blame me not *Herr Pate* (godfather) that, in the same dress that I lately appeared before the kind Swedish King, I also wish to appear in the presence of my kind Heavenly King. This strengthens my weak and tимерous flesh, seeing that I hope, that the faithful Saviour will also take me

to his heart and hang his image around me, when humbly I stretch forth my hands to him, and repeat my *carmen* to him, namely: "O Lamb of God, innocently slain upon the tree of the cross, give me thy peace, O Jesu!"

This moved my dear brother with compassion and he said: "ah, my daughter, my daughter, I would be angry with thee, and lo, thou constrainest me to weep with thee; art thou then innocent?"

"Yes!" answered she, "to you *Herr Pate* I may venture to say it; I am truly innocent, so God help me in my last anguish, through Jesus Christ. Amen."

When the maid heard this, she shrieked out so loud that I repented of having taken her with me, and we all had enough to do in comforting her out of the word of God, till she became somewhat quiet again. And when this was over, my dear brother said: "if thou so strongly avoucest thine innocence, I must first inform the court thereof on my priestly conscience:" and he would have rushed out of the door.

But she held him fast and fell to the ground and clung to his feet and said: "I implore you for Jesu's wounds' sake, that ye be silent. They will stretch me upon the rack and put me to shame, and I wretched weak woman, shall in such torture confess all that they list, especially if my father will be present at it, and thus shall I be tortured both in body and soul. Wherefore, stay, stay! Is it a misfortune then to die innocent, is it not better to die innocent, than guilty?"

This my dear brother at length promised, and after he had stood awhile and prayed to himself, he wiped off his tears and then began the exhortation for the confession from Isaiah xliii. 1, 2: "Fear not; for I have

redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine! when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One in Israel, thy Saviour!"

And when he had ended his comforting address, and then asked her whether she would willingly bear the cross which the merciful God would lay upon her, according to his unsearchable wisdom, unto her last dying hour, she uttered those sweet words, whereof my brother afterwards said, that he should never forget them as long as he lived, forasmuch as he had never seen a countenance so full of faith and joy, and yet so truly sorrowful.

But she said: "O holy cross, which my Jesus hath sanctified with his sufferings; O blessed cross, awarded unto me by the hand of a gracious father; O glorious cross, by which I am conformed to the likeness of my Jesus, and an entrance is ministered unto me abundantly to the everlasting glory and felicity of the Kingdom of my Lord and Saviour!—wherefore should I not be willing to bear thee, thou sweet cross of my Bridegroom and Brother?"

Scarcely had *Rev. Johannes* thereupon absolved us and then administered unto us the Holy Sacrament, with many tears, when we already heard a great tumult in the porch; and immediately after, the insolent Beadle looked in at the door and asked: whether we were ready, as the honourable court was waiting for us. And when he heard this, my little daughter would first bid me farewell, which, however, I restrained her from, and said: "Nay, not so; thou knowest what thou hast promised me: 'whither thou goest, I will go; where

thou lodgest, I will lodge; where thou diest will I die,* if haply the Lord, as I hope, will hear the fervent groanings of my poor soul." Wherefore she let me go, and only embraced the old maid, and thanked her for all the good she had done to her from the time of her youth unto this day, and besought her that she would not go with her and embitter her death yet more by her cries. The faithful old woman could not for a long while utter a word, for the abundance of tears. At length, however, she asked my poor little daughter's forgiveness for having unwittingly also accused her, and said: that with her wages she had bought about five lis-pounds of flax for her, that she might soon be rid of her life. This the shepherd of Pudgla had already brought with him to Coserow, and she should lay it very thick about her body; forasmuch as she had seen that the old woman Schurn, that was burnt in Liepe, had endured great torments on account of the wet wood, before death released her.

But even before my little daughter could thank her, the dreadful cry for blood began in the judgment-hall; for a voice cried as loud as possible: "Death to the accursed witch, Maria Schweidler, for departing from the living God!" and all the people without cried after them: "Death to all accursed witches!"—When I heard this I fell against the wall, but my sweet child stroked my cheeks with her sweet little hands and said: 'Father, father, remember I pray thee, that the multitude also cried, 'crucify! crucify him!' to the innocent Jesus; the cup which our heavenly father hath given us, shall we not drink it?'

Moreover the door now opened and the beadle

* Ruth I. 16.

entered in, amid a great tumult of the people, bearing a glittering sharp sword in his hand, bowed it three times before my little daughter and cried: "Death to the accursed witch, Maria Schweidler, for departing from the living God!" and all the people in the hall and on the outside cried after him as loud as they could: "Death to the accursed witch!"

Hereupon he said: "Maria Schweidler, come before the high criminal court!" whereupon she followed him with us two wretched men (for *Pastor Benzensis* was no less stricken than I myself;) the old maid, however, remained lying on the ground like one dead.

And when with great trouble we had passed through the multitude, the beadle remained standing at the entrance of the public judgment-hall, again lowered his sword before my little daughter, and cried for the third time: "Death to the accursed witch, Maria Schweidler, for departing from the living God!" and all the people, as well as the cruel judges themselves, cried after them, as loud as they could, "Death to the accursed witch!"

As we then entered the court *Dn. Consul* first asked *Pastor Benzensis*, whether the witch had remained steadfast to her free-will confession in the *Beichte*;* whereupon after a short reflection he answered: "let her answer for herself, for there she is. The same, therefore, taking a paper into his hand that lay upon the table before him, spake:

"Maria Schweidler, after thou hast made thy *Beichte*, and received the high and holy Sacrament of the

* Confession to the priests; a practice maintained to this present day in the Lutheran churches, previous to the administration of the Sacrament.

Supper of the Lord, give me once more thy answer to the questions I am now about to put to thee.

1. Is it true that thou hast departed from the living God, and given thyself up unto Satan?

2. Is it true that thou hast had a spirit called *Disidaemonia*, who baptized thee anew, and with whom thou hast had unnatural contamination?

3. Is it true that thou hast wrought all manner of evil unto the cattle?

4. Is it true that [Satan appeared unto thee, on the Streckelberg, as a hairy giant?—

When with many sighs she affirmed all this, he arose, took his staff in one hand, and a second paper in the other, also placed his spectacles upon his nose and spake: then hear now thy sentence:

(This sentence I have afterward copied; but the other *Acta* he would not let me have, but pretended that it was lying in Wolgast; the same then runneth thus, word for word:)

“We, the appointed Sheriffs and Judges of the High Criminal Court:

“After Maria Schweidler, daughter of *Pastor Abraham Schweidleri*, of Coserow, had, on an instituted inquisition repeatedly made the free-will confession; that she had a devil called *Disidaemonia*, who had baptized her anew in the sea, and with whom she had had unnatural contamination; *item*, that she had done injury to the cattle by means of the same, and he also appeared unto her on the Streckelberg as a hairy giant: justly judge and pass sentence: that *Rea*, (as a well-merited punishment to her and a just example to others), be branded with red-hot iron tongs on the breast, in four places, and afterward put to death by fire. But as we,

in consideration of her age, are willing graciously to exempt her from being branded with hot irons, she shall only be put to death by the simple punishment of fire. Accordingly, then, she is hereby condemned and sentenced thereto by the penal laws.

“ *Publicatum* at the Castle of Pudgla, the 30th. *mensis Augusti, anno salutis, 1630.*”*

As he pronounced the last words, he broke his staff, and threw the pieces at the feet of my innocent little lamb, saying to the beadle: “now do your duty!” But there was such a rush of folk, both of men and women, to pick up the pieces from the ground (for it was said to be good for the gout: *item*, for cattle troubled with vermin), that the beadle fell over a woman that was on her knees before him, and thus his near death was at the same time prefigured before him, by the God that judgeth righteously. This same also happened unto the *Amishauptmann* a second time; for as the Court now broke up, and overthrew tables, chairs, and benches, a table, by reason of two boys that were sitting under it, and fighting for a piece of the staff, fell upon his foot, so that he waxed wrath ex-

* Readers, who are unacquainted with the abominable mal-administration of justice at that time will wonder at this hasty and arbitrary procedure. But there are original trials of witchcraft lying before me, in which a simple notary had, without any further ado, sentenced to the rack and to death; and it is already to be regarded as a mark of humanity whenever the acts are sent in to a University or any strange court of sheriffs for the settlement of the capital question of the rack. The sentence of death appears, on the contrary, almost always to have been pronounced by the inferior courts of judicature, at which the case of an appeal was never to be thought of; and it is almost incredible the haste and speed with which those gentlemen dispatched such matters.

ceedingly, and threatened the people with his fist, and that every one should have fifty lashes upon their *podicia*, both men and women, if they were not quiet and left the Court that very instant. This put them in fear, and after the folk had run into the street, the beadle pulled a rope out of his pocket, wherewith he bound my poor little lamb's hands together behind her back, so that she began to scream aloud; but seeing how it pierced my heart again, she forthwith took courage, and said: "ah, father! remember, that even the blessed Saviour was no better treated!" But as my dear brother, who stood behind her, saw that her little hands, and specially her nails turned black and blue, he interceded for her with the honourable judges; whereupon, however, the hateful *Amtshauptmann* answered: "aye, only let her alone, she must feel what a grievous and bitter thing it is to depart from the living God!" Howbeit *Dn. Consul* was more moderate, forasmuch as he charged the beadle, after he himself had felt of the ropes, to bind her humanely, and to slacken a little, which now verily he was obliged to do. Herewith, however, my dear brother was not satisfied, but entreated that she might be placed in the carriage, so that she might be able to use her hymn-book, for he had ordered all the school children to assemble and sing a spiritual hymn on the way for her comfort, and, as he was minded to go with her, he would stand surety she should not escape from the carriage; besides, strong men were wont to encompass the carriage of the wretched malefactors with hay-forks, and specially when these were witches. But this the cruel *Amtshauptmann* would not suffer, whence it remained as it was, whiles the insolent beadle immediately seized her

by the arm and lead her out of the Court. In the porch, however, there was a great *Scandalum*, which again rent my heart; for the stewardess and the beadle's wife strove together for my little daughter's bed, as well as her every-day garments, which the stewardess had taken unto herself, but the other woman also wished to have them.

The same now instantly called her husband to help her, who forthwith let my little daughter go, and so smote the stewardess with his fist upon her mouth, that the blood gushed out of it, and she raised an awful shriek towards the *Amtshauptmann*, who followed us with the judges. The same threatened them both in vain, and said, that afterward when he should return, he would look into the matter and give each his portion. To this, however they would not hearken, till my little daughter asked *Dn. Consul* whether every one that dieth (even a poor malefactor), had power to leave all that he had to whatever person he listeth? and when he answered: "yea, all, saving the garments which pertain to the executioner!"—she said: "well, then, the beadle may take my garments, but my bed no one shall have, excepting my old faithful maid, called Ilse!"

Hereupon the stewardess raised aloud her voice, cursing and swearing at my child, who, however, took no notice of it, but went forth out of the door unto the waggon, where there was such a concourse of people that one could see nothing but their heads. And soon the multitude thronged together about us with such tumult, that the *Amtshauptmann*, who meanwhile had mounted a grey horse, began to cut at the people's faces with his whip right and left, and notwithstanding they would scarcely give way. And when at length I

availed, and about ten stout fellows with long hay-forks, who for the most part also had thrusting swords hanging to their sides, posted themselves around our waggon, the beadle lifted up my little daughter, and bound her fast to the rail. I myself was lifted up by old Paasch, who was standing by, and even my dear brother was obliged to be lifted up, so weak had he become for very grief. The same now beckoned unto his sacristan, Master Krekow, that he would go forward with the school-children before the carriage, and every now and then sing a verse from that sweet little hymn: "To God my cause have I committed," which also he promised to do. And I would note yet one thing, to wit, that I might myself sit me down upon the straw by the side of my little daughter and our dear *Beicht-vater* (father confessor), *Rev. Martinus*, sate behind. The beadle, however, climbed up at the back, and stood with his sword unsheathed. All this being done; *item*, the judges gotten into another carriage, the *Amtshauptmann* gave orders to depart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

What had befallen us on the way : item, of the fearful death of the Amtshauptmann, near the mill.

We had many wonders by the way, and also great sorrow of heart; for directly we came to the bridge that leadeth over the brook which floweth into the *Schmollen**, stood the stewardess's hateful lad again, drummed and cried as loud as he could: "Now for the goose roasting, now for the goose roasting!" whereat the people immediately raised a great laugh, and called after him: "Yea verily, away to the goose-roasting, away to the goose roasting!"

Howbeit when Master Krekow began to sing the second verse they were somewhat quiet again, for the most helped him to sing out of their hymn-books, which they had brought with them. But when he thereafter paused a little, the noise broke forth afresh. Some cried, "the devil had given her the clothes, and arrayed her thus;" whence, and because the *Amtshauptmann* had been riding foremost, came they around our waggon and felt of her garments, especially the women and young maidens; others again cried after the lad: "to the goose roasting, to the goose roasting!" whereupon one fellow answered: "she'll not let herself be roasted yet, mark me if she does not p—the fire out." This and many other profligate words, but which for shame I will not note, were we obliged to hearken to,

* A lake near Pudgla.

and it cut me to the heart when one fellow swore that he would have some of her ashes, as he had not gotten any of the staff, for there was scarcely anything better for fever and the gout than witch-ash. Wherefore I beckoned to the *custodi* to begin again, and they kept quiet for a time, i. e. as long as the verse lasted, but afterwards went on much worse than before. But as we were now near the fields, and my little daughter beheld the pretty little flowers that grew about the dikes, she fell into profound thought, and began again to recite part of the splendid hymn of *St. Augustini*, as follows:

flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,
 candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum,
 virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis infuunt,
 pigmentorum spirat odor liquor et aromatum,
 pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum
 non alternat luna vices, sol vel cursus syderum
 agnus est foelicis urbis lumen innociduum.*

By this *Casus* we gained the advantage that all the people ran away cursing from the waggon, and trotted

* There the ever-blooming roses everlasting spring bestow,
 There the snow-white lilies glisten with the saffron's ruddy glow;
 Ev'ry shrub with balm distilleth—em'rald meadows softly gleam—
 Richly wave the golden harvests—honey flows in luscious stream—
 Od'rous essence there exhalet—fragrant spices scent the breeze—
 Clusters of eternal fruitage breed the never-fading trees;
 There the sun by day they need not—stars nor changing moon by night;
 For the Lamb on that blest city pours his own unceasing light.

on behind about a furlong from us, for as much as they believed that my little daughter was calling upon that hateful Satan for help. One fellow only *circa* twenty-five years, but whom I did not know, kept a few paces behind the waggon, till his father came, and as he would not go away with good words and pushed him into the dike, so that he sank down to his waist in the water. Hereat even my poor little daughter was constrained to smile, and asked me, if I did not know more Latin hymns, to keep the rude and stupid folk further from us. But how, at such a time could I have recited any Latin hymns, even had I known them; Howbeit my *Confrator Rev. Martinus* remembered one, though in troth it was an heretical one; notwithstanding seeing that it pleased my little daughter above measure, he repeated many verses to her three or four times, till she could say them after him, I said nothing, though I have ever been very rigid against heresies, for I comforted myself with the thought, that our gracious Lord God would forgive her simplicity; the first line thereof ran thus: *dies irae, dies ille.** More especially was she pleased with these two verses, which she often repeated greatly to her edification, and which I therefore will here insert:—

Judex ergo, cum sedebit,
quidquid latet, apparebit
nil inultum remanebit.†,

* "Day of wrath, that dreadful day," etc.—one of the most sublime of catholic hymns.

† When the Judge ascends the throne
Every secret shall be known;
All shall reap as they have sown.

Item :

rex tremendae majestatis
qui salvandos salvas gratis
salva me, fons pietatis!—*

But when the men that guarded the waggon heard this and at the same time a great tempest arose over the Achter-gulf they thought nothing less than that my little daughter had wrought this, and as the people that were following at a distance also cried: "that's the witch's doing; that the accursed witch hath done!" all the ten, unto one man, leaped over the dike and ran away. But this *Dn Consul*, who was riding with the honourable justices behind us, no sooner saw, than he called unto the beadle asking: "what was the meaning of all this?" and the beadle called out to the *Amtshauptmann*, who was a little way before, forthwith turned round, and after he had learned the cause, shouted after the men, that he would hang them all upon the very first tree they came to, and feed his falcons with their flesh, if they did not instantly return to their post and duty. This prevailed with them, and when they came back, he gave to every man of them about six lashes with his whip, whereupon they remained, albeit they kept as far off the waggon as they could for the dike.

In the meantime, however, the tempest from the South came nearer, with thunder, lightning, hail, and storm-winds, as if the righteous God would manifest his wrath against those ruthless murderers; and the tops of the high beech trees were snapped off like rotten wood, so that our waggon was quite covered with leaves as with hail, and no one could hear himself

* King of awful Majesty,
Of thy saints the Saviour free,
Fount of love! deliver me.

speak for noise. This happened just at the time that we were going down from the cloister-dam into the wood. The *Amtshauptmann* now rode behind us by the side of the carriage wherein *Dn. Consul* sat. But presently, when we would have gone over the bridge before the water-mill, the storm-wind, that was blowing hitherward, from the *Achter-water*, caught us in such a manner that we thought it would drive us into the abyss, which was, *circa*, thirty feet deep and more; and as the horses went as if they were upon slippery ice, and could not stand, the coachman halted till the storm was overpast. But the *Amtshauptmann* no sooner saw this than he came up and commanded the driver to proceed forthwith. The same therefore lashed the horses to make them go on, but they stumbled, so that it was awful to look upon. Our guardsmen, with their forks, kept back, and my little daughter uttered a loud shriek of terror, and just as we came where the great wheel ran under the bridge, our driver fell with his horse, and the same broke one of its legs. The besdle now sprang from the waggon, but instantly fell also, upon this slippery ground; *item*, the driver had no sooner raised himself up than he fell down again. Then the *Amtshauptmann*, with a curse, set spurs to his grey steed, which, however, also began to reel and stagger as our horses had done. Howbeit, he rode up to us, and seeing that the horse with the broken leg ever and anon tried to get up, but fell again with the slipperiness of the ground, he roared out and beckoned to the men with the forks to come and take out the mare; *item*, drag the carriage over the bridge that it might not be driven into the gulf. In the meantime however, a long flash of lightning came darting down

before us into the water, which was followed by a clap of thunder so sudden and awful, that the whole bridge shook therewith: and the *Amtshauptmann's* horse (our horses became quiet) recoiled, and plunging a few paces, lost its footing, and with its rider darted head-long down upon the great mill-wheel. A fearful cry arose from all the folk that stood behind us on the bridge, and for a time there was nothing to be seen for the white foam, until the *Amtshauptmann's* legs came on high with the wheel, and then also the trunk; but the head stuck betwixt the paddles of the wheel, and, terrible to behold, he was whirling round and round with the same. His steed, however, ailed nothing; but swam behind in the mill-pond. When I saw this I took the hand of my little lamb, and cried: "seest thou now, Maria, our Lord God liveth and rideth upon the cherub, unto this day, and flieth; yea, He flieth upon the wings of the wind. He will beat our enemies small as the dust before the wind, and cast them out as the dirt in the streets!* Look down now, and behold what the Almighty hath done." As she hereupon lifted up her eyes, sighing towards heaven, we heard *Dn. Consul* behind us crying as loud as he could; but as no one could understand him for the awful tempest, and the noise of the water, he sprang from the carriage and would go over the bridge on foot, but he also fell upon his face, so that the blood gushed out; he then crept back again upon his hands and knees, and presently held a long consultation with *Dn. Camerario*, who, however, never moved in the carriage. In the meantime the beadle and the driver having taken out the horse, dragged it away from the bridge and tied it up; they

* Psalm xviii., 10, 42.

then came back to the carriage and bade us step out and cross the bridge on foot, which also we did; while the beadle with many cursings and railings unloosed my little daughter, threatening at the same time to repay her for her maliciousness by roasting her till late in the evening. (Nor could I altogether blame him, for verily and in troth it was a strange thing!) Albeit, she herself came well over it; we both fell, to wit, *Rev. Martinus* and I, as did all the rest to the ground about three times, but at length, through God's mercy, we reached the miller's house in safety, where the beadle committing my little daughter to the charge of the miller, not to let her escape at the peril of his life, and ran down to the mill-pool to save the *Amtshauptmann's* horse. He charged the driver in the meantime to remove the carriage and the other horses away from the bewitched bridge.

But we had not been standing long under a tall oak tree before the miller's house, when *Dn. Consul* with the honourable justices, and all the people, came riding over the little bridge, which was only a few yards from the first, and scarcely could he restrain the people from seizing my child and worrying her alive, seeing that all, even *Dn. Consul* himself, believed that no other than she had raised the storm, also bewitched the bridge, (especially as she herself had not fallen, thereon) and caused the death of the *Amtshauptmann*, which, however, was altogether false, as we shall hear presently. He then called her an accursed fiend, who after having made a confession and partaken of the Holy Sacrament, had not yet renounced that hateful Satan. But none of these things should at all avail her; she should soon receive her reward. Seeing that she held her peace,

I hereupon asked: whether he did not see that the righteous God had so ordained it, that the *Amtshauptmann*, who thought to deprive my innocent child of honour and of life had, as a terrible example to others, lost his own life. Howbeit it had no effect; for he thought: any child could clearly perceive that God had not caused this tempest, or bewitched the bridge? wherefore then he prayed, I would leave off justifying my wicked child, and the rather admonish her; forasmuch as this was the second time that she had raised a storm, and what reasonable man would believe what I said, etc.

In the meantime, however, the miller had stopped the mill; *item*, stemmed the water, and about four or five men with the beadle stepped down upon the great wheel to draw the *Amtshauptmann*, who had until then continued to whirl round, out of the paddles. This, however, they could not do till they had first sawed off one paddle, and when they at length brought him to land, it was found that his neck was broken, and he was as blue as a blue-bottle. His neck also was flayed, and the blood yet ran out of his mouth and nose. But if the people had never reviled my little daughter before, they did so now, and would have cast dirt and stones at her, if the honourable judges had not restrained them with all their might, saying: wherefore should they do so now, seeing that she would soon receive her well-merited punishment.

My dear *Confrater*, *Rev. Martinus*, now also came into the carriage again, as the storm had somewhat abated, so that his voice could be heard, and exhorted the people not to anticipate the authorities. And, as they were quieted a little, *Dn. Consul* delivered the dead

body of the *Amtshauptmann* to the miller, until he should return; *item*, he ordered the grey steed to be tied the while to the oak, forasmuch as the miller swore that he had no room in the mill for it, and his stable being full of straw; howbeit, he would give the horse some hay, and have an eye to it. And now we, wretched men, after the unsearchable God had again frustrated our hopes, were obliged to get into the waggon again, and the beadle gnashed his teeth with rage, as he drew the chords from his pocket, to bind my poor little daughter once more to the rail. Wherefore, as I could easily perceive his thoughts, I took two *Schreckensbergers* out of my pocket, and whispered into his ear: "seeing that she cannot possibly run away from you, deal mercifully with her, and afterward help her to a speedy death, then shalt thou receive other ten *Schreckensbergers* from me!" This proved availing; and, albeit he feigned unto the people as if he pulled tightly, forasmuch as the people cried with all their might: "pull away, pull hard!" he, nevertheless, did not bind her little hands so tight as before, nor fasten her to the rail. He then again got up behind us with his naked glittering sword, and, after *Dn. Consul* had loudly sung the hymn, "God the Father, with us be;" also the *Custos* had started a fresh hymn (I no longer remember what he sung, neither knoweth my little daughter), we, according to the will of the unsearchable God, went forward, and the honorable judges proceeded before us, but all the people, to our joy, remained behind; the *Amtshauptmann* being dead, the men also with hayforks now followed us at a distance.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

How my little daughter was at length delivered through the help of the all-merciful, yea, the all-merciful God.

In the meantime, however, I had become so weak, by reason of the unbelief wherewith Satan again tempted me, that I was constrained to support my back against the beadle's knees, and never thought I should live to see the end, or arrive at the mount. For now even the last hope that I had vanished, and I saw that this was the case also with my poor innocent little lamb. Added to this, *Rev. Martinus* rebuked her, as *Dn. Consul* had done, and said: now he himself saw that all her protestations had been lies, for she in verity and troth could raise storms. Hereat she answered even smiling (albeit she was as white as a sheet to look upon): "Aye, *Herr Pate*, do you think that God no longer sendeth storms? Are tempests, then, about this season of the year of so rare occurrence, that the wicked enemy only could produce them? No, I have not broken that covenant of baptism, which ye once made for me, and never will, so may God be merciful to me in my last short hour, which is now at hand!" But *Rev. Martinus* shook his head in unbelief, and said: "The Devil must have promised thee much, that thou remainest thus hardened unto thy last end, and blasphemest the Lord thy God, but wait! thou wilt soon find out with fearful certainty, that he is *the father of lies*." As he finished speaking, we arrived in Uekeritz

where all the people, great and small, again rushed out of their houses, and among the rest also Jacob Schwarten's wife, who (as we understood) had been delivered only the night before. In vain her good man came running out to prevent her; she said: he was a fool, for it was such a long time since, for her to have recovered strength, that if she should even have to creep up the mount upon her knees, she was determined to see the end of that priest-witch too. She had long rejoiced in expectation thereof, and if he would not let her go, she would give him a slap on the face, etc.

Thus the rude and barbarous people demeaned themselves around our carriage, and as they wist not what had happened to us by the way, they ran so close up to us that one of the carriage wheels went over a lad's leg; then came they, and especially the young girls, near to us again, and felt of my little daughter's clothes, and would even see her shoes and stockings, and asked her how she felt at heart; *item*, one fellow: if she would have a glass? and they used all manner of mockery, so that at last, when some came and asked for her wreath and the golden chain, she turned her head to me smiling, and said: "Father, I see I shall have to speak Latin again, or else I shall have no peace from the people!" But at this time it was not necessary; for when our guards, with their hay forks, came up to the hindmost of them, and doubtless related what had happened, we presently heard a great calling out behind us: "that for God's sake they would come away, ere the witch did something to them, and as Jacob Schwarten's wife took no heed thereunto, but continued plaguing my little daughter, that she should give her her apron for a little christening garment for

her child, as it would only be burnt; her man smote her at last with a cudgel that he got out of a fence, in such a manner, across her nape, that she fell down with a great cry, and as he was lifting her up again, she dragged him down by his hair, and, as Rev. Martinus said, now after all fulfilled what she had promised him, seeing that she even smote him with her fist with all her might upon his nose, till the other folk came running up and parted them. Meanwhile, however, the storm had almost passed over, and moved toward the sea.

When we had passed the little wood, we suddenly saw the Streckelberg before us, with a multitude of people, and the pile on its summit: whereupon the tall beadle, beholding our arrival, sprang up and waved his cap. Hereat, however, my senses forsook me, and my little lamb was no better; for she reeled to and fro like a reed, and stretching forth her little hands toward heaven, she again exclaimed:—

Rex tremendæ majestatis!—
 Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
 Salva me fons pietatis.—*

And lo! scarcely had she uttered those words, when the blessed sun again shone forth, forming a rainbow in the vault of heaven, right over the mount, so that it was lovely to look upon. This was evidently a token from the merciful God, such as he is oftentimes wont to give us; though we, blind and unbelieving creatures, give no heed thereto. Neither did she regard it:

* King of awful majesty!
 Of thy saints the Saviour free
 Fount of love! deliver me.

for albeit she thought of the first rainbow that pre-figured to us our tribulation; it nevertheless appeared impossible to her as yet that she could be rescued, and she grew so faint and weary, that she took no further heed of the blessed token of mercy, and her head (as she could no longer rest it on me seeing that I lay all my length in the waggon) drooped down so low that her wreath almost touched the knee of my *Confrater*.

The same now bid the driver to halt a moment, and took out a small flask of wine, that he always carried with him in his pocket, whensoever witches were to be burnt,* to succour them in their anguish, (henceforth I will do so likewise, as this fashion of my dear *Confrater* pleaseth me well). Of this wine he first poured some down my throat, and afterward my little daughter's; and scarcely had we come to ourselves again, when an awful uproar and tumult arose behind us among the multitude; the same in their deadly fear called out: "The *Amtshauptmann* is coming again!" and as they neither dared to go forward nor backward, (for behind they dreaded the ghost and before my little daughter), they ran aside, some leaping into the hedge and the rest into the *Achter-water* up to the [neck. *Item*, *Dom. Camerarius*, as soon as he saw the ghost upon the grey steed come out of the bush, having even on his head a grey hat with a grey feather, such as the *Amtshauptmann* wore, crept down under a bundle of straw in waggon, while *Dr. Consul* again poured out his wrathful curses on the head of my child, and com-

* This happened at that time so frequently, that in many parishes of Pomerania, probably from six to seven such women annually had been obliged to mount the pile.

manded the driver to go on at full speed, though the horses should perish. But the villainous beadle behind us cried to him : " it's not the *Amtshauptmann* but the younker of Neinkerken, who assuredly will rescue the witch—shall I therefore strike off her head at once with the sword ? It was only at these frightful words that my little daughter and myself came fully to ourselves again, and as *Dn. Consul* gave him a sign, and the fellow already lifted up his glittering naked sword, aiming to strike at her, when my dear *Confrater*, who perceived it, (God reward him for it in that day, for I never can), dragged my little daughter backward with all his might upon his lap. And now would the wretch have stabbed her even there ; but the younker was already at hand, and when he saw this, he ran the javelin that he held in his hand into him betwixt his shoulders, so that he instantly fell head foremost to the ground, while his own sword, directed by the righteous God, pierced his side and came out at the other. There he lay and groaned, and the younker never heeding him, said to my little daughter : " Young maid, my dear young maid, God be thanked that thou art saved ! " But seeing her little hands were bound, he gnashed with his teeth, and cursing her judges, sprang from his horse, and with his sword cut through the cord ; then took he hold of her hand and said : " Ah, dear maid, how greatly have I been grieved and sorrowed about thee, but I could not save thee, forasmuch as I myself, like thee, have lain bound in fetters, as thou thyself mayest see."

My little daughter could not answer him a word, but fainted for joy ; howbeit she soon came to herself again, as my dear *Confrater* had yet a little wine

left. Meanwhile, however, the dear younker did me an injustice, but which I gladly forgave him, for he rebuked me and called me an old woman, that could do nothing but howl and wail. Wherefore, said he, did I not instantly follow the Swedish King? or come to Mellen-thin myself for his testimony, seeing that I knew what he thought of witches?

(Good God in heaven, how could I do otherwise than believe the judge who had been there. Yea, methinks other folk beside old women would have done the same; *item*, but of the Swedish I never once thought, and how could I have gone to him and left my own dear child behind! But these things young folks never consider, as they wist not what a father's feelings are).

But now *Dn. Camerarius*, when he heard that it was, the younker, crept forth again from under the straw; *item*, *Dn. Consul* leaped from the waggon, and came running up, loudly rebuking the younker, and asking him: by what power and authority he did these things, seeing he himself had condemned this wicked witch? But the younker pointed with his sword at the men who, about eighteen in number, now came riding forth with swords, javelins, and muskets out of the bush, and said: behold there is my power, and I would here instantly give thee something on thy *podex*, wist I not that thou art a stupid ass. At what time didst thou ever recommend testimony from me, touching this righteous maiden?—Thou liest, if thou maintainest this! And when *Dn. Consul* now stood and forswore himself, the younker recounted, to the amazement of all, as follows:

After he had heard of the calamity that had befallen me and my child, he forthwith ordered his horse to be

saddled, to ride off toward Pudgla, and bear witness of our innocence: Howbeit, this his father would not consent to, forasmuch as he thought he should thereby lose his high reputation, if it should come to light, that his son had conversed in the night-time with a witch on the Streckelberg. Whence, seeing that he could not effect anything by entreaties and threats, he had him bound hand and foot, and thrown into the keep of the castle, whereunto this day an old servant watched over him, who would not have let him go, even for a great sum of money; whence he fell into great anguish and despair, that innocent blood should be shed on his account.

But the righteous God had, in his mercy, graciously prevented it; for as his father had from vexation fallen seriously ill, and lain throughout the whole time upon his bed, it happened this morning about the time of the prayer, that the huntsman had shot at a drake in castle-pond, and unawares sorely wounded his father's favourite hound called Pakan. The same crept howling to his father's bed-side and died there, whereat the old man in his weak state so vexed himself, that he had a paralytic stroke, and gave up the ghost.

His people now released him, and after he had closed his father's eyes and said a *Paternoster* over him, he set forth with all the men that he could muster in the castle, to save the innocent young maid. And he here testified before all men and on his word and honour as a knight, yea, by his hope of the salvation, that he was that devil that appeared unto the maid as a hairy giant upon the mount. For as he had heard it rumoured that she oftentimes resorted thither, he was very eager to know what she was doing there, and fearing his father's anger if any man should discover him, he had

disguised himself in a wolf's pelt. But he had spent two nights there before the maiden came, and in the third he saw that she was only digging for amber in the mount, not calling upon Satan, but repeating to herself a Latin *Carmen*. This verily he was desirous to testify in Pudgla, but could not for the aforesaid reason; but his father had caused his cousin *Clas von Nienkerken*, that was visiting him, to be put to bed in his stead, and a false testimony to be given. For, as *Dn. Consul* had not seen him (to wit, the younker) for many years, inasmuch as he had studied at foreign universities, his father thought that he might easily be deceived, as in troth was the case.

When the righteous younker testified these things in the presence of *Dn. Consul*, and before all the people, who again came flocking together in crowds, on hearing that the younker was no ghost, it was as if a mill-stone had been removed from my heart, and having dragged forth the beadle from under the waggon, the people crowded around him like a swarm of bees, and called out to me that he was dying, and wished to reveal something to me. I sprang as light as a youngster from the waggon, and forthwith called *Dn. Consul* and the younker to come with me, as I could easily guess what he had upon his mind. He sate upon a stone, and the blood spouted in a stream from his side, (for they had drawn out the sword): he whimpered when he saw me, and said: that he had in troth heard every thing behind the door whatsoever old *Lise confessed* to me, to wit, that she herself with the *Amtshauptmann*, had wrought all the witchcraft on men and beasts, to frighten my poor child, and thus to make her out to be an harlot. Howbeit he had been silent about

it, as the *Amtshauptmann* had promised him something very great, but now, that the righteous God himself brought to light the innocence of my little daughter, he must freely confess it. Wherefore he besought me and my child to forgive him, and when *Dn. Consul* hereupon shaking his head asked him whether he would live and die with this confession, he again said: "yea verily," then fell on his side to the ground, and gave up the ghost.

In the meantime, however, the people on the mount that had flocked together there from Coserow, Zitze, Gnize, etc. to see my dear little daughter burnt grew weary of waiting, and now came running down the *Berg* like geese, one after another, all in a row, to see what had happened. Among these there was also my servant lad Claus Neels. Howbeit the same when he saw and heard what had happened, the good fellow began to cry aloud for joy, and then also recounted what he had heard the *Amtshauptmann* say to old Lise in the garden, and how he had promised her a swine for bewitching her own little pig to death to cause my little daughter to be evil spoken of, *summa*: everything that I have already recorded above, but he had kept silent unto this day for fear of the rack. Hereat all the people marvelled, and a great lamentation arose, so that some came, and among them also old Paasch, who would kiss me and my little daughter's hands and feet, and now verily praised us as greatly as they had before despised us. But such is the manner of the people; my father (God rest his soul) was wonted to say: there-fore

Volkes Hass;
Ein schneidend Glas;

Volkes Gunst:
Ein blauer Dunst!*

My dear *Confrater* also continued caressing my little daughter, holding her upon his knee, and weeping like a father (for I could not weep more than he did.) She herself, however, wept not, but besought the younker, who had come up to the waggon again, to send a rider to her old faithful maid toward Pudgla to tell her what had happened, which he forthwith did to oblige her. Howbeit the worthy justices (for now *Dn. Camerarius* and the *Scriba* had taken courage again and came down from the waggon) were not yet satisfied; seeing that *Dn. Consul* began to tell the younker about the bewitched bridge, which none other could have bewitched excepting my little daughter. Hereupon the younker answered: "that this in truth was a marvellous thing, inasmuch as his own horse had broken its leg upon it, and he had, therefore, taken the *Amtshauptmann's* stead, that he had seen tied to a tree by the mill. But he did not believe that this was to be imputed to the maid, but that it was quite a natural occurrence, as he had already in part perceived, but had not had time to search into it. Wherefore he would beg that the worthy sheriffs, and all the people, as well as my little daughter herself, would return again to wash her with God's help clean from this suspicion, and to testify of her perfect innocence before all the world.

To this proposal the honourable judges consented,

* The people's hate
Is a cutting yoke,
The people's favour
Mere blue smoke.

and as the younker had given the *Amtshauptmann's* grey steed to my servant-lad to convey the dead body, that they laid across its back towards Coserow, the younker got into our waggon, but did not sit down by the side of my little daughter but behind with my dear *Confrater*, and commanded that not the old coachman, but one of his own people should drive our waggon, and thus we turned back in God's name. *Custos Benzensis*, who had also ran with the children among the vetches that were growing by the way side, (my former *Custos* would not have been such a coward), came forward again with his young flock, and at the bidding of his pastor, began to sing the Ambrosian Hymn of praise, which mightily melted our hearts, especially my little daughters, so that her book was wet with tears, and she at length laid it aside and said: "How shall I thank God and you, for what you have done for me?" whereupon the younker replied: "I have more reason to thank God than you dear maid, seeing that you have suffered innocently in prison, but I have suffered being guilty, inasmuch as by my thoughtlessness I have caused your misfortune. Believe me, when I heard this morning for the first time the *arme* Sunder-bell toll in my dungeon I verily should have gone mad with anguish, had not the Almighty God so ordained it, that almost on that self-same moment my strange father should be deprived of life that you might be saved by me. Wherefore I have vowed in my mind to build a new tower to the blessed house of God, and whatsoever things more that may be desirable; for nothing more bitter upon earth could have happened unto me than your death, dearest maiden, and nothing sweeter than your life!"

But my little daughter only wept and sighed at these

words, and when he looked at her she looked down trembling upon her lap, so that I soon argued my sorrows were not yet ended, but only another source of tears was about to be opened, as verily it came to pass. For that ass of a Custos, after he had finished the hymn and we had not reached our gaol, forthwith began the following hymn, which was a funeral hymn, to wit: "Now let us the body bury," (God be thanked that this hath betokened no evil yet,) my dear *Confrater* snarled at him not a little, and as a punishment for his stupidity, said he should not have the money for the shoes that he had already promised him out of the church collections. But my little daughter comforted him, and promised him a pair of shoes from her own purse, seeing that it would peradventure be better, if he sung first a funeral and then a joyous hymn.

This displeased the youngker, and he said: "aye dearest maiden, you wist not how to thank God and me for your deliverance, and yet speak you thus?" she answered with a sad smile; she had only said so to pacify the poor *Custodem*. Howbeit I soon perceived that she was in earnest, for as much as she had now felt within herself, that albeit she had been saved out of one fire she had nevertheless fallen into another.

In the meantime we arrivcd at the bridge again, and all the people stared with their mouths wide open, as the youngker sprang from the carriage, and after he had first stabbed his own horse that was yet lying upon the bridge kicking, fell upon his knee and moved to and fro upon the ground, then called to the worthy justices to come hither for that he had found out the witchcraft. But no one would follow him, save *Dn. Consul*, and two or three churls out of the crowd, among whom was old

Paasch; *item*, I and my dear *Confrater*, and now the younker showed us a little piece of tallow of the size of a nut, that lay upon the ground, and wherewith the whole bridge was daubed over, so that it was almost white, but which in the fright every one took for flour dust from the mill; *item*, with another *materia* the which however we could not find out what it was. Soon thereafter one man found another piece of tallow and showed it to the people, whereupon I exclaimed: oh, oh, this no other man hath done than that godless miller's man in return for the flogging the *Amthauptmann* ordered him for reviling my little daughter, and I now recounted the occurrence, whereof *Dn. Consul* had also heard, and therefore forthwith sent for the miller.

Howbeit the same behaved as if he knew nothing of it, and only stated, that his miller's-man had left him an hour ago. Nevertheless, a little maid, the miller's servant, said that when she arose this morning, before the break of day, to let out the cattle, she saw the man lying upon the bridge rubbing it. She took no further notice of it, but went and lay down to sleep again for an hour. But whither the wicked rascal had wandered, she knew as little as the miller. When the younker heard these things he stepped into the carriage, and began to exhort the people no longer to believe in witchcraft, forasmuch as they saw how much of truth there was in witchcraft. When I heard this I waxed wrath, as in my priestly conscience seemed right to me, and got up upon the carriage wheel and whispered to him that he should for God's sake cease from speaking unto the people of this matter, for the people, if they no longer feared the devil, would no longer fear God!*

* Perhaps a deep truth!

Thereunto the dear younker then instantly consented to oblige me, and the people only asked this one thing: whether they now declared my little daughter as perfectly innocent? And after they had said "Yea!" he besought them now to go home quietly and to thank God for having saved the innocent blood. He himself also would now return, and he hoped that no man would molest me and my little daughter, if he should afterwards let them ride home to Coserow alone. Hereupon he turned himself hastily to her, gave her his hand and said: "Farewell, dear maid, I hope soon also to clear your character before the world, and for this thank not me, but God!" Thus did he also to me, and then same to my dear *Confrater*, whereupon he sprang from the carriage and went in to sit with *Dn. Consul* in his carriage. The same had already said something to the people, also called upon me and my child for our forgiveness (and to his honour be it spoken, his tears the while rolled down his cheeks), but was so greatly urged by the younker that he was constrained to break off, and both, without ever once looking round, drove off over the little bridge. *Dn. Consul* only looked round once more, and called to me: that in his haste he had forgotten to inform the executioner that there would be *no burning to day*; wherefore he desired that I would send my warden in his name to Uekeritz unto the mount and make this known to him; the which also I did. And that bloodhound had in troth yet remained on the mount, albeit he had long since heard what had happened, he had nevertheless began to curse so dreadfully when the sheriff's-officer delivered unto him the message from the worthy judges, as that it would have moved a stone; also he tore off his cap, and

trampled on it, from which one may guess what sort a man he is.

But to return again to us, my little daughter sat as still and pale as marble after, the younker had thus suddenly left her, but was presently again somewhat comforted, when the old maid came running along with her garment tucked up to her knee and carrying her stockings and shoes in her hand. We heard her already a long way off screaming for joy, the while the mill stood still, and she fell two or three times on the bridge, but at last got over it safely, and soon kissed my little daughter's hands and feet, entreating only: that we would not reject her, but keep her until her blessed end, the which we also promised to do. And she got up behind, where the knavish beadle had stood with my dear *Confrater* who would not leave me until I had come into my parochial estate. And as the younker's man had got up behind the other carriage, old Paasch drove us back, and all the people that had waited until then now trotted along with our carriage again, and blessing themselves and praising us, as much as they had before despised and reviled us. But scarcely had we arrived in Uekeritz, when another cry arose: "The younker is coming; the younker is coming!" so that my little daughter started up for joy and waxed as red as a strawberry; some of the people already began again to run into the buck-wheat that stood by the way, since they again trowed it was some Ghost. But it was in troth the younker again, who came galloping along upon a black steed, and on coming near to us exclaimed: "Howsoever great my haste may be, dear maid, I must nevertheless turn round and accompany you to your own house, seeing that I have just heard that the rude

people reviled you on the way, and I wot not, whether you would be safe from them at present." Hereupon he bid old Paasch to make haste, and as the kicking that he tried would not bring the horses into a good trot, he ever and anon struck the saddle horse with the flat sword across the back, so that in a very short time we got into the village and before the parsonage. But when I asked him to dismount for a while, he would not, but excused himself, having this very day to journey towards Anclam, *via* Usedom, but charged old Paasch, who was a *Schulze** among us, to protect my little daughter at the peril of his head, and as soon soever anything particular should occur, he had nothing else to do but forthwith report it to the exequer in Pudgla or *Dn. Consul* in Usedom, whereupon, as the man promised to do this, he waved his hand to us and rode off again as fast as he could.

But scarcely had he got round the corner by Pagel's then he turned back a third time, and when we wondered, he said: we must forgive him for being so short of memory to-day.

I had at some former occasion told him that I had my patent of nobility yet, wherefore he besought me to lend him the same for a time. Hereupon I answered: that I should have to seek it up first, wherefore he had better dismount from his horse a little. Yet he would not, but excused himself again, saying that he had not time. He therefore halted at the door till I brought him the letter, whereupon he thanked me and said: "Marvel not hereat, you shall soon see what I have in my mind!" Saying this, he set spurs to his horse, and returned not again.

* Petty magistrate, in most villages of Germany.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Of our great repeated tribulation and ultimate joy.

Well might we now have been contented, and praising God upon our knees day and night; for, even setting aside the consideration of His having delivered us from so great a tribulation; He also turned the hearts of my dear *Beicht* children,* so that they did not know what to do to serve and benefit us. Every day they brought fish, flesh, eggs, sausages, and many other thing, which they presented to me, more than I can remember. Likewise on the Sunday following, they all, both great and small, save the woman Klien, in Zempin, who meanwhile had had a male child, and kept her bed as yet) came to church, where I delivered a thanksgiving-sermon on *Job* v., 17, 18, 19:—*Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: for he maketh sore and bindeth up, he woundeth and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee:*—during which they wept so much that I had oftentimes to pause a little, that they might recover themselves. And verily I might well have now compared myself unto *Job*, after the Lord had graciously delivered him out of his tribulation, had it not been for my little daughter, who again afflicted my soul.

She cried when the younker would not dismount from

* Penitents.

his horse, and at length as he came not again she became from day to day ever more and more disquieted. Now she sat reading in the bible, then in the hymn-book; *item*, in the history of Dido, of *Virgilius*, or ran to the mount to gather flowers (looked there again for the amber vein, but found nothing, from which every one may perceive the subtlety and malice of the Wicked One.) All this I beheld for a time with sorrow of heart, yet without uttering a word, (for what could I say) till it grew worse and worse, and as she now more than ever recited her *carmina*, at home and in the field, I feared that the people would again spread abroad an evil report, and went after her one day, as she again was running up the mount. God 'a'mercy, she sat upon her funeral pyre, that was yet standing there, with her face turned toward the sea, and recited those verses where Dido mounts the pyre to stab herself, in her passion for Aeneas, to wit:

At trepida et coeptis immanibus effera Dido
Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementes
Interfusa genas, et pallida morte futura
Interiora domus irrupit-limina, et altos
Concendit furibunda rogos — — — *

When I saw and heard this, to what a pitch she had arrived, I became sorely affrighted, and cried "Maria, my dear daughter, what art thou doing?" She startled when she heard my voice, but continued to sit upon her pyre, and answered, covering her face with her

* But Dido maddened by her dark design
Rolling her bloodshot eyes, with livid spots
Upon her quiv'ring cheek, and pale with thoughts
Of death impending, seeks the inner court
With haste, and furious climbs the lofty pyre!

apron: "Father, I am burning my heart!" I then went nearer to her, drew aside her apron, and said: "Wilt thou again grieve me to death?" Whereupon she covered her eyes with her hands and lamented: "Ah, Father, wherefore was I not burnt here? for then would my torments have endured but a while, but now shall be miserable all the days of my life!" I then continued as if I understood nothing, and said: "why art thou so unhappy, my dear child?" Whereupon she answered: "I have so long been ashamed to tell thee—it is the younker, the younker, my father, who is the cause of all this pain to me! He is no is no longer mindful of me, and albeit he has saved me, he despises me; or else he would have dismounted for a moment from his horse, and come in, but we are much too low for him!"

And now, troth, I tried to console her and to divert her thoughts from the younker, but the more I tried the worse she grew. Howbeit, I saw that she secretly had a strong hope on account of the patent of nobility, the which he constrained me to give him. Neither would I rob her of this hope, forasmuch as I myself cherished the same, and to pacify her I at length encouraged her to hope, whereupon she became more quiet for a few days, and as I had forbidden her, went not again unto the mount. She likewise took her little godchild, Paasch, to examine her in the catechism, seeing that that hateful Satan had now, with the righteous God's help, entirely left her again. Howbeit, she yet fretted and moaned, and looked as pale as a sheet. But when, soon afterward, the rumour went abroad: no man in the castle wist what had become of the younker, and it was thought that he must have

been slain, her grief again overwhelmed her, so that I had to send my servant-lad to Mellenthin, to get some tidings about him. And well unto twenty times after he went did she look out at the door, and over the hedges for his return, and even ran to the corner against Pagel's to meet him, when at last she saw him coming. But ah, thou blessed God, he brought more evil tidings than the rumour that reached our ears before, saying: the castle folk had told him that their young lord had ridden off, even that self-same day whereon he had saved the young maiden; and albeit, he had returned after three days to the burial of his father, yet he immediately after rode off again, and now five weeks had passed and they had not heard anything of him, neither wist they whither he had gone, and thought some wicked highwaymen must have slain him.

And now my sorrow waxed greater than ever; for, patient and resigned to God as she had heretofore shewn herself, (so that no female martyr could have gone to meet her death with stronger faith in God and Christ,) so much the more impatient and despairing was she now. Giving up all hope, she firmly maintained that in this perilous time of war, the robbers had slain the youngster. Nothing would avail, nay, not even prayer; for when kneeling with her I called upon the Lord, she always began to wail and lament so dreadfully, that the Lord had rejected her, and that she was only to be wretched upon earth, so that it ran through my heart like a knife, and my thoughts and speech forsook me. Also in the night-season, she lay and whined like a crane or a swallow, and mourned like a dove, and her eyes failed her with looking up-

ward,* for no sleep would visit them. If then I called unto her from my bed: "my dear little daughter, wilt thou not yet cease—oh, I beseech thee, close thine eyes and sleep!" she answered: "only sleep thou my dearest father;—I shall never sleep till I sleep the sleep of death; ah, my father, wherefore am I not burnt?" But how could I sleep when she could not; albeit, not to disquiet her, I every morning said: that I had slept a little: but it was not so, in troth, but like David, "All the night made I my bed to swim, I watered my couch with my tears.† I also again fell into great unbelief, so that I neither could nor would pray. Howbeit the Lord "dealt not with me after my sins, nor rewarded me according to mine iniquities;" for as the heaven is high above the earth, so great was his mercy soon to be toward me, his unworthy servant.

For what happened on the coming Saturday? Behold our old maid came rushing in at the door, breathless, crying out: that a rider was galloping over the Herrenberg, having a great plume waving in his hat, and she verily believen it was the young lord. When my little daughter, who sat upon the bench dressing her hair, heard this, she uttered such a shriek of joy, as would have moved a stone under the ground, and ran immediately out of the room to look over the hedge. Then quickly she came running back again, fell upon my neck, and cried all in a breath: "the younker, the younker!" She then would have rushed out again, but I prevented her, saying she had better finish dressing her hair, which she also perceived to be right, and laughing, weeping, and praying, forthwith put up

* Isaiah xxxviii., 14.

† Psalm vi., 6.

her long hair. But by this time the young lord already came galloping round the corner, having a green velvet doublet, with red silken sleeves, and a grey hat with a heron feather: *somma*,—was festively arrayed as beseemeth a bridegroom. And as we now run out of doors, he, though at a distance, called out to my little daughter, in Latin:

“*Quo modo stat ducissima virgo?*” * Whereupon she answered:

“*Bene, te aspecto.*†

Then smiling he sprang from his horse, and giving it to my servant-lad, who had come up with the maid, to take care of it, he was greatly alarmed on beholding my little daughter so pale, and taking her by the hand, said, in German: “My God! what aileth thee dear maiden? Verily thou lookest paler than when about to go to the stake!” Whereupon she answered:

“I have in troth gone to it every day, since thou left us, dear lord, without either turning in to us or sending us any tidings of the place whither thou wast gone, or where abiding.”

This pleased him, and he said: “First let us go into the room and then shalt thou know all.” And after he had wiped the sweat from his brow and seated himself upon the bench by the side of my little daughter, he related as follows: According to the promise he had from the very first given her, that he would before all things see her reputation cleared from reproach before all the world, he had that very day when he had left us, made the court furnish him with a brief testimonial of all the circumstances and occurrences of the case, but especially of the confession of the wicked beadle; *item*,

* How goes it sweet maid? † Well, since I got sight of thee

that of my servant-lad, Claus Neels, wherewith he, that very night rode off to Anclam, and the day after to Stettin to our gracious lord, the Duke Bogislav. The same was astonished and indignant at what he had heard of the wickedness of the *Amtshauptmann*, and how he had behaved towards my little daughter : *item*, asked : whether she was the Pastor's daughter, that had once found the signet ring of his princely highness *Philippi Julii*, (the same being a Christian keep-sake,) in the palace garden in Wolgast, and as he knew not of this, further asked him : whether she understood Latin ? And when he, the younker, assented to this and said : she understood Latin better than he did himself, his princely Highness answered : there seemeth enough of evidence that it is she, and forthwith he put on his spectacles and took up the *acta*. Hereupon, and after his princely Highness had read the testimonial of the worthy court, all the while shaking his head, he merely asked for a vindication of my little daughter's character, also implored his princely Highness to give him a *litteras commendatis** to our most gracious Emperor at Vienna, to renew my Patent of nobility, seeing that he was minded to wed no other damsel in the world than my little daughter.

When she heard this she uttered a shriek of joy and fell down fainting with her head against the wall. But the younker caught her in his arms, gave her three kisses, (which I could not now forbid him, since I saw with joy what would be the end thereof,) and when she came to herself again, he asked : if she would not have him, seeing that she shrieked so at his words ? Where-she said ? " Would I not have you, my lord ? Ah, next

* A letter of recommendation.

to my God and Saviour, you are the most dear to me; not only now have you saved my life, but snatched my heart from the pyre, upon which, without you, it would have burnt all the days of my life!" Hereupon she wept for joy, and when he drew her down upon his lap she put both her little hands round his neck.

Thus then they sate and caressed awhile, till the young lord got sight of me again and said: "What say you to this, I suppose it is your will too, Rev. Abraham?"

Aye, pray what could I say to it than all that was good? For verily I myself wept for joy, like my child, and therefore answered;

"Wherefore should it not be my will, seeing that it is God's will? but have you, my worthy young lord, considered also that you would stain your nobility, by taking my little daughter unto yourself for a wife, who has been reputed as a witch, and nigh being burnt at the stake?"

Hereupon he said: Not at all; all this he was aware of and provided against, and then proceeded to tell us, how he had gone about the matter, to wit: His princely Highness had promised to have all the *scripta*, that he desired ready within four days, by which time he hoped to return from the burial of his father; wherefore he had immediately set out again toward Mellenthin, and after he had paid unto his father the last respect, he had also forthwith arisen again and found his princely Highness had in the meantime kept his word. With these *Scriptis* he had departed toward Vienna, and albeit, he had suffered much affliction, trouble, and danger on the way (that he promised to tell us another time) he had after all at length happily

arrived in that city. But there he had perchance met with a Jesuit, with whom he had once as *Studiosus*, lodged a few days in Prague, and the same answered him on his request: to be of good courage, seeing that his Majesty needed money in these grievous events of war, and he, the Jesuit, would do all the business. This verily was done, and his imperial Majesty had not only renewed my Patent of Nobility, but also confirmed the honourable amends of his princely Highness the Duke, so that he could now answer every body respecting his bride, as afterwards touching his wife. And then drawing out the *Acta* out of his breast pocket and giving the same into my hand he said: "but now you also must do me a favour, Rev. Abraham, namely to publish the banns of matrimony between me and your little daughter once for all to-morrow, when I hope to go to the supper of the Lord, and then to wed us already the day after to-morrow. Do not say nay to this, for my pastor *Rev. Philippus* saith, that this is not unusual among the nobility of Pomerania; whence I have already announced the wedding to take place the day after to-morrow in my castle whither we will all go, and where I purpose holding my nuptials. Against this request I had many objections to make, especially that in honour of the Holy Trinity, he would have himself called out three times at church, and yet wait awhile with his wedding, but as I could see in the countenance of my little daughter that she also was very anxious to be speedily wedded, forasmuch as she sighed and looked as red as scarlet, I could not deny it them, but promised to do all that they desired. Hereupon I exhorted them unto prayer, and after I had laid my hands upon their heads I thanked the Lord as fervently

as I had never yet thanked him, so that at the last I could not go on for the abundance of tears which drowned my voice.

In the mean time however the younker's carriage had arrived before the door laden with chests and coffers (boxes) and he said: "Now dear maid you shall see what I have bought you," and ordered every thing to be carried into the room. Aye—dear, what pretty things did they contain, such as I had never in all my life seen before! All things whichsoever are used by women were found there, especially of clothes, to wit, boddices, plaited coats, long mantles partly trimmed with fur, veils, aprons; *item*, the bridal-dress trimmed with gold lace, and whereupon the merry younker laid before her six or seven bunches of myrtle to make herself a wreath withal. *Item*, there was no end of rings, necklaces, earrings, etc, which I have in part forgotten. Neither would the younker leave me unremembered, forasmuch as he had brought me a new surplice (as the enemies had stolen the old one) also shirts, hoses and shoes; *summa*, all things which pertain unto a man's apparel; wherefore I called silently unto the Lord that he would not chastise me again in his anger for such pomp and vanities. When my little daughter beheld all these things, she was grieved that she could bestow upon him nought save her heart alone, and the chain of the Swedish King, the which she hung round his neck and begged him weeping to take it as a bridal gift. This he at length promised to do, and that he would carry it with him into the grave; howbeit, my little daughter must first be wedded therewith, as also with the blue silken vesture, for this and no other should be her bridal-robe, the which also he made her promise to do.

And now a strange thing came to pass with the maid the which I will yet note here. For when the faithful old soul had heard what had taken place, she was beside herself for joy, danced and clapped her hands, and at last said to my child: "Henceforth assuredly you will no longer weep, seeing that the younker would lie in your bed!" whereat she blushed for shame and ran out of the room, and when the younker would know what she meant therewith, she told him that he had already once slept in my little daughter's bed, as we came together from Gutzkow, whereupon he had much mirth with her for the whole of the evening after that she was come back again. Unto the maid, however, he promised that as she had already once made my little daughter's bed for him, she should make it also again, and that on the day after to-morrow she and my servant-lad should go with us to Mellenthin, so that masters and servants might all rejoice together after so many trials and tribulations.

And as the dear younker would tarry with us over the night, I made him sleep with me in the little chamber toward the river (for in troth I could not know what might happen. He soon slept like a top, but no sleep came into my eyes for joy, and I continued in prayer all the livelong blessed night, or meditated on my sermon. Not until the break of day began I to slumber a little, and when I rose the younker already sate in the front-room with my little daughter, who moreover had the black silken vesture on, that he had brought her, and, strange to say, looked fresher even than when the Swedish king came, so that in all my life I never saw her look fresher or fairer. *Item*, the younker had already his black waist on and picked out

for her the best myrtle twigs for the wreath she was entwining. Howbeit as soon as she saw me coming, she straightway laid the wreath beside her on the bench, folded her little hands, and offered up (as she was ever wont to do) the morning prayers, which humility rejoiced the younker greatly, and he prayed that furthermore she would also do the like with him, the which she also promised to do.

Soon afterward we went to the blessed church to confession, and seeing that the younker had led my little daughter on his arm, all the folk stood still wondering, and gaping, and staring with their mouths wide open. But they wondered still more, when after the sermon I read to them the honourable amends to my little daughter from his princely Highness, together with the confirmation of the same by his Imperial Majesty: after that my patent of nobility; and lastly began to publish the banns between my dear child and the young lord. Then, oh what a murmur arose in the church—like unto the buzzing of a swarm of bees. (N.B.—Howbeit these *Scripta* were burnt in the fire that a year ago broke out in the castle, as I shall afterward record, wherefore I cannot insert them here *in origine*.)

Hereupon my dear children went together with much people to the Lord's table, and after church nearly all the folks crowded around, and wished them luck. *Item*, old Paasch came to our house again that afternoon, and once more besought my dear daughter's forgiveness, for having unwittingly offended her; that he would gladly have given her a wedding gift, but that he now had nothing wherewithal to present her; howbeit his wife should set one of her hens

in the spring, and he would then take the chickens to her toward Mellenthin himself. This saying constrained us all to laugh, more especially the younker, who at last said: "Seeing thou wilt make me a wedding present, thou must also be asked to the wedding, wherefore thou mayest come to-morrow with the rest."

Whereupon my little daughter said: "And your little Marie, my god-child, shall come too, and be my bridesmaid, if my lord allows it." Hereupon she began to recount to the young lord all that had befallen the same by the subtilty and malice of the Satan, and how they laid it to her charge, until such time as the righteous God had brought her innocence to the light of day, and prayed, that, forasmuch as her dear lord had commanded her to put on the same garments at her wedding wherewith she was arrayed when she went to salute the Swedish King, and afterwards to the pyre, he would in like manner suffer her to take for her bride-maiden her little god-child, as *indicium secundum* of her sorrows.

And when he had promised her this, she bade old Paasch to bring hither her damsel to her, that she might fit a new garment on her, which she had cut out for her already eight days hence, and which the maid shall finish for her this very day. All this so moved the heart of the good old man, that he began to weep aloud, and at last said: "she shall not have done all this for nothing, for instead of the one hen his wife should sell three for her in the spring.

When he was gone, and the younker did nought but talk with his espoused bride, both in German and in Latin, I did better, forasmuch as I went unto the

mount to pray; whereby I followed her example, and mounted the pyre, there in loneliness to offer up my whole heart as a sacrifice of thanksgiving unto the Lord, wherewith he is well pleased.—Psalm li, 19.

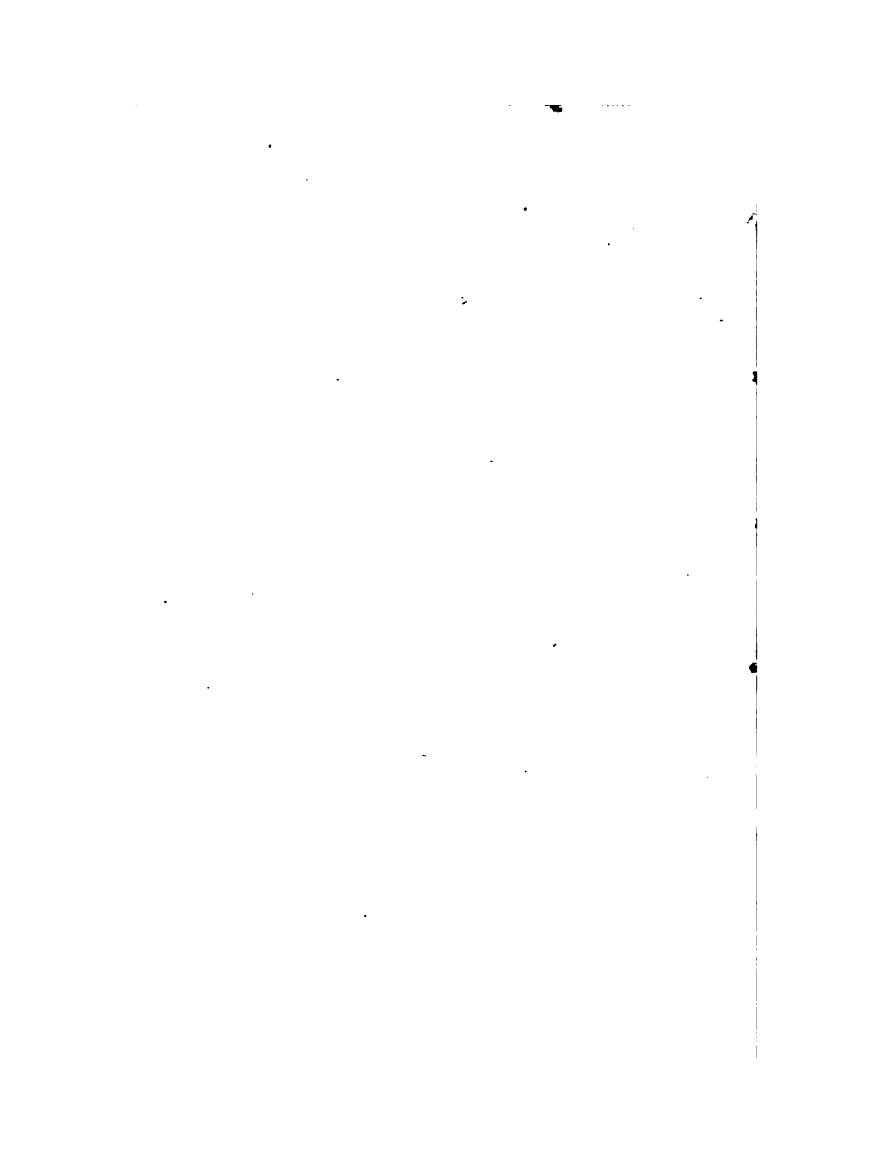
That night the young lord again lay in my room, but in the morning, when the sun had scarce arisen—

Herewith end these interesting communications, which I do not intend to dilute with any additions of my own. My readers, and especially those of the fair sex, can picture to themselves at pleasure the future happiness of this excellent pair.

All further historical traces of their existence, as well as that of the Pastor, have disappeared; and nothing remains but a tablet attached to the wall of the church at Mellenthin, on which the incomparable lord, and his yet more incomparable wife, are represented. On his faithful breast still hangs "the golden chain, with the effigy of the Swedish King." They both seemed to have died within a short time of each other, and to have been buried in one and the same coffin; for in the church vault there is still a large double coffin, in which, according to tradition, lies a

golden chain of inestimable value. Some twenty years ago the proprietor of Mellenthin, who by his unheard of extravagance had reduced himself to the verge of beggary, attempted to open the coffin, in order to take away this precious jewel, but he was not able; as if by some powerful magic influence its joints held fast together, and has remained unopened even to this present day. May it remain so even unto the last great day, and may the wanton hand of avarice or curiosity never desecrate these holy ashes of holy men!

FINIS.



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